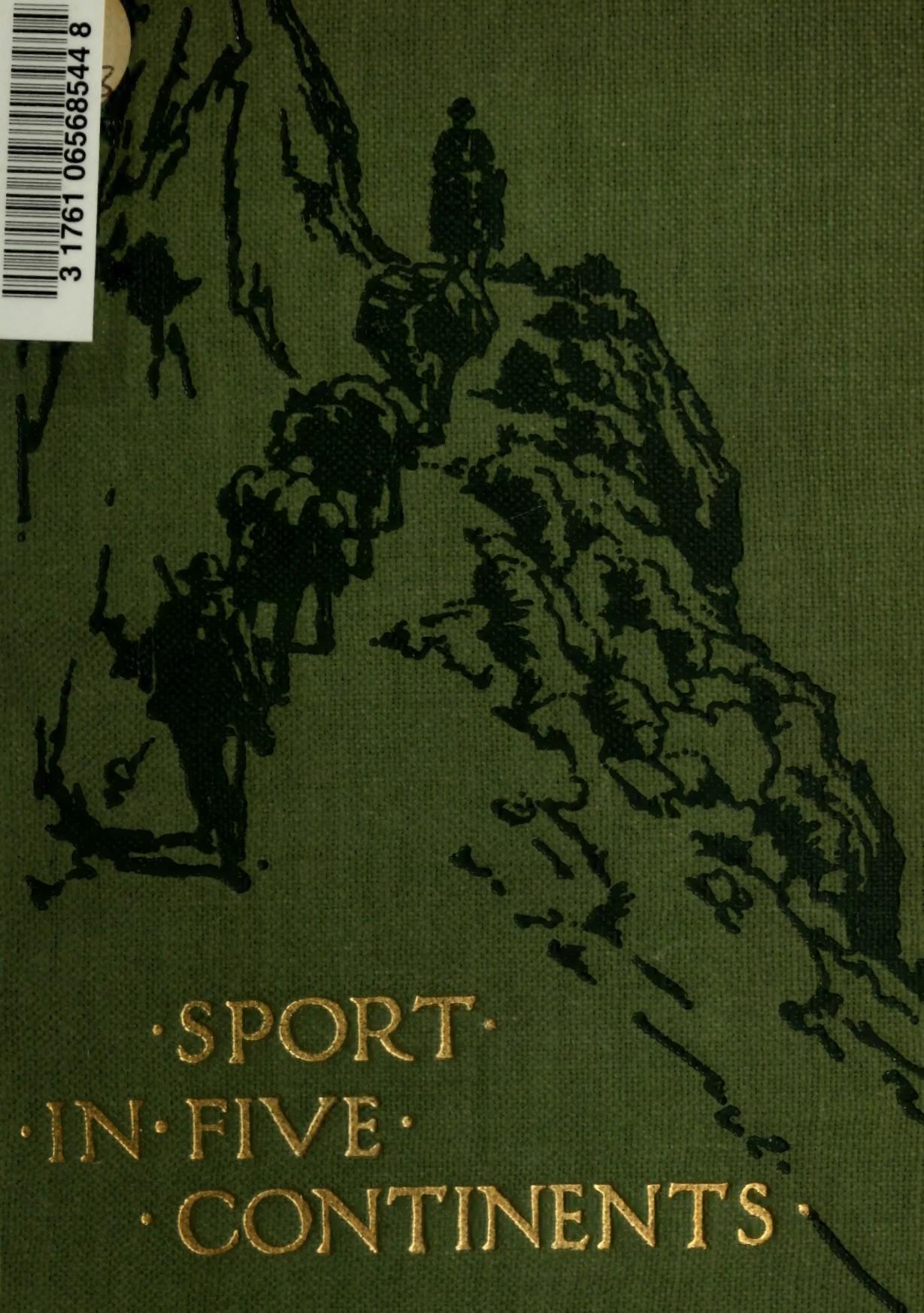
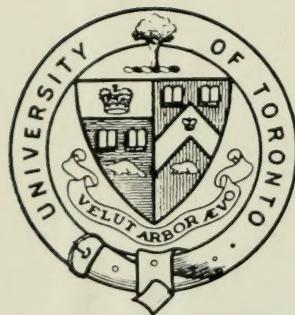


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• CONTINENTS •

• A. E. LEATHAM •



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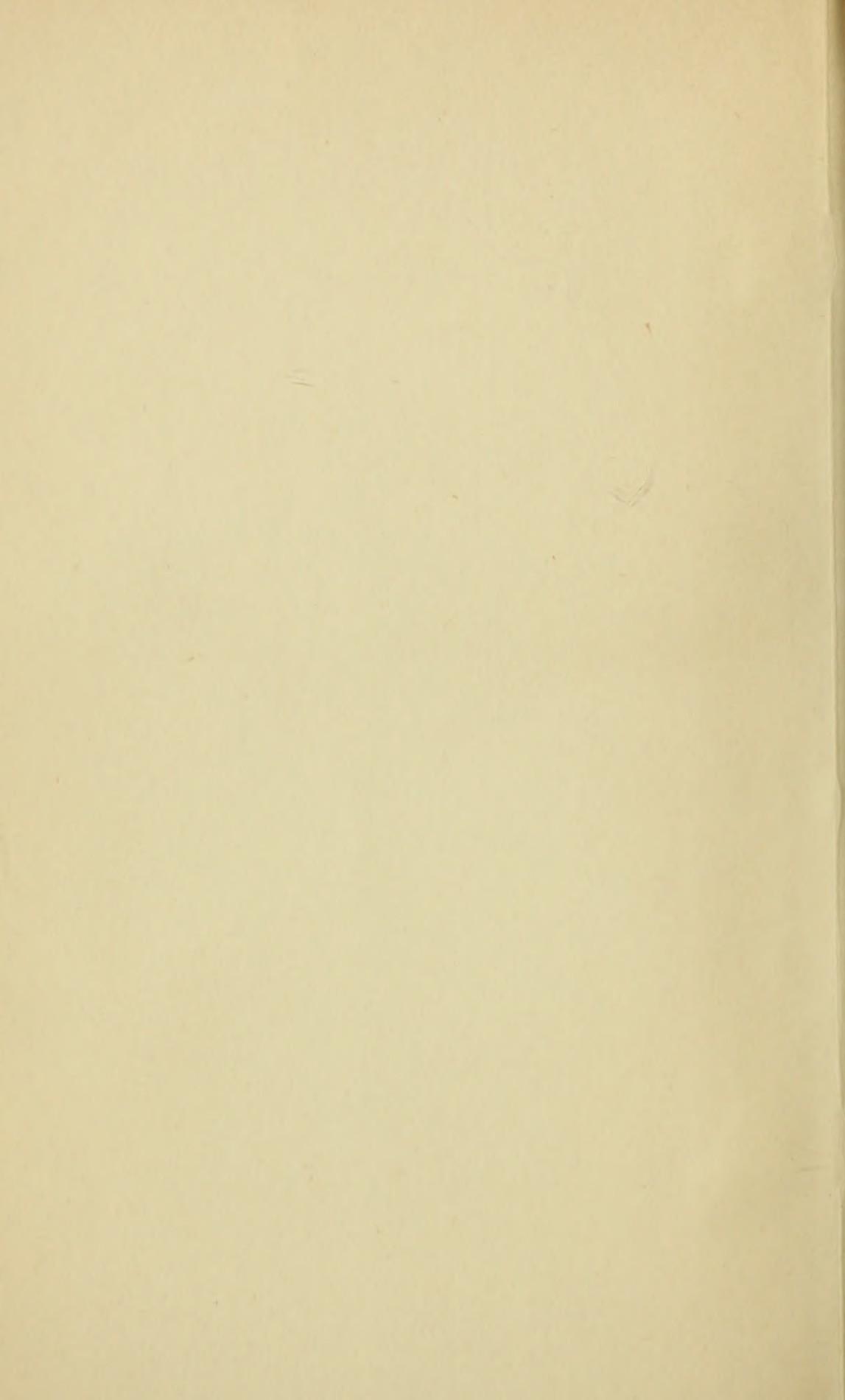
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Sport in Five Continents



Grizzly, Rockies, Canada.

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Sport in Five Continents

Sports

BY

A. E. LEATHAM



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



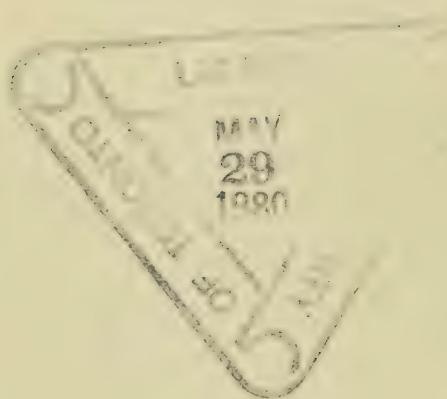
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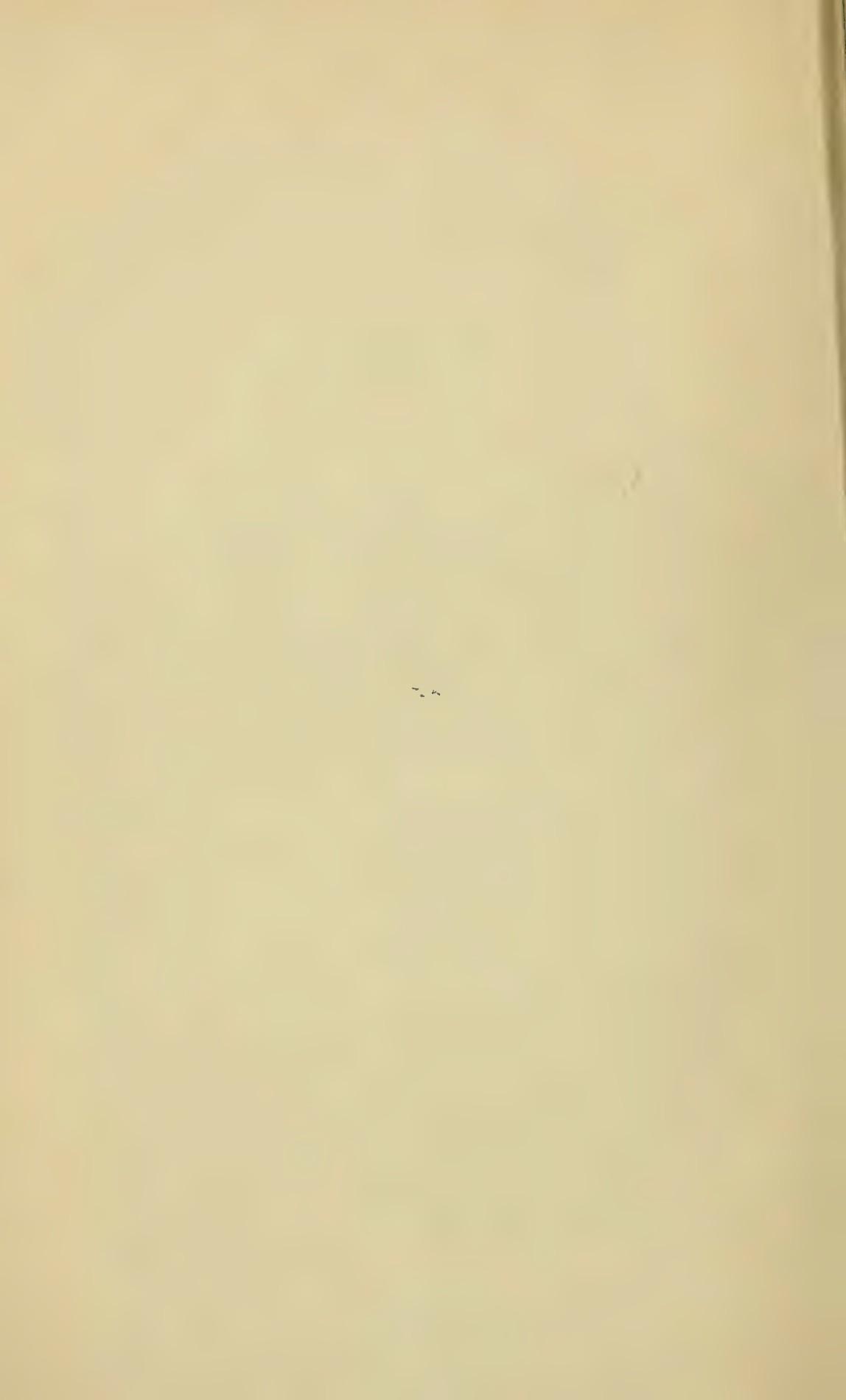
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Sport in Five Continents.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

I AM afraid that this book of mine is in no way calculated to interest the reader who wishes to hear

“of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth ‘scapes,”

and so forth.

Being only a very ordinary and matter-of-fact Britisher, I have not mastered the art of embellishing and improving upon my tale by drawing upon my imagination, after the fashion of some of our Western relations, who never consider a story of sport worth repeating unless it has been so “made up” as to be wildly exciting. Moreover, as I am only a very moderate shot, I do not pretend to have killed animals at wonderful distances. On the contrary, having always been accustomed to regard it as a disgrace and misfortune to wound any

animal without getting it, I have never ventured to shoot until at the moment of firing I have felt absolutely certain of either killing outright or so badly crippling my game that it was sure to come to bag within a reasonable time.

Having then thus to the best of my ability avoided the use of the long-bow and the long shot, I am quite prepared to be told that my accounts of big-game shooting are tame and ponderous.

And yet I may be allowed to cherish the hope that my tale may to some degree interest the young Englishman who contemplates travelling about to see the world, or even those who know something of the countries which I have visited. The latter class of readers may probably criticise some of my conclusions, but I have simply given my own ideas of things and people as they struck me at the time ; and after all, differences of opinion are mere mortal ailments, while "total freedom from error is the prerogative of Omniscience alone." If even at home, where the people we meet from day to day are of the same nationality as ourselves, it is difficult to gauge correctly our neighbour's thoughts, fancies, or character, it is ten times more difficult for either traveller or sojourner in a foreign land to form a trustworthy opinion about a race of men who may be said, bar the possession of humanity alone, to differ from him in every possible respect. Of the inhabitants of the other continents, so far as my own small experience goes, I would venture to say that the Japs are the most courteous, the Chinese the most reliable, of civilised nationalities, and that

of semi-barbarous tribes—black, yellow, or red—in any country, where most natives are nice and pleasant to deal with, far and away the nicest and pleasantest are those who have had the least to do with the European. I find some consolation for this wholesale arraignment of fellow-continentalists in the thought that the Englishman is commonly an exception to the rule. Him the natives for the most part are glad to see, to welcome, and to respect, and it is generally the fault of the individual himself if he either abuses or loses their confidence. If he possesses a little tact, and is straightforward in his dealings with them, the natives—no matter their colour—will do everything in their power to please him and to help him. Doubtless a clever man who has lived long in the country is the best judge of native character. I have been told, for instance, that some of our magistrates and judges in India, almost on the instant that a case of Native *v.* Native comes to trial, know instinctively which party is in the right and which is in the wrong,—a far more difficult problem to tackle, apart always from the merits of the case, than a dispute between two Englishmen. Intimate knowledge of this type, however, is the property of the expert rather than of the traveller, many of whose conclusions and impressions must be based on conjecture only, and are consequently of a superficial character. If, indeed, it is true that “the traveller fetches his knowledge, as the merchant his wares, to be enjoyed and applied by those who stay at home,” then I may be permitted in all humility to offer this small

contribution, to be applied, if not enjoyed, by some intending nomad. At the least I will say that I have found health, if not much profit, in travelling, and that I have finally settled down to domestic life without fulfilling the ominous predictions of my future which an old woman in a Gloucestershire village long years ago levelled at my devoted head.

“And are ye married yet?” was invariably her first question to me on my return.

“Not yet.”

“Ah! ye’ll go round and round the archard, and pull a crab-apple at last!”

CHAPTER II.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF A NOMAD LIFE.

“CREScit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.”

What is true of money is doubly true of roaming. The nomad instinct in man is very strong, —so strong, indeed, that centuries of civilisation have been powerless to eradicate it, and when once it has been, so to speak, given its head and freely indulged, it obtains so firm a grip that it is at least as difficult to shake off as Sindbad found the old man of the sea. Many and various are the incentives that urge men on to travel. The love of archæology tempts one man to cross the seas, natural scenery another; the study of new and interesting people has a fascination for many, the joy of collecting attracts perhaps still more; to even the most material mind the fine art-galleries of Europe and the variegated beauty of an Oriental bazaar must bring some sense of pleasure. But give to me the hunter’s life with all its freedom from the

shackles of social life; the camping out in the forest by the river; the tracking and observation of the habits of the wild animal in its natural haunts; the untold joy of temporary emancipation from home cares and household worries.

How entrancing a sensation it is to feel absolutely free—free from all the conventionalities of society, free to wander whither the inclination suggests, to wear whatever form of clothing is best adapted to the climate, without having to reckon with cut and fashion; free to rise with the twitter of the waking birds, and to crawl into snug camp-bedding, after a supper well earned by a long day's work, with a feeling of absolute contentment with all one's surroundings!

Again, to the man who finds himself right away from all humanity, with the exception, of course, of his immediate hunting companions, there seems to come the feeling that everything he sees is for the time being his very own; that he can pitch or strike his tent when and where he will, that he can chop down the first tree that comes handy for firewood, for food can catch the fish in the river which flows past his tent-door, or shoot birds and beasts in the surrounding forest, no man gainsaying or even seeing him. People, I take it, who have never camped out at all imagine that in camp-life terrible difficulties have to be faced, and terrible hardships to be overcome. But for those who make the experiment the difficulties will shortly



Camps in Hunter River Valley, Otago.



disappear, the hardships will pass muster as amusing incidents, and the flight of time will be almost imperceptible, for the simple reason that every minute of it will have been fully occupied. Even the wet day in camp is shorter than the wet day indoors at home, by reason of the multiplicity of petty jobs in the way of repair or preparation that simply have to be done; while cold weather never seems quite so cold in a camp, where the skin becomes acclimatised to an even temperature, as it does in a house where the temperature of different rooms and passages rings the changes between too hot and too cold, and the inmate's skin, as he passes from one part of the house to another, is subjected to a series of cold-producing shocks. To the camper a cold or catarrh is almost an unknown infliction.

True, as in other matters, so in camping, the novice must expect to have to learn the art of making himself comfortable from the old hand, and if only for this reason it is desirable that an old hand should be enlisted to act as mentor in the first and second essays of camping out. Such an old hand realises, or ought to realise, Aristotle's idea of the "genuine king" being to so marked a degree self-sufficient, that he will "externally want nothing for himself, and will administer the state for the benefit of his subjects." Here is a brief list of the things that the old campaigner will know:—

- (1) The best method of loading up the horses,

mules, carts, or any other form of transport.

(2) The best site for a camp, taking into consideration the usual essentials of water, firing, shade, shelter from cold winds, safety from floods and falling rocks or trees, safety also from wild animals and thieving men.

(3) Which way the tent should face, how to build a good fireplace in front of the tent, and how to light a fire, by no means an easy job, in wet or snowy weather.

(4) How so to limit baggage, in the form of stores and clothes, that nothing necessary is left behind, and nothing superfluous added to the weight imposed on the baggage animals.

How important this last bit of knowledge is, may be gauged by the ordinary man's experience of packing for a visit to a country house in England. Singularly fortunate, even in this minor matter, must be deemed he who does not find that he has packed up clothes which had better have been left at home, and has omitted to include some small but necessary article of toilet.

Even ladies, who start by being nervous about camping out for the first time, and are prone to picture to themselves beforehand sundry inconveniences and discomforts, so soon as they have discarded their imaginary fears, grow as enthusiastic in their praise of the independence and exhilaration attached to camp-life as the stronger sex; and I have yet to meet the woman

who, after one trip to the wild, has not been anxious to repeat the experiment. Freed from the conventions and monotony of home-life in England, the woman in camp enters upon a new and far more healthful existence, and is not slow to discover that the variety and pleasure of the nomad life are infinitely more attractive than the petty excitements of the social round at home.

To the many people who have on different occasions asked me whither and at what time of year to go, and have then proceeded to ply me with innumerable inquiries as to transport, food, camp, furniture, chances of sport, and so forth, I have always had the same answer ready—that pretty well every country and every climate requires its own peculiar outfit, and that it is impossible to give advice till the exact needs and requirements of the traveller are clearly understood.

Now and again, however, I have been fortunate enough to hit the mark at the first shot. I was asked by a man whose wife had shown indications of consumption, if I could suggest any part of the world which would benefit her health, and in which he himself would be able to find something to do. I at once recommended him to try the "Dry Belt" in British Columbia, telling him how, passing a camp in the Cascade range of the Rockies on a cold November morning, and seeing a woman washing clothes in a canvas bath outside the tent, I fell into conversation with her. On my sug-

gesting to her that it was rather cold for that sort of amusement, she told me that she quite enjoyed it, and then went on to say that she had been ordered out to that country by an English doctor as a cure for consumption, and had put on two stone in weight within three months of her arrival. She gave me the idea at the time of being a strong and vigorous woman, and when I met her again ten years later in Florida, she looked the picture of health. Her husband in the meantime had had splendid sport, shooting wild sheep and deer in the mountains. My friend took my advice, and going out to the "Dry Belt" in the summer, not only had a capital time fishing on a large lake with a Red Indian boatman, but—a far more important fact—brought his wife home perfectly well.

Another man, a widower, with whom I had shot in India years before, asked me where he could live and educate his only son on £300 a-year. I told him that in Vancouver Island was an ideal climate for an Englishman, that he would be able to live there cheaply, and would find a good school at Victoria for the boy when he was old enough, and I added that any land he might be able to buy was sure to improve in value. Accordingly he went out to Victoria, and after a good look round settled down not far from that place in a delightful country for sport. Years afterwards he wrote and told me how grateful he was for my advice; how he had bought a house and garden and some adjoining



Early Morning in Fishing Camp.



Fishing Camp at Hawea.

land, had married again, and was thoroughly enjoying life. As it happens, land in that part of the Empire has gone up in value by leaps and bounds, and to-day his little property must be a valuable asset.

Yet once again. A poor labourer once asked me to what part of the world I should recommend him to emigrate. I suggested Canada, telling him what little I knew of the country. He and his brother started off together, obtained the ordinary Government grant of 160 acres each, and settled down. Five years later I met one of the pair in a train on the Canadian Pacific Railway on his way home for a holiday. They had done so well, he informed me, that they were going to take it in turns to go home every winter, while one stayed to look after the farm.

"If I had remained in England," he added, "I should be a poor labourer still, with a weekly wage to live on."

Frankly admitting that these stories have little or nothing to do with either camp-life or big-game hunting, I have given them to show how, by moving about and visiting different parts of the world, the nomad is sometimes able to advise people where to go and what to do according to their several requirements.

Of all healthy climates likely to suit an English constitution, those of Canada, New Zealand, and certain other parts of Australia are beyond doubt the best. But for sport there are many other localities quite as good or better in which, with due care,

the sportsman may have his fill of shooting and fishing without running any risk of undermining his health ; others again where the traveller who is not in search of sport, but is content to see the beauties of nature, to study new races of men, and perhaps to collect works of art or curios, may enjoy a healthy climate.

It is as well to bear in mind—for we have not all the purse of Fortunatus—that in hot climates much more luxury is required than in cold. In India, for example, and in all tropical and subtropical places, an Englishman requires quite extravagantly good feeding, and the sportsman who goes shooting in malarial and feverish districts will soon break down, or even become a chronic invalid, if he does not feed really well. In a temperate climate, on the other hand, a man can work hard on comparatively little variety of food, provided always that the little is of a nourishing order, whereas in a cold climate quantities of fatty or heat-producing sustenance are essential. The finest colonials that I have come across in my wanderings are the up-country Canadians. At once more hardy, stronger, and capable of doing, on comparatively simple and meagre food, far more work than any other whites whom I have met, they neither expect nor require those luxuries in the way of food which to other colonials may rank as almost essential. There are thousands of men in Canada who live on little else than tea, sugar, flour, beans, and coarse fat bacon,—things which they pack on their backs and carry with them to out-of-the-way spots where weeks

and months are spent in mining, prospecting, and trapping. Such men, when they do happen to make some money, usually go to the nearest town, and there live on the fat of the land till the money is exhausted, when they will return to their work, perhaps for a whole year at a spell, perfectly happy and contented.

There are many fine men, too, up country in New Zealand, but the New Zealander requires more good food and does less work than the Canadian,—a fact that no doubt is partially accounted for by the difference of climate. Personally, I should add, I was particularly lucky in getting good men to work for me in New Zealand. Still, now and again in that country I found myself saddled with a shiftless and unreliable duffer, who seemed to live in constant fear of being overworked, while no Canadian that I had to deal with ever gave the idea that it was possible for him to be either overworked, overwalked, or overloaded. Coloured hunters in every country are at the outset difficult for an Englishman to understand, but as a rule, if fairly treated, they are anxious to do their best for their employer, and if, like children, they require a little tact and management, in the end more often than not they become devoted servants. The yellow-skinned, red-skinned, or black-skinned native, being at least as human as the white man, no doubt has faults; but I have had capital hunters of pretty well every conceivable colour, and my experience has been that the best man in the way of a servant in every country is a native of that

country. For on the instant that the native of one country, however excellent a servant, be transported to another, trouble to the master is pretty sure to ensue. Either the new climate and new form of diet disagree with the stranger, or he gets into hot water with the locals.

Cooks, next to hunters, are the most essential items to the comfort of camping out. Other nomads might be inclined to suggest that the cook is even a more important functionary than the hunter. But in the first place I am writing rather from a sportsman's point of view, and in the second place the provision of the food must necessarily precede the cooking of it. In India and China cooks were easily procured, and quite the best that I ever had to do with; in Africa they were indifferently bad, and in other parts of the world I generally had to give my cook some instruction in his art. Fortunately in temperate climates camp-cooking, being more or less limited to baking bread and either boiling, frying, or stewing meat and vegetables, is fairly simple. Where neither eggs nor milk are procurable the choice of food is limited, and there is little scope for high-flying experiment or the essays of vaulting ambition.

Earlier in this chapter I have sung the praises of camp-life. Let me say in conclusion that the man who will most enjoy and perhaps most benefit by a trip to the wilds is he who has learnt to do practically everything for himself. Nor is this self-dependence a difficult lesson to learn. Necessity and experience are able teachers, and—so runs an

Arabian proverb—"when a man makes up his mind to do a thing, it becomes easy for him to do it." It is almost impossible that he who has spent a few years in big-game hunting will not have learned how to cook, bake, and wash; how to pitch a tent, use an axe, and light a fire; how to mend and even make his own clothes and foot-gear; how to load up a horse or pack his kit on his own back; how to take to pieces and put together his rifle, to tie a fly for fishing, and make a fishing net; finally, how to skin and temporarily preserve any trophy of his gun and rifle.

Possibly the occasion for doing these things with his own hands will seldom arise, but at the least he should be able to show other people how to do them.

It is absolutely certain that a sportsman, if he is ever to be worth his salt as such, will at the end of a few trips be a good enough hunter to hunt for himself under ordinary circumstances, although there are times, as for instance in tracking on dry or stony ground, when the black tracker is a better man than the white.

Yet one more word before I conclude this chapter. To the old big-game hunter who knows the ropes as well as, or perhaps better than, myself, I presume to offer no advice. He will long since have known his own desires and limitations, and will have formed his own conclusions about times and seasons, as well as about localities and chances of sport. But there must be many more who want a change at some special time of the year, as having

either business or other reasons for staying at home for the greater part of it, and who like to have some object in view for travelling beyond that of merely seeing new places.

Both in Europe and in Canada there are, then, plenty of good localities for shooting, in which to spend the autumn or the early winter. Not, however, so many good sporting places for the spring season. For the man with a limited time at his disposal in the spring, I would suggest a trip to Florida in pursuit of tarpon in April or May, or to California in search of tuna. Moreover, all through Canada the *fishing* is good during the spring and summer months.

Then, again, it is well to remember that the late winter and early spring of Europe are the summer and autumn of the southern hemisphere, and that by leaving this country in November the sportsman may find leisure for a trip to New Zealand, where he will get the finest trout-fishing in the world on his arrival, to be followed in due course by excellent deer-stalking. A trip of this character would only imply some six months' absence from home.

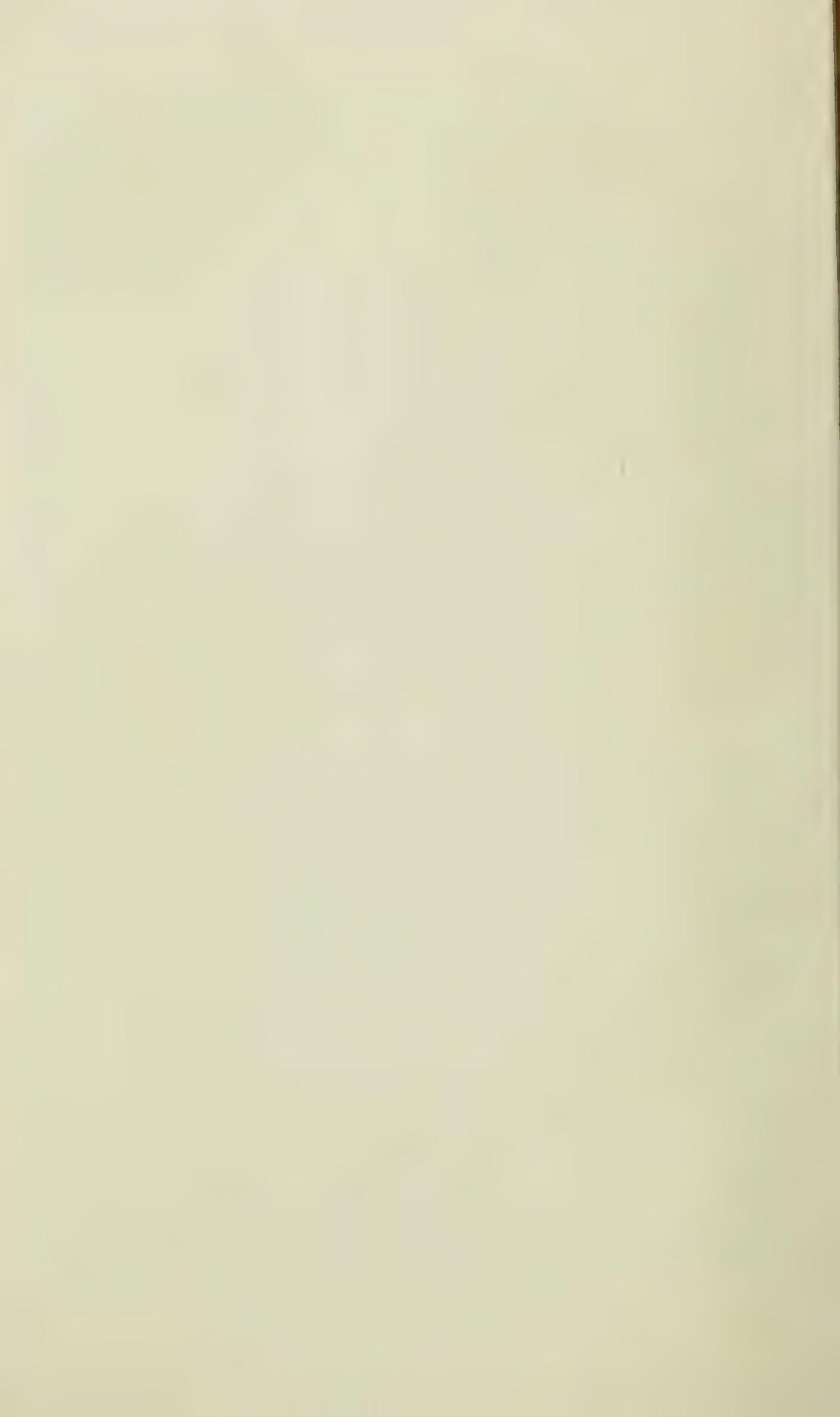
Yet another delightful trip, which would appeal to a man who prefers the gun to the rifle or fishing-rod, might be done in a house-boat on the rivers and canals of China. Leaving England in the company, I should advise, of a brother sportsman, and starting in November or early December, a man might travel out by steamer, or by the Trans-Siberian Railway, enjoy some splendid mixed shooting on the many rivers and canals of China, and be



Another Camp in Hunter River Valley, New Zealand.



Camp on Lake Hawea, Otago, New Zealand.



back in England again by the time that the lilac and laburnum are in flower. Or, better still, if he has a little more time at his disposal, let him wander on to Japan, and after devoting April to making acquaintance with that interesting country and its charming inhabitants, find himself back home again in June. I may say that I spent most of the winter of 1903-4 on house-boats in China, meeting a delightful lot of fellow-countrymen, shooting mixed bags ranging from ten to fifty head a day, and obtaining most interesting glimpses into Chinese native life.

CHAPTER III.

IBEX IN THE PYRENEES.

IN May 1891 I formed one of a party of six who went in quest of ibex and chamois to the Valle d'Arras, a very precipitous valley on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. My companions were two brothers, A. P. and J. P., two ladies in the persons of A.'s wife and one of their sisters, and a Scotch gamekeeper to whom they were anxious to give a treat. This last-named worthy, L. by name, had a broad Scotch accent, and was a rigid teetotaller, and this rare combination of—well, shall I call them virtues or vices?—bid fair to entail disastrous consequences at the very outset of the campaign. As there was no second-class carriage on our express train through France, L. was sent on with a return second-class ticket by an earlier train to Bordeaux, with instructions to get his breakfast, and then to await the arrival of our train, a matter of a few hours. As is always the case with Continental return tickets, the out-bound leaves were torn out of his book as he completed the different stages of his journey, with the result that L. eventually arrived at Bordeaux with a pretty healthy appetite

and the return portion of his ticket. On leaving the train and being addressed by the railway officials, he found himself in the uncomfortable position of being wholly unable to make either himself or his wishes comprehensible to his interlocutors. Where a few words of ordinary English as spoken in the south country might have appealed to one or other member of a not unsympathetic audience, broad Scotch, poured forth at express speed, not only conveyed no meaning whatsoever, but in all probability grated unpleasantly on the ears. A man who cannot make himself understood is seldom seen at his best, and I believe that it has never been absolutely proved, even though most Englishmen seem to take it for granted, that native lingo is rendered more comprehensible to the foreigner by mere force of shouting. In the end, then, as the worthy L. waxed more and more insistent, and varied the performance of jabbering Scotch only by chronic productions of his return ticket by way at once of passport and credential, the officials—*faute de mieux*—solved their difficulty by the simple expedient of clapping him into a north-bound train, and starting him off on his journey homewards. Only the merest accident saved him from a wholly unanticipated and premature return to London. For, happening to look out of the carriage window at a small station where our train stopped before its arrival at Bordeaux, to our intense surprise J. P. saw L. looking out of the window of a train which had been drawn up by the opposite platform. We soon explained matters

to the station-master, and having rescued our derelict, took him back with us to Bordeaux, and thence on to Pierrefite, where we all left the train and drove through lovely scenery to Gavarnie. On the way L. told us some of his experiences in the course of his journey, dilating more especially on the difficulty he had found in procuring a cup of tea. It appeared that as he did not like coffee, wherever he saw a likely place he had addressed to waiters, guard, station-master, or any one else who had ears to hear, the carefully thought-out and wholly pertinent question—

“Can a body get a cup o’ tea?”

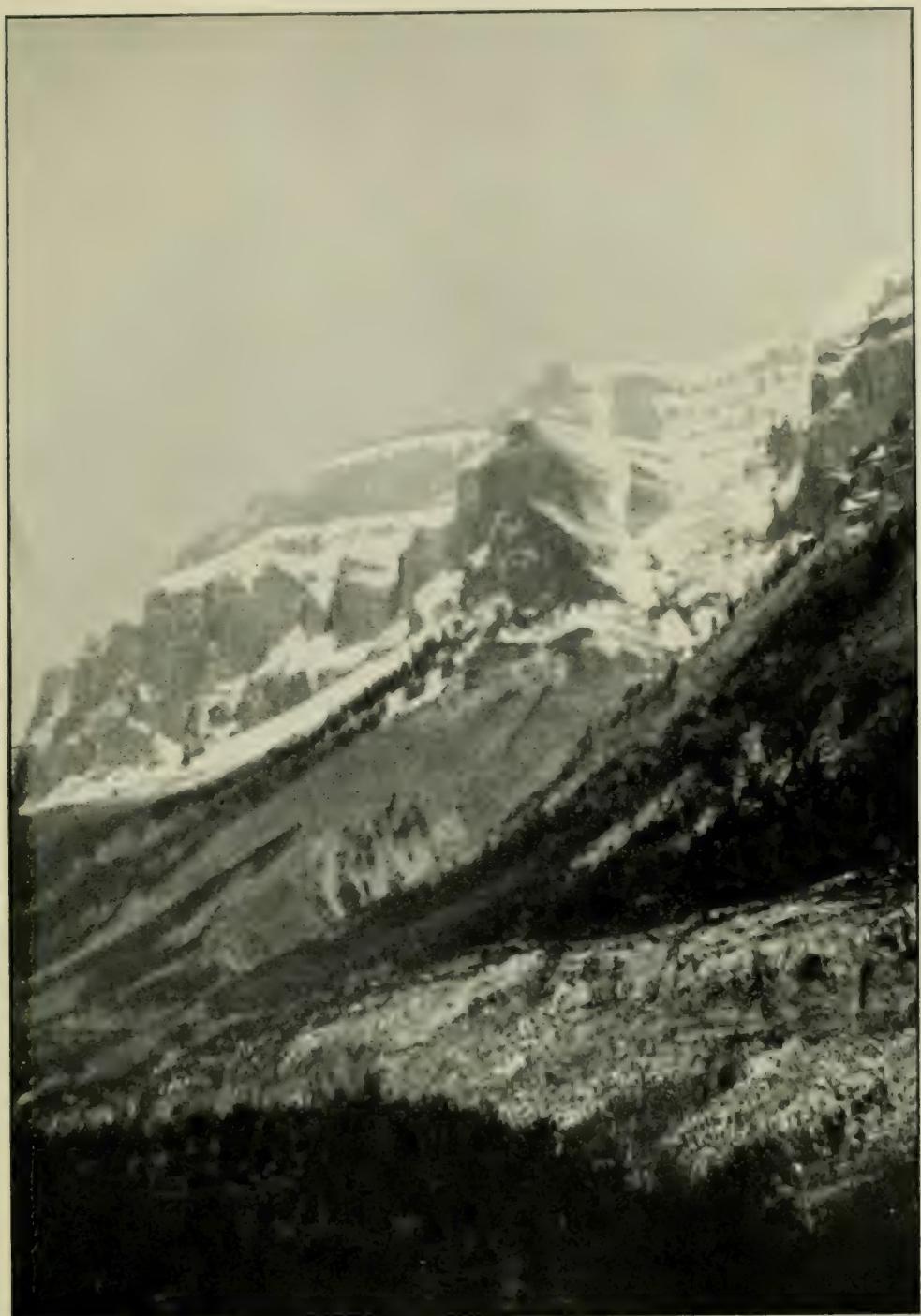
Where English, “spoken as she is,” might have had some effect, the combination of Scotch twang and rapid delivery effectually defeated the speaker’s purpose, and with a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders the person addressed dismissed the matter and went on his or her way, with the result that as the day went on L. was waxing more and more thirsty. Finally, in the evening there came by a fellow-countryman who befriended him, and with some difficulty procured him his favourite beverage. Yet even then, alas! the tea was not of the character—a black and strong character, perhaps—to which his palate was accustomed, and “I couldna drink it,” he concluded; “it turned again on my stammick.” Taking all things into consideration, I may be allowed to hazard a doubt whether either railway officials or fellow-passengers altogether appreciated the pleasure of the worthy L.’s society.

Having slept at Gavarnie, on the following morning we walked over a snow-pass into Spain, passing the customs at Bouchereau, and then continued our journey to the Valle d'Arras, where we found a roomy farmhouse which easily accommodated all our party, now augmented by two French guides and several Spaniards. We had been warned that no rifles were on any account permitted to be taken into Spain, for fear that they might fall into the hands of the Carlists ; but C., one of our French guides, assured us that if we gave the customs officer a douceur, and furthermore presented his poor and ill-fed men with a sheep, we should have no trouble. We followed this advice with complete success, and considering that in those days the understrappers in a Spanish Customs-house only got one meal of bread and broth per diem, the sheep, which cost us only a few francs, must have been a veritable godsend to them. Our rifles were hidden in our mattresses, which were being carried on men's backs, and no questions were asked.

It was rather a long and tiring day for a start, and although our ladies proved themselves to be splendid walkers, we were none of us sorry to sit still after supper and watch our Spanish mountaineers dance very gracefully to the strains of a guitar.

The first idea that our valley gave us was that it was a succession of precipices piled one above the other, and intersected by the narrowest of ledges, and by the time that we had spent a good many weary hours in climbing, we found that our first impres-

sions had over-estimated nothing. Our system of hunting may appear deliciously simple to the uninitiated. The Spaniards, assisted by two good dogs, drove the "Corniches" (*Anglicè*, ledges) round to the guns who were placed in commanding positions—so commanding, indeed, that the work of getting properly posted before the drive began was terribly severe. On the first Sunday of our stay I bagged my one and only ibex. We had no intention of taking our guns out on that day, and had spent it in loafing and admiring the scenery. But in the afternoon there arrived a man who said that he had seen a "Bouquettin" on the low ground not far from our house. If, as the Arabs say, "good judgment means a seizure of opportunities," it would from the ibex-hunter's point of view have been sheer folly to let slip so promising a chance of bringing his game to bag. How rarely these mountain-goats come to hand may be gauged from the fact that none had been killed in the country since E. N. Buxton secured two beautiful specimens *seven* years before our arrival. A diligent afternoon's search proved fruitless, and we were on our way back to our farmhouse in the country, when C., looking over a ridge, caught sight of the ibex, and beckoned to me. On clambering up to him I was overjoyed to see it feeding within eighty yards of us, and succeeded in shooting it through the neck. It proved on examination to be an old female, but—no matter the sex—our guides were very jubilant over my success, displaying their feelings by kissing one another and shaking hands all round.



The Valle d'Arras, Pyrenees, North-West Spain.

It was easy to gather that they were into the bargain not a little surprised that what was in reality so rare a prize had been so lightly won. I regret to add that L. was sensibly morose over the performance. If, on the one hand, it is more than probable that he was, like many of his countrymen, a rigid Sabbatarian, on the other hand, the circumstance that he did not happen to have been in at the death may have temporarily accentuated his prejudices. Although in the course of several days' hard hunting in terribly difficult country we saw ibex constantly, we only secured one more specimen, a four-year-old male, which was driven to L., who killed it. There were also some chamois in the district, several of which were bagged by both A. and J., but I never got a shot at one myself, although I ought to have done so on our last day's hunting.

Let me say that at first we were not a little nervous when walking on the precipices and snow-slides, but although familiarity never exactly bred contempt, we gradually improved as we got more used to them. The worst place that I myself tackled was on an occasion when the men were trying to drive some ibex to us, and I happened to be the top gun. One of the Spanish guides, who had been told off to place me, led me first up a fearfully steep water-course, and then across a precipice, during the passage of which I had to stoop under a projecting rock, and found only small bits of rock, four to five inches wide, and from two to three

feet apart, whereupon to plant my feet, while at the same time I was looking down into open space, and could just see cattle grazing several thousand feet below me. It was a really gruesome place, and I knew what it was to feel in a terrible funk as I crept gingerly along, and envied the feeling of security possessed by a fly that is walking on a wall. No ibex came within the range of my view, although my guide said that one went over the top above me. Presently came the moment for returning. "Sed revocare gradum," indeed? If the ascent to my position had been bad enough, the descent, to a man whose nerves had already been pretty well shaken up, was even a more formidable undertaking. On the return journey, however, I was practically roped. For after the Spaniard had tied his long waistband round my waist, another man led the way, holding one end of the band, while the Spaniard came behind me holding the other. In this way I got down in safety, but on reaching *terra firma* I shortly remarked: "Never again that place for me."

Another place, which goes by the name of "Le Coté de Toit," we reached by the aid of "grimpons," or, in other words, big iron nails driven into the face of the precipice on which our passage lay. As the smooth wall of rock rose far above us, and then stretched yet another thousand feet below us, it was truly an awe-inspiring place. C., our guide, had fallen into the habit of exclaiming "Faites attention" when

we were on a precipice, but there was not the slightest fear of our failing to pay attention to the very best of our ability. On that occasion the men saw ten ibex, but failed in their endeavour to drive them round the "corniche" on which they were viewed, and eventually they escaped over the tops. On another occasion J. stalked a solitary ibex under the cover of a heavy snowstorm, but missed it, and then we had a bad time getting down in the blinding snow. The local theory is that a man can always go where a chamois, but not always where an ibex can go, and we so far proved the truth of this, that when after some trouble we found a chamois track, we followed it and got down safely. In the course of our clambering one of the Spaniards narrowly missed falling over a precipice, over which we looked down for a clear eight thousand feet, by no means relishing the prospect. The snow was blowing in our faces and balling on our feet, and from time to time we found ourselves in positions where a single slip would have been fatal, so that I take it I was not the only man of the party who was thankful when we had negotiated our descent. That was the last day of our hunting ibex, for the snow fell continuously all through the night, and in the morning lay so far down the mountain-side that the pursuit of ibex was out of the question, and we decided to pay a visit to Thorla, a rather dirty but quaint Spanish townlet. We lunched at the house of a "Marquis," who, although no doubt poor, was reported to be proud, and not knowing how to recompense him

for his hospitality we took C. into our confidence, and as he told us that the correct thing to do was to leave money on the table, we followed his advice. I could not help noticing that although most of the men in the district were fine handsome fellows, there were no fresh or good-looking girls or young women. However, when I paid a visit to the school at Thorla, I seemed to find a solution of the apparent mystery. All the girls are the victims of overwork, even in childhood having drawn and careworn faces, and looking much older than their years warrant.

I shall always retain a vivid recollection of the day on which we took leave of our farmhouse. On one occasion C., the French guide, on being asked by one of our ladies if he never felt tired, had replied—

“Fatigué, madame?—Oh, jamais, jamais!”

Moreover, he had more than once laughed at me for having big feet, saying that they were far too large for mountain climbing. If on the one hand he was probably right, on the other hand my feet are, as the late King was wont to remark about the Privy Purse, not really very large, but only comfortable, and it had annoyed me not a little to hear personal remarks made at my expense by a very ordinary French peasant.

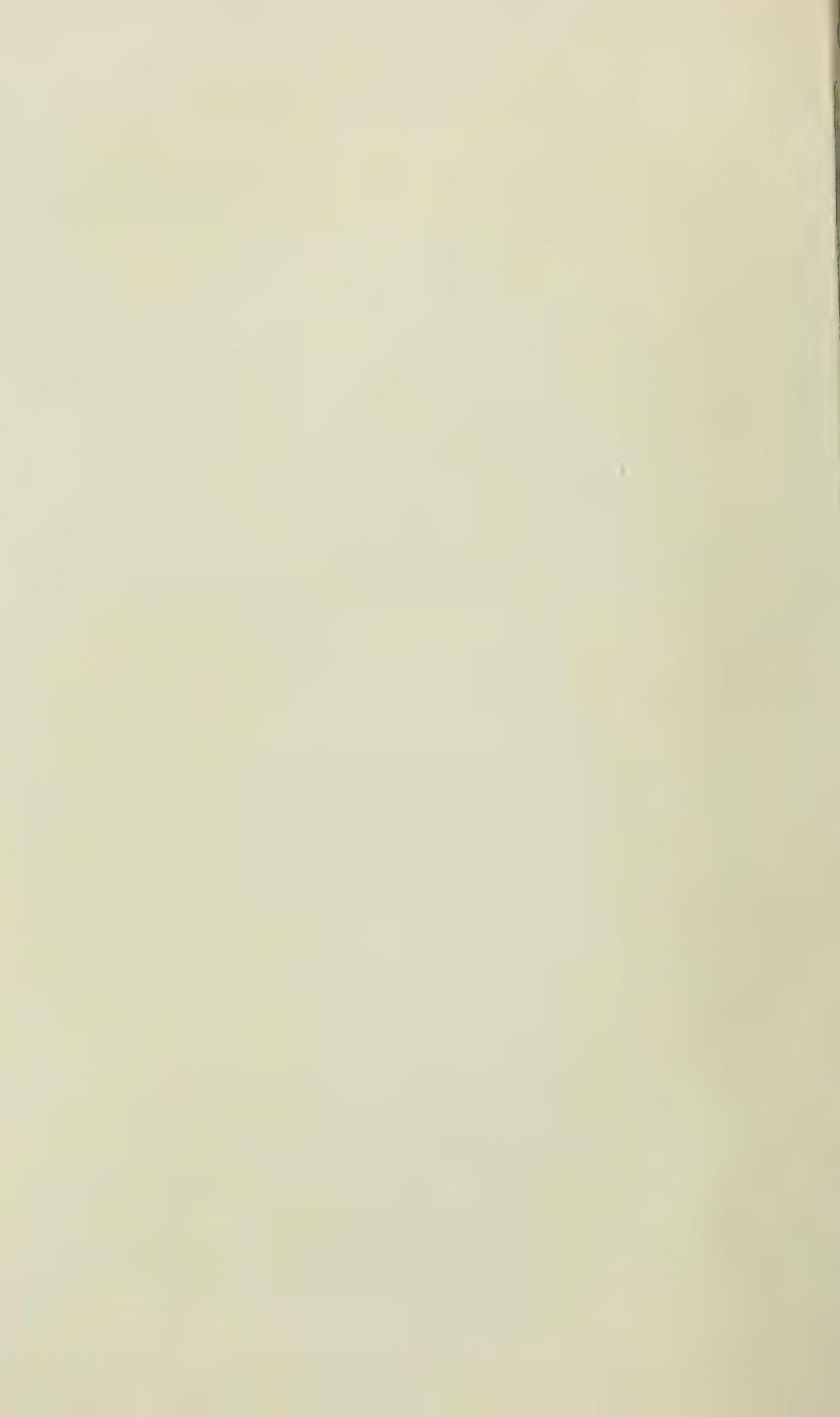
It had been arranged that C. and I were to make an early start that day with a view of trying to get a chamois on the way to Gavarnie. Accordingly we were up at 3 A.M., and off half an hour later to do a bit of stalking on the Pic de Sabouilot. We spied the most likely ground, but saw nothing till



Group going over Pont du Gavarine.



Market-place, Thorla, Pyrenees, Spain.



8 A.M., when we caught sight of some chamois not more than a hundred yards off. Under the supposition that we could get still nearer to them, C. persuaded me not to shoot, with the result that they suddenly got our wind and bolted. Once again we viewed them, but again they got our wind and fled, and eventually we gave up the hunt in despair of success. We then made towards Bouchereau in a snowstorm, arriving there at 1 P.M., and at that time, except when spying with our telescopes, we had been walking hard, climbing indeed for most of the way, during the space of nine hours and a half. It had been very cold, and no doubt I had been very slow in climbing over extremely rough ground, while C., a comparatively small man, had easily kept fifty yards ahead of me all the morning, urging me to extra speed by the perpetual cry "En avant," as if he thought that I was not doing my level best to keep up with him. We went over the snow-pass into France in a blinding snowstorm, but this cleared off as we got down on to low ground, and the last few miles of our journey were accomplished in fine weather and with good walking on a path. In point of fact, I was pretty well tired, having done a long day, but I was quite determined to treat my friend C. to a good fast walk home by way of getting up his circulation, as I had not been able to keep the pace good enough for him on the mountain-tops. With this charitable resolution I put my best leg forward on the flat, with the result that being only about 5 ft. 8 in. in his boots, he had to run in order to keep up with

me, and several times as he panted behind me he suggested that we should take a rest. But "En avant!" was my constant answer. "En avant, or we shall be late for supper at the hotel." When we reached our destination at 6.30, after fifteen hours' hard walking, we found that we were in time for supper, but C. did not seem to want any, and went straight off to bed. On the following morning we had finished breakfast before he appeared, and when one of the ladies asked him why he had not come to supper overnight, his reply was: "Mais, madame, ce M. Leathan est un vrai diable!"

We had reserved a compartment at Bordeaux by telegram, but missed the connection, and had to go by a later train, on which, of course, no special provision had been made for us. However, J. undertook to interview the station-master, a magnificent official covered with gold lace, who in response to J.'s timely tip soon found us a compartment to ourselves. I was so much impressed by the grandeur of this official that I asked J. how much he had given him, thinking that so important-looking a person would hardly be likely to accept anything short of several gold pieces. But when J. said that two francs had produced the desired result I nearly had a fit, the contrast between the insignificance of the tip and the all-round grandeur of the individual who had accepted it being so truly remarkable.

With our arrival at Bordeaux ends the story of a hunting trip which we all thoroughly enjoyed. True, we did not shoot much, but the pleasure of sport must not be gauged by the weight of the

game-bag. Hard work, an element of danger, healthful excitement, due exercise of patience—all these are or should be inseparable accidents of big-game hunting, and will be found in plenty by the ibex-hunter on the Pyrenees. Moreover, the ibex are there in sufficient quantity, and to the hunter there is always present the pleasant task of evolving new methods for circumventing them. I have shown that my solitary prize was, as it happened, won somewhat easily. But I can still look back with pleasure to the pursuit of those other ibex which never came to hand, as well as of those chamois which I ought to have shot and did not.

I am afraid that, apart from the ibex and the terrifying nature of the precipices, I have not many recollections of the Valle d'Arras. There were, I remember, in the streams excellent trout, which a Spaniard used to catch for us, and there was one spot in which we found quantities of white daffodils. Once, too, in the course of our wonderings we came across the tracks of a bear, but probably we were too early in the field for those animals which were still likely to be hibernating.

It goes without saying that our ladies were very kind to us, not insisting too rigorously on the nicety of the hunters' toilette. In point of fact, we nearly always breakfasted and dined in their room, as being the largest apartment at our disposal, and in an emergency the hunter who remembered to take off his cap as he entered the room was graciously permitted to account himself fully dressed for dinner.

But every story has its sequel, and so here is the sequel to mine. More than once I had grave doubts whether L., the Scotch keeper, really was enjoying himself. In any case he did not think fit to say so, but on the other hand we occasionally got some amusement out of him. On one occasion, when we had toiled up a high mountain, and were feeling both hot and thirsty, we could not find any water for our lunch. Fortunately we had with us one bottle of *vin ordinaire*, the quantity which we three non-teetotallers usually took out by way of qualifying the water we expected to find near our luncheon place. Some rash mortal now suggested to L. that he should partake of the claret, and much to our surprise, nay, even disappointment—for one bottle does not go very far with even three thirsty men—he accepted the proposal, and tasted—the forbidden fruit. We tried to find consolation in telling him that he would catch it hot and strong from his wife when we got home, and she was told that he had been indulging in alcoholic liquor, and I verily believe that he went in fear and trembling lest his lapse from the paths of virtue should come to the good dame's ears.

But, alas! there was worse to follow. For that trip to foreign parts had a demoralising after-effect upon my friend L. It may be that he was suffering from a slight attack of swollen head, and felt that the ordinary keeper's work was derogatory to the man who had hunted the wild ibex in the Pyrenees. Or it may be that he spent too much

time either in thinking over his travels abroad, or in speaking to his humble neighbours of

“antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven”—

telling them, in other words, how he had crossed the seas, travelled through divers countries, and—Heaven save the mark! he might even have added—discoursed to native barbarians in an unknown tongue. But whatever the cause of the neglect, one very obvious duty of a keeper in charge of a grouse moor had been omitted. J.'s father had a capital moor in Aberdeenshire, where we always had a delightful time driving the grouse in the autumn. In that year the grouse-butts had not been put in order prior to our arrival on the scene of action in August. As a result of this negligence, on the first day we found that all the last year's butts had been knocked down by the sheep, and we had to pile up the old peat sods for ourselves. In addition to the fact that butt-building under an August sun is about as hot work as anything that I know, the peat dust is liable to be blown into the eyes, considerably discounting the chances of straight shooting. When in the evening J. fell foul of L., and asked why he had not had the butts put up, L.'s answer was, that what with “that travelling abroad” he had not been able to find the time. As we happened to have returned in May, I could not help thinking that the excuse was rather far-fetched.

"Why, then," next inquired J., "did not the under-keeper see to it?"

"There is leemits," was the reply. "Ye canna expect a mon of hees pausition to do the work of a dee-labourer."

I treasured up this sentence, which I overheard, and kept it in stock till the day of my departure, when I presented L. with only half the tip that I usually gave him.

"Havena ye had a good shooting, then?" he inquired, as he eyed the coins with some disgust.

"Oh, yes, very good shooting indeed," I replied, "but, you see, I had to put up my own grouse-butts. There are limits, L.; you cannot expect a man in my position to do the work of a day-labourer."

In those days, I may add, the term teetotaller was not very well understood in that part of Scotland, and when my host first thought of taking the moor, he naturally made some inquiries of the Factor about the keeper.

"Wull," said the Factor, "he is a verra guid mon, but I'm no' so sure that you will verra weel like him; he has verra peeculiar reeligious preenciples."

Much interested, and perhaps unwilling to embark on a Mormon keeper, my host proceeded to inquire what those religious principles were.

"Wull," said the Factor, lowering his voice, "he is what they call a Taytotaller."

In justice to L., whose character I seem to have been aspersing, I will conclude by saying that he was a first-rate old keeper, and always showed a splendid head of grouse on the moor.

CHAPTER IV.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

THE first shoot that I had in the Terai was in 1890. Whilst I was playing cricket for George Vernon's English team in India, a well-known General asked me if I cared to shoot a tiger. I told him I should very much enjoy the chance, but that I did not know of any one who could put me in the way of getting it. A few days later I received a very kind letter from a delightful old sportsman, who was Collector and Magistrate at Philibeet, asking me to join his party. I gathered that the General had written to him without my knowledge, and had asked him to write to me. Accordingly, as soon as the cricket was over, I went up to Philibeet, arriving there on March 12, to find that a big shoot in Nepal, in honour of the late Duke of Clarence, had just finished, and that the party had bagged ten tigers, six leopards, and two bears. The British Resident at Khatmandoo, a Major D., had been managing the shoot for the Nepalese Government, with 400 elephants which were still on the spot. Our own party consisted of my host,

M., Major D., and myself. It was a new experience to me, as I had never even camped out before, and I enjoyed every minute of the trip. When M. drove me out twenty-six miles from Philibeet to the huge shooting camp on the Sarda river, I seemed to have reached quite a town of tents. There must have been quite 1500 people, as each of our 400 elephants had a mahout and two other servants to wash him and collect "chara" (his food). In addition to these we had our own servants, while there were sundry tradesmen who supplied the food for the natives, and many hangers-on of sorts.

The vegetation of the jungle was quite a revelation to me, and my first day was most exciting, although we did not find a tiger. The huge herd of elephants, to begin with, was a wonderful sight. Starting on pad elephants, we took an hour to reach the place which we meant to beat first. When we came to a rise in the ground, I had to cling on to the ropes which secured the pad, a sort of big mattress, on the elephant's back, in order to save myself from rolling off. We saw crowds of big grey monkeys, and many smaller varieties, peacocks, jungle-fowl—not unlike our game bantams—cranes, blue pigeons, golden auriole, and innumerable little birds, besides many hawks, crows, and vultures. When we began to beat there were beasts all the time running about in the high grass and forest—swamp-deer, cheatle, hog-deer, wild pig, and porcupine. The last-named no doubt cause the elephants more trepidation than do any of the big animals. For the



Camp on Tiger Shoot, India.



Bullock-carts, India.



porcupines rattle their quills, and when they are in high grass the elephants, though aware of their presence, often cannot see them, and are afraid of treading on them. As it happens, the sole of the elephant's foot is very tender, and if he treads on a porcupine the quills run into his foot, and give him intense pain. Soon after we had mounted our howdah elephants we found a dead pig, which the shikaris said had been killed by a leopard. Thereupon all the beating elephants, which had been walking in single file, formed up abreast, and we looked quite a formidable array, as we covered a piece of ground about three miles wide. The usual method of hunting in Nepal is for the elephants to beat in line until a tiger or leopard is seen, when the elephants at the outside ends of the line dash forward as fast as they can, and getting well ahead of the tiger (or leopard), gradually draw inwards until the two ends of the line meet. By this means, as the other elephants have kept their right distances, the tiger is completely encircled by a ring of elephants. The whole party then march towards the centre of the ring, and the tiger, finding it impossible to break through the ring, probably crouches in the high grass till the sportsmen on howdah elephants close in upon him and shoot him. I must admit that, from my own point of view, I regard this as a mere travesty of sport.

So long as we were beating for the leopard we were forbidden to shoot at anything else, but as we failed to find him, after lunch discipline was

relaxed, and we shot at anything that came handy. I wounded a hog-deer, so called because they dash through the grass very much as a pig does; and I missed a lovely swamp stag which went down the line and was shot at and missed by both the other guns. We saw lots of hog-deer and pig, and shot a few snipe. On the way home I got a black buck, and a swamp python which must have been quite sixteen inches in girth. It was practically my first experience of shooting big game, as with the exception of stalking red deer at home I had done nothing in that line before, so that I thoroughly enjoyed my day, and even though I did not shoot much I am never likely to forget it.

Next morning I was up early, and off before daylight to try for black buck. I got two, and in my ignorance I cut their throats, instead of allowing my Mohammedan mahout to perform that operation, with the result that the Mohammedans would not eat the meat. The next two days we shot through high grass growing in swamps around, and my own share of the bag included three huge boars, four "para" or hog-deer, four pigs, and some snipe, teal, and hares. We found our little Nepalese attendants rather more than we could manage, as when we were beating for tiger the whole line was often stopped because some jungle-fowl or hare had been seen, and some of the natives had slid down the elephants' tails and were trying to kill the small game with sticks and stones. Also if we came to a shallow pool of water which, as the streams were drying up, was perhaps full of fish,

the whole line would stop while the men were trying to catch the fish for their suppers.

After a few days of this, Major D. sent the whole of the Nepalese elephants home, and we then had forty elephants left which belonged to the Philibeet district, and were really quite enough for us. We always took blankets in our howdahs to put over our heads, in the event of our being unfortunate enough to knock off a bees' nest from one of the bushes as the elephants brushed through. The bees were very numerous in places, and when shooting on Chandni Island we met a man who paid 200 rupees a-year for the right of collecting the honey. Under the branches of one cotton-tree I counted as many as forty bee nests. These are always black with the swarms of bees which are clustering round the entrance.

I saw a jungle fire one evening. It was a wonderful sight as it flared up in red tongues of flame and made a roaring noise, and the sound, like that of a distant train in a hilly country, kept rising and falling. Many miles sometimes get burnt, the fires being generally started on purpose by the people who want the young grass, which soon begins to grow after the fire has burnt out.

The first tiger I got was only a half-grown cub, but the killing of it gave me infinite pleasure at the time. We had been told of some tigers killing a lot of cattle, and we beat the most likely place for them—some high grass with the river on one side and on the other a high bank, beyond which was thick forest. We three shooters were placed

between the grass and the bank, one gun, M., with the beaters, I myself about 100 yards in front of the line, and D. at the far end of the grass. D. had the first shot, and I saw a tiger, which was going up the bank when he shot, dash back into the grass. Then I saw M. signalling to me to look out between us, and I caught a glimpse of a tiger as it topped the bank. We both fired without any visible result. I then saw another tiger behind me going up the bank, and shooting at once I killed it dead. D. got another, and in the end we bagged three out of the four seen, as the first was found dead in the grass. They were all half-grown cubs, and we never saw the mother on that occasion, but later on I got the old mother, and M. got a cub, while another cub and the father escaped. The three cubs were loaded on to pad elephants and sent home. It was a scorching hot day, and my rifle barrels were so warm that I could hardly hold the gun. We went back to Philibeet next day, and had two splendid days at snipe, after which we returned to try again for tigers, having six bullocks tied up every night at likely places, in the hope of getting one killed by a tiger. At the end of a week, hearing that an old tigress and her mate and two cubs had killed nineteen cows in one night, we went at once to try for them. We had then fourteen elephants altogether. I was placed in an open bit of forest, while M. took the side of a stream, and the beaters drove some thick bush towards us. In about half an hour I saw a tigress's head looking out of some high grass forty

yards in front of me. I fired and missed, but when she came out into the open and galloped past me at a distance of some thirty yards, I gave her the second barrel, and she rolled over and lay still for some seconds. Then, however, she got up again, and as she bolted past me behind my elephant, I tried to shoot, but being a novice, and therefore a duffer at big-game shooting, I had forgotten to reload, and naturally pulled the trigger without any result. My mahout tried to overtake the fugitive, and we went at such a breakneck speed through the "sal" forest that I momentarily expected a branch to knock myself and my howdah off the elephant's back. Fortunately we avoided any catastrophe, and after 200 yards' scurry, having lost sight of the tigress, we pulled up and waited for M. On his arrival we beat in line, until hearing that two cubs had broken away on our left, we followed them. M. sighted them first, and bowled one cub over, but it got up and went away, and a few minutes later we saw the tigress and one cub cross our front. I put two bullets into one shoulder of the tigress, breaking that foreleg, but apparently not seriously crippling her. For as we beat on she suddenly jumped up, and charging straight from me went for one of the pad elephants. I took a snap-shot and broke her back near her tail, but had to give her yet another bullet before she was finished. On examination we found that my first bullet, which had bowled her over, had just caught the top of her back, and although not quite low enough to break the spine,

had made a nasty wound. We afterwards got one cub, which had a broken forefoot, and was doubtless the one which M. had previously wounded. We saw the big tiger and the other cub, but could not get a shot at them, although we beat about for a long time. I had never had such an exciting day, and enjoyed it all, especially the time when we knew that the wounded tigress was somewhere handy, and would probably charge if we found her.

For several evenings I sat over a live goat, which I tied up, waiting for leopards. The bleating of the goat on a still evening is heard a long way, and leopards, which are always hunting in the evening when it is getting dark, are attracted by the noise. I usually tied the goat up in an open space in the forest, and sat about fifteen or twenty yards off, where I could see it, and so get a shot if the leopard came. When it became too dark to see to shoot, I used to walk home, while the man who had come out with me to lead the goat led it back to camp. One night a policeman who happened to be in camp acted as my assistant. We tied the goat on a road in the forest, and watched it for an hour, when I decided to go home. As we were walking along the road homewards, we heard a tiger roar in the road in front of us. It was very dark, but there was nothing to do but to walk straight on. I felt decidedly creepy when I got to the place where I thought the tiger probably was, whilst the policeman marched fifty yards behind me with his sword drawn. I had my rifle on the full cock, but I should not have had much chance if the tiger had

meant mischief; but fortunately he did not happen to be on the war-path. Next day we marked by the tracks the spot where he had left the road on our coming near him, and had walked past us within a few yards' distance, and when we had gone on, had returned to the road and continued his journey.

There was a very nice doctor, one S—, in the Philibheet district, who was not a very great sportsman, although very keen. M. had arranged for me to go about with this doctor while he himself was doing some of his magisterial work, and during his business hours the doctor and I went after duck and snipe. On the first day, when we were shooting snipe together, M. had gone off early, leaving us to follow in S.'s buggy, which was left at the village where we had camped for the night. I proposed that he should walk up one side of the "jeal" while I took the other. On my side I had a good lot of shooting, while S. never fired his gun off at all. When we met at the end of the swamp S. asserted that he had not seen a single snipe. I told him that I knew several had settled on my side behind me, and that he had better go back along that side, whilst I would return by the side that he had come. I got a good many snipe, and as again he did not shoot, I knew that there must be something wrong, and therefore proposed that we should both go together. Seeing that snipe kept getting up in front of him, and that he did not shoot, I inquired the reason. He said, "Those things aren't snipe!" but I persuaded him that they were,

and after that he had several shots, but without success. Presently, however, I saw him stalking forward, crouching, and with his gun held well forward ready for action. Watching him with some interest, I then saw a water-wagtail fly up, which he promptly fired at and missed with both barrels. It was fortunately a very accommodating bird, and settled again about a hundred yards farther on. Again S. went through the stealthy crouching approach to his victim, and the wagtail stood silently wagging its tail on a patch of mud. Alas, poor bird! For S., after a careful and deliberate aim, potted it on the ground. Putting down his gun he strode up, and lifting the ill-fated wagtail in triumph by one toe, he shouted, "I have got one at last!" Then he brought it to me to inspect, and as in duty bound, I admired its plumage. He then said, "I don't think that is a common snipe, is it?" I replied that I was quite sure it could not be a common snipe, at which his delight was unbounded, and he exclaimed, "Then I *am* glad; it must be a painted snipe, and I shall have it stuffed." After that he asserted that he was tired, and would go back to the buggy and wait for me. I watched him trudging off to the village through the shallow water and slush, holding his "painted snipe" by one foot and his gun over his shoulder. Suddenly he fell into a deep hole, and I could only see his gun barrels above the water. However, he managed to get out very quickly, and resumed his march, still holding his trophy well out in front of him. I pretended not to have seen the accident, and went

on shooting, but in about half an hour returned to the village. There I saw the buggy and the horse ; also the lower branches of a mango-tree decorated with several of S.'s clothes, but I could not see S. himself anywhere. There were a few native women and children not far off, and I was on the point of asking them where S. had gone, when a voice from the top of the mango shouted, "Hallo ! Are you back ? I got wet, and have hung my things on the tree to dry, and have climbed up here for fear of the natives seeing me."

Another day, when we were beating for a tiger, our intended victim walked out in front of S., who pointed with his finger at it and said, "Why, there is a tiger !" and never thought of using his rifle till the tiger had gone into a lot of thick grass, and was never seen by us again. In fine, although S. afforded us a considerable amount of amusement, I cannot pretend that he helped the bag much.

I had quite a fair servant, or "boy" as they are called, when I started with the cricket team, but he deteriorated sadly, and the longer I had him the worse he got. As a matter of fact I was far too kind to him, and he did not understand it, and gradually began to treat me with absolute contempt, hardly condescending to obey me at all. At last the climax came. M. had gone back to Philibeet, and I stayed on an extra night in the hopes of getting a good cheatle stag (the spotted deer). I had seen two remarkably fine specimens feeding in a patch of newly burnt grass, which was just coming up green again, on which the deer fed in the

early morning, and from which, as soon as the sun rose, they all retired for the day into the thick jungle. I told the "boy" to call me at 3.45, and gave him my watch so as to make sure of having two hours before daylight to get to the place that I had marked. Being, as I have said, on the point of returning to Philibeet, I felt that this was my last chance of sport in that particular district, at any rate for some time to come, and therefore had every intention of making the best of it. I woke early, and lay awake for a considerable time expecting to be called every minute. At last, hearing an elephant outside my tent, I concluded that the one which I had ordered to take me to my shooting ground was waiting, and shouted to the "boy," who, on my inquiring the time, casually remarked, "Oh, too late!"

"What do you mean by 'too late'?"

"Time half-past four," he replied, but when I told him to show me the watch, I found that it was well past five.

Intensely annoyed that my day was practically wasted owing to his iniquitous carelessness, I promptly knocked off his turban, one of the gravest insults that can be offered to a Hindoo, thereby vindicating the truth of an Oriental proverb: "The anger of a fool reveals itself in what he says, and the anger of a wise man in what he does." For my hasty action had the most salutary effect upon the "boy," who at once returned to his very best behaviour, and from that day onwards was as good and well-behaved a servant as any man could wish.

for. As a matter of fact, late as it was, I did go out on the elephant, but failed to get a shot, and when I wanted to return, although he allowed me to mount, the ill-conditioned beast declined to make a start at all, but, trumpeting loudly, in the first place made every effort to shake the pad off his back, and then commenced a slow retrograde movement. After half an hour of this game, feeling most uncomfortable, and having no desire to be carried into the jungle in the wrong direction, I with my shikari climbed down the beast's tail. And here I may remark that it is not a very easy feat to climb down a large elephant's tail when he is walking either backwards or forwards, and that the novice in the art may esteem himself lucky if he reaches *terra firma* the right side up. After this we had to tramp twelve weary miles home under a blazing sun, and as I had started in the first place without any breakfast, I was pretty well dead beat by the time we reached camp. However, after getting some food, I was sufficiently refreshed to drive twenty-six miles into Philibeet.

In 1893 I made my second trip to the Terai, M. again ably filling the post of personal conductor. We were rather a large party, and on the whole did fairly well, although naturally enough, where there are eight or nine sportsmen, each individual is not by way of getting as much shooting as he might expect when there are fewer guns. I was fortunate in having a capital elephant, and a very keen mahout to drive it. Indeed my friend Sidoo was almost too keen, as no matter what my proper

place was in the line, so soon as a tiger was sighted he steered straight for the likeliest position for me to get a shot. Nor was it any use me trying to stop a man who had made up his mind to go his own way, and turned a deaf ear to my remonstrances. Of course Sidoo knew that he, like all the hunting mahouts, was bound to receive a tip if his sahib got a tiger ; and it is an unwritten law of the chase that the tiger belongs to the man who first wounds it. Be it said, however, in Sidoo's favour, that he showed just the same keenness in bringing me up to a tiger which some other sportsman had already wounded, and which therefore offered him no chance of an extra gratuity. My elephant knew his business well, and was as steady as a rock, never moving a muscle, however near to him the tiger might be coming. He and I were on the most friendly terms, until one day after lunch I proffered for his acceptance some paste in which a pea-fowl had been cooked. As I had often given him something in the way of food after lunch, and he had come to the habit of expecting it, he took the paste with his trunk and popped it into his mouth. But on the instant that he tasted the grease in it he took it out again, turned his head away from me in disgust, and for several days refused to touch anything that I offered him. If I knew the alleged cause of the Indian mutiny, it came as a revelation to me that grease in any form is at least as distasteful to an elephant as pig's fat is to a Sepoy. Here let me give an instance of the marvellously quiet tread of an elephant, where



Sidoo.



Crossing the Sarda.

there are no sticks or dead grass in his path. One day we happened to be beating a part of swamp of which one end might be pronounced inaccessible by reason of a series of dangerous bogs and quick-sands. Riding along on a grass road on one side of the line, and slightly in advance of it, I heard a peculiar purring noise close to the side of the road, and when I directed Sidoo to steer the elephant in the direction of the sound, we arrived at a walk to a spot within a few yards of a tigress, which was in a semi-recumbent attitude suckling two little cubs. It was a very pretty sight, and I called a halt to watch it, and although she must have seen the elephant, the tigress showed no symptoms of alarm until she heard the rest of the line advancing, when she quietly rose and walked off into the swamp, with the two cubs in close attendance. If for my own part I was delighted to see that the mother led the way into the boggy parts where the elephants could not follow and interfere with their family arrangements, Sidoo, thus defrauded of tiger bounty, was at first inclined to be not a little disgusted at my failure to shoot. But when he got a present of a trifle more than he would have received in the event of a successful shot, he too affected to be quite pleased with the transaction, although I have little doubt that in his heart of hearts he wrote me down as—well, shall I say? a greater ass than Dogberry.

My third and last trip to Terai I enjoyed perhaps more even than its most pleasant predecessors. Partly so, no doubt, because in addition to its

providing me with a very good bag, it was far and away the cheapest expedition of the kind I have ever undertaken or ever heard of. My sole companion was the dear old Colonel of a native regiment, and whether as messmate or as organiser of the whole campaign, his equal would be hard to find. He knew the ropes and he knew the native, and after a six weeks' trip, in the course of which I bagged three tigers, three leopards, and all the ordinary game that I wanted, such as swamp deer, sambur, cheatle, hog-deer, pig, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, &c., he said that my share of the shoot was £15. He even added the remark that the expenses were higher than he should have liked, owing to our having runners going backwards and forwards to Philibet to bring ice, soda-water, mutton, and other luxuries. We only had three elephants, two of which carried howdahs for the Colonel and myself, while the other, which had a pad on, and carried whatever we shot, always walked between us when we were shooting. Having so few elephants, it was not worth while beating much for tigers, so we nearly always had only a general shoot. My companion had joined his regiment as a boy, and stayed out in India all his time, going off somewhere for a shoot whenever he got leave. He was a splendid gun-shot, and from the top of a moving elephant a better rifle-shot than most people. It is not very easy to shoot off an elephant as it is walking along, and to kill from its back a wild pig or small deer, galloping through high grass or reeds, would test the skill of any good

shot with a rifle. I was told that when quite a young man the Colonel had been sent up with some of his own regiment to Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepal, to quell a mutiny in the British Resident's bodyguard. He did not intend wasting much time, as he wanted to join a tiger-shooting party in the Terai. He and his men arrived one evening, and within twenty-four hours he had caught, tried, and shot the four ringleaders of the mutiny, and the mutiny was finished. On the third day he went off to join his tiger party, leaving—may it not be fairly said?—all well at home. This promptness in settling matters very much impressed the Nepalese, who would always give him a pass to shoot in Nepal whenever he wanted one. It also impressed the native soldier, and there never was any more sign of insubordination, either in the bodyguard at Khatmandoo or in any other quarter that this fine old soldier had anything to do with.

We started our shoot on February 3rd, and went on till the middle of March. The three elephants were lent to the Colonel by a native gentleman, a great friend of his, and a keen sportsman himself. I generally took a turn on foot for a couple of hours before breakfast, sometimes succeeding in getting a cheatle, but generally shooting pea-fowl or jungle-fowl for the kitchen. Pea-fowl, which we are accustomed to see so tame in England, are in their natural surroundings an uncommonly wary type of bird, and although I was generally successful in bagging one or two

hens or young cocks, I very seldom got an old cock in full plumage. Indeed I should have little hesitation in describing the pea-fowl as the most keen-sighted among all the inhabitants of the jungle. For where both beasts and other birds seldom seemed to detect the presence of the sportsman, who, while the jungle was being driven, occupied a post of vantage in a tree, the pea-fowl would sight him on the instant that it left cover, and promptly run back into its native shelter. On the death of one particular peacock hangs a tale. My "boy" I had picked up in Madras, and he proved to be a real treasure. For although he had never been in the jungle before, he soon adapted himself to it, and was a most useful all-round attendant. As we had no native skinner in our camp, I gave the "boy" a few lessons in taxidermy, and he was so apt a disciple that within a fortnight I could leave anything in his hands with a certainty that it would be properly skinned. The first old peacock that I shot he begged of me, and on my inquiring why he wanted it, he said that he would like to present the skin to the Hindoo temple at Madras.

"Are you a Hindoo, then?" I asked.

"No, me heathen."

I then inquired what god or gods he worshipped, and received the following reply:—

"Me worship all the gods—Hindoo god, Mohammedan God, Catholic God, Master's God, and all the gods."

Evidently on this occasion he meant to propitiate

the gods of the Hindoos by presenting the peacock skin. But—Atheists, Agnostics, Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics,—all these I seem to know by name, and may even have encountered in the flesh—under what category does this “boy” of mine come, who did his duty worthily in his condition of life, and was to the best of my belief in charity not only with all men, but with every known and unknown deity and form of religion?

Anyhow, the “boy” was a capital fellow, and when I fell ill with dysentery at the end of the trip, he looked after me splendidly. *More suo*, he could write English, and during my illness he kept a rather quaint diary on the whitewashed wall of the bathroom, which I found when I was approaching convalescence. The entries ran thus: “Master sick.” “Master very sick.” “Master going die.” “Master eat egg.” “Master get well,” &c., &c.; and as each entry was duly dated, it was easy to follow the course of the illness. He was always ready at hand when I wanted him, and I never knew when or where he got his meals, as he never seemed to go away, and never ate in my presence. Of course, like other eminent men, he had his little weaknesses. For instance, at one camp there were a lot of jungle-fowl sheltering in some borage, and I told him to try to drive them over me while I waited at the far end. After I had been waiting for a long time, and still heard the jungle-cocks growing, I happened to look round, to find the “boy” standing behind me. Thinking that he must have misunderstood my order, I sent

him off a second time to drive the birds, but again he came round the outside of the covert and waited behind me. Then at last I asked why he did not beat the borage up to me.

"There is honey there, master," he replied; and I realised that he was nervous about the bees which were feeding upon the flowers.

I was taking about with me a banjo and a camera, and had cautioned the "boy" to be sure that they were tied on to the bullock-cart whenever we moved camp. One night he came to me with a penitent air, and said: "Please, master, banjo broke," and when I asked him how it happened, he said: "It fall off cart when I no looking,"—a pleasing variation of the English servant's common statement that the broken article "came atwo" in his or her hand.

Our ordinary day's programme was to take tiffin with us on the elephants, and starting about eleven o'clock to beat slowly through the grass in the jungle, shooting at anything which got up, whether beast or bird. By this means we got several tigers, two of which fell to my lot, while my third I secured when I was out in the early morning stalking cheatle. There was a wide strip of burnt grass on the edge of the Government forest, and through the middle of this bare patch ran a deep water-course. I was walking just outside the forest, on the edge of the burnt patch, when I heard a tiger roar in the watercourse. I stood still, and presently a tigress walked out of the nullah and came straight towards me, evidently intending to go into the

forest. When she came within a hundred yards I got an easy shot, and hit her in the shoulder. Thereupon she twisted round and round, biting at her forefeet, and I took the opportunity of firing the second barrel of my .450 Express, but missed. Before I could reload the tigress ran back into the nullah, and when I reached the spot where she went in I could see nothing of her, but noticed that there was a narrow strip of unburnt grass on the opposite side. I walked some way along the bank above the nullah, but seeing nothing, crossed over and walked back outside the high grass till I came opposite the place where the tiger had disappeared. I then climbed up a tree inside the grass, in the hope of sighting her, but not being able to see any sign of her, got down, and having sent my shikari to ask the Colonel to bring the elephants, climbed back again into the tree. At the end of half an hour I heard a deep groan, a few yards just below me and close to the nullah. When I saw the elephants coming, I slid quietly down the tree and went out of the grass away from the direction of the tigress, and met the Colonel. When I had told him exactly where the wounded tiger must be, he elected to stay on the bank opposite while I went round on my elephant, and by a lucky chance walked straight on to the tigress, which was lying in the high grass. Her attention being taken up in watching the Colonel on the other side of the water-course, I was enabled to shoot her through the neck, killing her dead. That was an extraordinarily lucky kill, as many men who have been

shooting in the jungle for years have never met a tiger when on foot. The usual plan of trying for them is to tie up bullocks at night, and as soon as one is killed to sit over the carcase in a "machan," a kind of raised platform of branches, and await the return of the tiger. Or again, to send the shikaris in the early morning to follow up the trail of the tiger with a view to ascertaining where it is lying up for the day. Then about ten or eleven o'clock the sportsmen sally out with the elephants and beat the place thoroughly. Tigers, I may add, are generally found either in swampy ground or in high grass near water, for the reason that when the weather gets warm they like to have water handy. When the heat is excessive, they often lie in the water with only their heads out. A good staunch howdah elephant is a treasure, as, if he can be warranted to stand still when the tiger is seen, and possibly charging, the shooting is made comparatively easy. As it happened, our three elephants on this trip were very nervous beasts, and when there was a tiger on the move there was no chance of a steady shot, as, even if they were not bolting round when the tiger was seen, they would be restlessly swaying about from one foot to the other.

Chandni Island, on the Sarda river, is a well-known haunt of tigers, and the first day we were on it, having walked the elephants across the river, we were shooting near a bed of reeds, and I had just killed a jungle-fowl, when a tigress walked out 150 yards in front of me and stood, giving me a good steady shot. I broke her back, and she got



Measuring a Tiger, India.



Tame Deer at Philibeet, India.

into some high reeds close by, and we had a fearful trouble to get her. The elephants refused to go in, and it would have been nearly impossible to have followed her in on foot, and fearfully dangerous into the bargain. We made as much noise as we could, and by shooting into the reeds whenever we saw them move at all, succeeded in so thoroughly upsetting the tigress's nerves that in the end she crawled out into the open, and we easily bagged her. If she had stayed in the high reeds, where we could not see anything, we should never have got her. She measured 8 ft. 11 in. on the ground where shot, and after being padded (*i.e.*, put on the pad elephant), and carried two miles to camp, she measured 9 ft. The largest tigress we got measured 9 ft. 2 in., with a girth of 3 ft. 9 in., on the ground where she was shot. This is very large for a tigress. By way of comparison, I may remark that the best tiger that I shot in the course of my three trips, either in our Terai or Nepal, measured 9 ft. 11 in. on the ground immediately after it was killed, though the skin is now 12 ft. long, having been stretched more than 2 ft. Any tiger over 10 ft. long, measuring from the tip of his nose along the curves of the neck and back to the tip of the tail, is exceptionally big; and the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, a noteworthy tiger hunter, who in his day either shot or saw shot many hundreds of these animals, recorded his longest at 10 ft. 3 in., measured on the spot when killed. If a dead tiger is carried a long way across a pad elephant the skin stretches from 1 to 2 inches, or possibly more; and a considerable amount of further

stretching must be expected by the time that the taxidermist has finished his work.

We had "kubbah" (news) of a new kill close to camp, and got off at 6.30 with five elephants, as a man had come to join us for a few days. The natives had very vague ideas where the tiger was—all they knew was that a cow had not come home. We beat the most likely nullah and saw nothing, and were just starting on a general shoot when a tigress ran forward in front of the line, and one of the other guns had a shot and missed her. We beat round for a long time, but found nothing more of her, and were just starting for home when, coming up the first nullah which we had beaten, the Colonel saw her new "pug mark" (track) where she had trodden on the track of one of the elephants. It was in a wet place, and so very distinct. We beat the nullah again, and found her, but had great trouble with the elephants, which kept bolting round whenever we got near the tigress. I got a lucky shot in as she crossed in front of me, and wounded her, when she laid up in some thick bush on the steep bank of the nullah. It was too steep for the elephants to climb, even if they had had any inclination that way, but we managed to move her by the aid of fireworks (a sort of bomb made of baked clay and filled with powder). After several shots all round, the Colonel killed her. Our hunt had lasted from 6.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.

One evening the Colonel had rather a strange experience with a leopard. We were walking in line near a herd of cattle, when under a big cotton-

tree, which had huge branches growing out at right angles to the trunk, I found a dead calf, evidently newly killed by a leopard. For when a leopard kills any animal, he always commences eating at the middle of the body, while a tiger begins his meal on the hind quarters. Having beaten all the cover there was without success, we decided that the Colonel should come in the evening and sit up in a "machan" above the calf. After tea he was riding to the place on his elephant, when he saw what he at first thought to be a big "lungua" (grey monkey) hopping about from branch to branch on the top of the big cotton-tree. When he got nearer, the creature hopped down, and he saw that it was a leopard. He got up into the machan, and sent the elephant away, but before it had gone a hundred yards he heard a flop at the bottom of another cotton-tree close behind him. He looked round, and saw the leopard stretch itself and walk straight under his "machan" to the dead calf, and he shot it. His mahout heard the shot and came back, and the Colonel and his leopard were back into camp long before dark. He had left camp at 4.30, and was back at 5.15. The leopard measured 7 ft. 4 in., and was a truly beautiful specimen of his tribe.

To pretty well every form of sport there are bound to be attached petty inconveniences of one sort or another, and the hunter in the jungle will not be slow to discover that various tribes of insects are as much on the war-path as himself. I have to this day a vivid recollection of an even-

ing that I spent sitting in a "machan," and waiting for a leopard, near the carcase of a deer which we had found. The mosquitoes went for my ears and hands so badly that they were fearfully swollen, and when I came back for dinner the Colonel laughed so much whenever he looked at my hands, which were very like boxing-gloves, that he could scarcely eat his food. Besides mosquitoes, there are sundry other little unpleasantnesses. A very ferocious red ant sometimes drops off the trees, and the moment he settles on the face or hands, doubles himself up, and stings most unmercifully, staunchly refusing to be brushed off. Again, when I was wading after snipe in the jeals, some insect used to bite my legs to such an extent that they looked as if a regiment of starving fleas had been quartered on them. Now and again snakes, scorpions, and wasps have to be dealt with. But the most unpleasant thing that I ever encountered was a very poisonous hairy caterpillar. On one occasion M. and I were camped near a village in a lovely shady grove of mango-trees, but the caterpillars literally drove us away. I saw one on my towel when I got up in the morning, and flicked it off. I had my bath, and in drying my back pulled the towel up and down in the usual way, when I felt a sort of smarting sensation. It was caused by the hairs of the caterpillar. M. found one on his shirt, and after he had worn the garment a few minutes, he showed me his back. It was a mass of minute blisters, and we both felt the trail of the caterpillar all that day. As the servants were equally badly

treated, we packed up and went off after breakfast. In the jungle sometimes a little fly, rather like a tiny humble-bee to look at, is a chronic nuisance, as it hovers in front of one's eyes and suddenly darts in. If there happened to be a wounded tiger to the fore, I would not give much for the chances of the temporarily blinded sportsman. Apart from a risk of this class, the common bees and snakes are the only really dangerous things.

There are many kinds of interesting animals, and many lovely birds and butterflies in the jungle. I have watched monkeys for hours: all their antics were so human, and suggestive of mischievous boys rather than wild animals. They become so inconveniently tame that they are a nuisance about a camp, and at some of the railway stations they regularly blackmail the sweetmeat sellers, and if a certain quantity of sweets is not given them they steal fearfully.

Finally, of all luxury in the way of sport, tiger-shooting in India, with elephants to ride on and to do the beating, may fairly be said to hold the pride of place. Besides the fact that he can sit comfortably in a howdah until such time as there is a tiger on foot, when it is better to stand and be ready for action, the sportsman in India soon learns the art of being thoroughly comfortable in camp. Labour is very cheap, with the result that he has plenty of servants at his beck and call. No cooks are better at preparing a capital dinner at very short notice, and with the simplest of cooking utensils, than the native. In two hours from the

time that they have arrived into a new camp, the native cooks can prepare as good a meal as one could get in a first-rate hotel. Any English cook would be flabbergasted to see the primitive appliances ; and I can picture to myself the injured face of the *chef* of my London club if he were invited to cook a dinner at short notice in the open air, without the aid of any cooking stove, unless indeed a few small trenches cut in the ground, and with a fire in each, can be dignified by that title.

CHAPTER V.

GAUR BISON IN THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.

IN January 1905, while I was staying with some friends in Travancore, a district in the extreme south of India, I did a good deal of stiff work in my efforts to procure a "gaur" bison. The Neilgherry Hills, where my hunting-ground lay, are not very precipitous, and are comparatively easy walking, save only in "Etah" jungle, which is a tall-growing species of very dense bamboo, and quite impossible to penetrate at any point other than those where the wild elephants and bisons have made their tracks through it. In addition to this, the high grass that covers the hillsides affords very hard going, and being very stiff and sharp-edged, it cuts like a knife, so that my face was often bleeding in the course of my passage through it. Fortunately I had as attendants some capital little natives called Monans, and by sending one of them along first I was able to minimise the difficulties of the route. These Monans are a tribe of diminutive people about 4 feet 8 inches in height, very strong and athletic, and endowed

with the rare gift of being able to walk about in the jungle as quietly as cats. They have exceptionally sharp eyes and ears, and are capital fellows to work. They do not understand or appreciate the value of money, and the only pay they require takes the form of monkey to eat, and tobacco. They are extremely sensitive, and will not tolerate scolding or any kind of harshness, showing their displeasure by quietly disappearing and forgetting to return. They have no hair on their faces, and the muscular development of their chests is remarkable. Finally, they are most useful companions on a hunt, obviating the necessity of carrying tents by their skill in building up huts of etah leaves.

The best clothes for the hunter to wear in the country I have described are made of a smooth and shiny cotton cloth, anything woollen being liable to be cut through at the knees in the course of the first two or three days. Although I was nominally in pursuit of bison, I was by no means prepared to confine my attentions entirely to the one species of game. Accordingly one day we started for a hill where Neilgherry wild goats were reported to be feeding. There was a heavy dew, and on our passage through the high grass in the early morning we found ourselves wet to the skin within a few minutes, but when the sun came out our clothes soon dried, and then we were almost uncomfortably warm. My Monan hunters were successful in bringing me right on to a herd of about thirty goats, among which were several males. One of the latter I shot, stalking him along the side of a

hill, while my companions stayed on the top and signalled to me the direction in which the herd was moving. The scenery, I should say, was glorious,—countless hill-tops as far as the eye could travel, and ranges of forest on all the low ground.

I furthermore shot a few sambur, which I stalked in the early morning as they were feeding on the newly-burnt grass land where the shoots of young grass were just beginning to come up. The scene of this hunt lay in a lovely park, resembling open country, where there were countless small ravines, with tiny streams meandering through patches of timber and scrub, intersected by large open spaces.

Elephants were fairly numerous there, but although I had in my possession a permit to kill two bull elephants, I had no opportunity of using it, for the simple reason that I never clapped eyes on a good tusker. However, I saw plenty of females, and found great pleasure in watching them feeding. Some of their habits are very quaint when they are alarmed, the old cow-elephants pushing their calves in front of them with their trunks as they take to flight. The many broad and well-trodden elephant tracks leading from one mountain to another bear witness to the nomadic habits of the race.

It is truly wonderful how such huge and ponderous animals can climb the steepest hillsides and at the same time force their way through the dense etah which is too thick for the passage of

mankind. Curiously enough, in one place I came across a large patch of tiny tomatoes growing in an open spot in the forest. The patch must have covered several acres, and evidently the elephants relished eating the tomatoes, as the plantation was trampled down in every direction. It is a matter of pure speculation how the original and parent tomato ever found its way there, as I have no reason for believing that the tomato is an Indian fruit. Possibly some tea or coffee planter in the course of his travels had passed by the spot and dropped the seed by accident on what was evidently good ground. There is no doubt that the elephants are somewhat of a nuisance in the tea plantations, for they seem to find in the little tea bushes most handy and serviceable dusters, and whether or not they think them to be planted expressly for that purpose, they are apt to work wholesale devastation in a single night by pulling up bush after bush to dust their own bodies and heads with.

On occasions I saw wild dogs, which hunt in packs, and although very small of size, have the reputation of being most terrible enemies to the sambur. So formidable are they indeed that even tigers are reputed to be afraid of them. They hunt the sambur after a fashion of their own, galloping alongside their destined prey until the ill-advised deer is tempted to put his head down to drive them off. "Opportunities pass rapidly, like meteors." Not so that opportunity, rapid though the flight of a sambur be. For the tiny pursuers at once jump at the unhappy deer's eyes, and so blind him, and

once blinded, the victim is hopelessly at the mercy of his hungry and relentless pursuers. This species of wild dog is perfectly impossible to tame, even if caught in the early puppy stage before the eyes are open.

Although in the course of our wanderings we came across several tracks of tigers, we never sighted the animal itself; and, in point of fact, the jungles through which our hunting lay were so vast and so thick that, except by sitting up over a kill, tiger-shooting is almost impracticable.

But after all, I was in pursuit of bison, was I not? To proceed, then. After hunting in vain for bison during the space of some three weeks, I reached a country-house where I met an Englishman, who assured me that plenty of these massive beasts were to be found in the neighbourhood; and a few evenings later I saw with my own eyes one feeding at some distance from me. As it was too far off to give me any chance of coming up to it before dark, I marked the place and started for it early on the next morning—so early, indeed, that I had to wait for two hours before the heavy morning mist dispersed. I was lying on a hill-top and quietly doing my best to spy out the land with my telescope, when my two coolies suddenly came up behind me to say that there was a bison close by. Crawling over the brow of my hill, to my great joy I saw the animal not far off, and, stalking to within a hundred yards of him, got an easy broadside shot with my .577 Express, putting one bullet through his shoulder and another behind his shoulder, and

killing him on the spot. He turned out to be a young bull only, but whilst I was in the act of skinning his neck I heard a snort, and looked up to see a huge bull some forty yards off. Unfortunately, my rifle was lying on the ground a few yards away from me, and before I could get it the bull bolted, and as he went down a dip in the ground I lost sight of him until he came up on the other side of the dip, quite three hundred yards off. I fired, but missed him, as he went over the next ridge, and when I tried to follow him through the jungle into which he plunged, I soon made up my mind that I had embarked on a hopeless undertaking, and returned to my young bull. After skinning this I sent one coolie back to camp with orders to bring all the other coolies to carry home the head and meat.

Only moderate success, therefore, on that day. Nevertheless, after more than three weeks' hunting I had made my first real start; and may it not be said that to the big-game hunter the first kill of a new species of game, even though it may be a small specimen, comes as gratefully as his first partridge, though it may chance to be a "squeaker," does to the schoolboy who has at last been presented with gun and game licence.

On the very next evening I spied a small herd of bison in the distance, and at once made up my mind to be up and after them in good time in the morning. Having put my watch two hours forward, without confiding to my "bearer" that I had done so, I instructed him to call me at 5.30 by it, and he

faithfully carried out the order. Accordingly, at 4.45 by the right time, I got off, taking with me, in addition to my shikari, two coolies to carry tiffin and to bring back the head in the event of my shooting a bison. It was a lovely and still moonlight morning, and by the use of a capital path we put in two hours' hard walking before daylight, when it became rather misty. In the expectation of finding better ground I still kept the men going, and was amply rewarded. For, on reaching a large strip of grass that lay between two sections of jungle, I looked over the brow of a hill to see a herd of fifteen bison feeding quietly some three hundred yards below me. By first taking advantage of the high grass, and then by crawling, I was enabled to get within a hundred yards of the herd and to take a steady shot at a big bull. I heard my shot strike, but as the bison did not fall I gave him the second barrel, when he fell over on his back. The herd did not run away, but stood staring stupidly in my direction, and the only other bull, in the most obliging manner, began walking towards me. I shot at him, and, aiming too low, broke his knee, and then hit him in the ribs with my second barrel. I saw that he could not move, but as I had no more solid bullets, it took five more hollow-pointed bullets to finish the poor beast off. As he was evidently unable to walk a single step after his leg had been broken, I am convinced that the tales told of gaur bulls charging with a broken leg are not worth the paper on which they have been written. He was the better bull of the

pair, and was covered with scars from fighting. In addition to an old bullet mark high up on one shoulder, an abscess on his dewlap led me to suppose that he had previously been wounded in that region also. On the fall of their lord and master the cows ran off, and I heard them some time later crashing through the jungle. My shikari could not at once find the coolies, and while he was looking for them I skinned round one side of the necks of both the bison, which was very tough work, and took the measurements of their bodies. After that I went up to the top of the hill, and there, finding my coolies talking to a lot of strange natives, I carried the whole party off to help : for it takes several men to move the body of a large bison while the skinning is in progress. We had just got one head off, when the shikari returned, accompanied by two more of my coolies and a fresh body of strangers, who had come in the hope of getting some meat, having heard of the young bull which I had killed two days before. As my own men had been out since 4.45 A.M. and had eaten nothing in the interim, rather unwisely I gave them some matches to light a fire and cook some meat. An immediate result of my ill-timed beneficence was that they set fire to the grass, and although I managed to get one head carried safely out of the way, the other looked like being burnt. When I tried to induce the men to help me in beating out the fire immediately round the bison, they declined to go near it. Small blame to them !

for a naked skin is a sorry protection against blazing grass. I felt desperate, and getting hold of a good piece of bush I started single-handed on the task of fighting the flames round the dead bison, dancing and laying about me like a madman. The heat was appalling ; my clothes got singed, and the hot sparks burnt my skin wherever they settled on it, but in the end I saved the bison's head, which was only a little scorched on one side. After that the men worked very well, and by 5.30 P.M. we had taken home both the heads, these, when fastened on to poles with strips of bamboo, being about as much as four coolies could carry. As I and the shikari had been on our feet for about thirteen hours we were not sorry to get back to camp. The largest bison measured 5 feet 10 inches at the shoulder, 9 feet 4 inches in girth behind the shoulder, 7 feet 2 inches from the root of the tail to the front of the dorsal ridge, and 6 feet round the neck where it was cut off from the shoulder, while the horns were 35 inches across at the widest place. The total weight of each beast was nearly two tons. We found that the skin round the neck was as thick as a rhino's, and that it required a great deal of paring down before drying.

The gaur bison is a very handsome beast, and as the hair is both black and beautifully shiny, and the frame unusually massive and deep, the whole body at first sight conveys the impression of being very sleek and fat, whereas in reality it is nothing of the sort, but remarkably muscular, and,

for so huge a beast, it carries very small feet and small leg-bones. But the most marked peculiarity of the species is the blue eye, which distinguishes it from every other kind of black animal that I have ever encountered.



Canton, China.



Hong-Kong Harbour.



Cave Tiger-hunter and Joss taken on Tiger-hunts, Amoy.

Note Joss and Joss-sticks in front.



Farm where I stayed when shooting in Central China.



CHAPTER VI.

REALITIES AND POSSIBILITIES OF SPORT IN
EASTERN CHINA.

ON the east coast of China, near Amoy, live a company of seven Chinamen who have the monopoly of the tiger-slaying of the neighbourhood,—a right which they have inherited for generations. In that country the hillsides are strewn with huge black granite boulders—no doubt scattered by volcanic eruption and earthquakes,—and in many places where a number of boulders have fallen together, large caverns have been formed. In these caverns the poor natives have often hidden themselves in times of war, or when the rapacious mandarins have come on a pillaging expedition. In times of settled peace the caverns form the sheltering-places of tigers and leopards in the day-time, there being no jungle or other cover anywhere near, as the people cultivate every available acre of ground. For ages the Chinese tiger-slayers have killed tigers in these caves, armed with the three-pronged spears made in the shape of Neptune's trident, and with torches made by binding pieces of rag on the end of

split bamboos and dipping them into pea-nut oil, which burns with a smoky flame and a very powerful smell. The hunters also always take with them an image made of red clay, which is kept in a box with a glass front, and is carried in a basket. This little "joss" is about eight inches high, has black hair and golden pantaloons, and carries a trident in its right hand. It is said to be 300 years old, and is the image of the original tiger-slayer, an ancestor of the present hunters. Before the hunter ventures into a cave after a tiger, a "joss" stick of incense is always burnt to bring good luck.

Be it said that a certain amount of profit as well as of sport is attached to the preserving of tigers, more perhaps than can be said of the preserving of pheasants in England. To begin with, the flesh of the tiger is considered very good medicine, and sells for 300 dollars. And in the second place, the bones are boiled down, and the bones of each tiger produce about 18 lb. of jelly, which also sells well. It is only in quite recent times that the white man has found out about the tiger-slaying community, and by paying a certain amount of "cumsha," has been allowed to shoot the tigers in the caves, instead of the men killing them with their tridents. I was very keen to see what the sport was like, and by good luck one of the Englishmen at Amoy invited me to stay with him, and arranged a trip for me. He engaged an interpreter for me, and sent for the two headmen of the tiger-hunters, who on their arrival said they had news of tigers. The settled wages were 30 cents for

each man per diem, and 4½ dollars for the whole party for each day, in addition to a bonus of 5 dollars per man—*i.e.*, 35 dollars for the party of seven—in the event of my getting a tiger. My host particularly asked me not to give more than 35 dollars extra for each tiger, as an American had hunted for two weeks and got nothing until he offered 100 dollars extra if they got him a tiger, and it seemed likely that if I gave the men more than the 35 dollars they would always expect the higher sum, and the market would be spoilt for any men on the spot who could not afford to pay so highly for their sport.

I crossed from Amoy to a place called Chimoo in a sampan house-boat, arriving with a favourable breeze in two and a half hours. My retinue consisted of the interpreter, Lim Ex Hin, two cooks, two coolies, and the seven hunters. Two hours' walk from Chimoo took us to a village, Kemlai, where I put up in a “joss” house or temple,—a temple, curiously enough, not used for worship, but for the accommodation of travellers. The whole of one side was open, so that the lodger was exposed not only to the wind and rain, but also to the vulgar gaze of the ragged and filthy villagers. In fact, when I was having my lunch, the latter stood within a few feet of me, spitting and jabbering all the time, and no doubt criticising my way of eating with a knife, fork, and spoon, instead of the homely chop-sticks. “Shot,” a very nice Gordon setter lent to me by my host at Amoy, was also considered a great curiosity. After lunch I took Shot to try and find some game,

but only got two paddy birds. On my return I was not a little disgusted to find that the hunters had not taken out three goats which I had told them to tie up near some caves which were supposed to harbour tigers. The men said that they wished to speak to me first, and then declared that they wanted 100 dollars extra—the price paid by the American—if they got me a tiger. Naturally enough I would not agree to this, having been expressly cautioned to make no promise of the kind. So I told them that my host at Amoy had agreed with the two headmen for the usual “cumsha” of 35 dollars, adding that he was coming himself in a few days, and that if he agreed I would give them more. They then very reluctantly took out the three goats I had bought at Chimoo and tied them near the caves. In the evening a beggar minstrel came and sang some very dismal Chinese songs. Perhaps they were funeral dirges. In any case, after I had listened to three, I gave him a small gratuity, and he departed, taking all the crowd of inquisitive villagers with him. It was very hot, and the millions of mosquitoes which had been singing merrily in time to the minstrel’s droning kept me company all night, while a village debating society which met just outside my temple, aided and abetted by barking curs and crowing cocks, considerably interfered with my chances of getting any sleep. I called the cook at 5.30 A.M., and started an hour later with three of the seven hunters to look up the goats, the other four men refusing to come, as they said they wanted to eat

their food. Our route lay through cultivated terraces, and there were low hills bestrewn with boulders, which with ordinary boots I might have found very slippery, but with rubber soles was able to surmount without much difficulty. On our arrival at the caves the goats proved to be unhurt, and as it was then only 7.30 A.M. and the men said that there was nothing more to be done till next day, and as, moreover, there seemed very little game about, I was at a loss how to dispose of my time. On our way home the hunters saw a big yellow owl sitting on a boulder about 150 yards off. Thinking myself that it was only a stone, and with a view to cleaning my rifle, which was very rusty inside, I fired at it, and much to my surprise as well as theirs, albeit for different reasons, the thing fell to my shot, and when we went up to it I found that it really was an owl after all, and that my solid Mannlicher bullet had gone so clean through it that the wound was invisible at first. It was quite an easy shot, but my companions thought it wonderful, and thereafter treated me with more respect.

But—this is by way of a digression—before I proceed to bury that Chinese owl, the innocent victim of either short sight or unreflecting vanity, let me tell the story connected with the death of another owl, many years ago in Gloucestershire. I may as well say at once that I am not an habitual slayer of owls, or indeed, unless I chance to want a particular specimen to set up, of any other bird save those that are either edible or that bear a bad character as being destructive

to game. True, it is held in some quarters that owls come under the last-named category, but I prefer to think that these quaint birds' occasional deviations from the paths of virtue are either of accident or of necessity, and that a mouse, a sparrow, or even a frog is a more welcome morsel to his or her owlship than the choicest pheasant chick or partridge chick ever reared by parent or gamekeeper. At any rate, in our own woods in Gloucestershire a succinct order for the preservation of a certain species of small brown owl had been issued by my father, and the wanton killing of the sacred bird, whether by guest or keeper, ranked in his eyes as little short of a criminal offence. However, accidents are bound to happen sometimes, and in shooting the woods one winter, an owl was found to be among the victims of the chase. Now, whether the keeper, in his anxiety to spare either my father's or the guilty party's feelings, actually entered the victim on the list as "water-rail," or merely numbered it among the "various," I am not prepared to say. Certainly, however, the impression got about that a water-rail had been shot. To myself then, who, unwilling to lose an opportunity of setting up a more or less uncommon bird, had annexed the dead owl and skinned it at my leisure, there arrived as I sat in my room a request from the butler. Might he take the liberty of eating for his supper the water-rail which I had skinned? Now, did I think, or did I inadvertently say, "By all

means"? No matter which. For all I know to the contrary, a skinned owl and a skinned water-rail, denuded of course of beak and feet, may look precisely like one another; and again, for all I know to the contrary, both may be equally good to eat.

"By all means," then, and with that the butler, distinctly overstepping his province, clapped the carcase of the owl on to a plate, and the plate into the kitchen oven, and then retired to his pantry to gloat over the coming feast. But to that bargain, as indeed to most, there were two parties. For when the cook, having occasion to inspect the oven, possibly instigated to that idea by the smell of savoury meat, discovered that some one had been trespassing upon her preserves and infringing her rights and privileges, she fell foul of the kitchen-maid, who was driven to explain that Mr — had put the bird there to bake for his supper.

"Mr —? Cooking? In my oven?"

And with that the two women laid their heads together, and determined that the butler's presumption would be only adequately punished if they two ate the bird. No sooner said than done. The owl was eaten, the bones were decently rearranged on the plate, and the plate was replaced in the oven. Unmeasured was the wrath of the butler when, entering with full anticipation of a tasty supper, he found nothing but the remnants of a meal.

"Those infernal women in the kitchen," he

announced on his return to the pantry, to a sympathetic footman, "have eaten my water-rail."

"Oh, well!" replied the footman, who, having seen both the owl in its original condition and also the arsenic for preserving the skin, was a little better informed than his superior officer, and yet not posted with all the details of the affair—"you've no call to make much fuss about that, Mr —, seeing it wasn't a water-rail at all, but only an old owl as Ted (I am afraid that most of the servants in my absence spoke of me after this irreverent fashion) poisoned."

Huge exultation on the part of the butler, who lost no time in returning to the kitchen and informing the cook and her myrmidons that the delicacy of which they had been partaking was nothing more or less than a poisoned owl. Followed then shrieking, I presume, hysterics, it is probable—beyond all doubt instant recourse to mustard and water, ipecacuanha, and similar restoratives. As a result, late that night the mistress of the house was called out of bed to cure the disorders of internal economy resultant not so much on a feast of owl, but on the over-imbibing of a plurality of emetics. May it not be said that here was a typical instance of the remedy proving worse than the disease?

As one man said that he knew where there were some partridges, I took him with me to find them, but we saw none. A high wind in the evening blew the dust round and round my temple, so that all my food was gritty. By way

of improving matters a cold and drenching rain came on in the night, wetting everything we had, and—still worse luck—killing the three goats which had been tied out again, the bodies of which the men brought in during the course of the morning. One I gave to the men, and they scalded the hair off it after the manner of the north-country pork butcher dealing with a pig, and producing the same effect in the way of a white and clean-looking carcase. The other two goats I kept for the dog. The head hunter, in order to encourage me, now stated that the American had tied up goats for a fortnight, but could not get a tiger, but that as soon as he offered 100 dollars more if they found him one, the tiger was forthcoming the very next day. The duel between the man and the beast was not finally decided until the fourth assault. Here, so far as I could gather from the head hunter's version, is a detailed account of the affair.

Assault I.

Encouraged by his supporters, and preceded by the torch-bearers, the sportsman entered the cave with a jaunty air, but on being saluted by the invisible tiger with a lusty roar, bolted incontinently.

At this point let me interpolate that either I myself or any other man in his sober senses should in all probability have followed the American's example. The roar of an invisible tiger in close proximity is anything but cheerful hearing. Sir Walter Scott represents that even

that doughty warrior, Count Robert of Paris, "one of the bravest men who lived in a time when bravery was the property of all who claimed a drop of noble blood," was considerably alarmed under almost similar circumstances.

Assault II.

Once more brought up to the scratch by his supporters, who seem to have assured him that the roar of a tiger, which is tightly wedged up in a corner, must be accepted as a tribute of respect rather than regarded as a prelude to a charge, the American set foot in the cave with renewed confidence. Fortune favours the brave, and on this occasion the sportsman's hardihood may be said to have been attended with some measure of success. At all events he caught sight of a bit of the tiger—it happened to be the stern,—and taking deadly aim he let fly, and managed so to wound the animal that a sitting posture was likely for some time to be attended by a certain measure of discomfort. Small wonder, then, that the tiger thus ignominiously assaulted, and smarting with the pain of the wound, expressed his disapproval of the proceedings by a vicious snarl which had the effect of temporarily ousting the invader. Once more, then, the American "Abiit, Evasit, Erupit."

Assault III.

This closely resembled the previous assault, the only material difference being that on this occasion a more honourable, and therefore a more vital, part of the tiger's anatomy received the

contents of the sportsman's rifle. Another snarl from the tiger! Flight of the attacking party, as before.

Assault IV.

The efforts of the sportsman, now emboldened by the knowledge that nothing short of a miracle was likely to extricate the tiger *alive* from the crevice into which the glare of the blazing torches and the truly infernal smell of the pea-nut oil had driven him to take shelter, were rewarded with entire success. For a third shot effectually settled the hash of the tiger, and the victor having with due promptitude cashed up, was overwhelmed with congratulations.

I will leave it to the reader to decide which of the three principal actors—the American who did the deed, the head hunter who whispered the words of encouragement and — this is a mere matter of detail — pouched the dollars, or the tiger, who possessed no active methods either of aggression or defence — has the best claim to be considered the hero of the drama. Naturally enough from my own point of view in my *rôle* of disappointed sportsman, I was on the spur of the moment strongly disposed to bestow on the American, as being the man who spoilt my market, the less complimentary title “villain of the piece.” But as at this time I can in all charity express a hope that he returned in safety to his native land, poorer indeed by that extra 100 dollars over and above the normal expenses of his trip, but richer by a tiger-skin which

possibly to-day adorns his smoking-room, and above all, duly posted with a tale devised to convince the most sceptical inquirer that never yet was a tiger properly brought to bag until it had received at least one bullet in the region of its tail. For though I am aware that I am running the risk of having the cry "sour grapes" raised against me, I will honestly confess that had I known before starting from Amoy quite as much about the conditions of the sport as I knew later on, when I had been enlightened by the head hunter, I should have been in two minds about undertaking the journey. Very strong, I admit, in my own case at least, is the temptation to sample any form of sport. But where the stalking of the wild goat on his own mountains, the attack upon the tiger in his own jungle, the hunting of the lion in his native wilds, &c., &c., hold out the promise of hard work, some hazards to be encountered, difficulties to be circumvented, and no small amount of healthful and invigorating excitement, the potting with a rifle, or even the prodding to death with a trident, of an animal which, under the influence of fear, has practically deprived itself of all power of flight, resistance, nay, even motion, may indeed result in the acquisition of a tiger skin, but can hardly be said to partake of the character of a sporting adventure.

As it was still raining next day, my host in Amoy sent a launch for me, and I went back to the town, leaving all my kit under the care of the

Chinese hunters till my return. My host took me out for a pleasant day's shooting over his dogs, and we got a mixed bag of partridges, quails, and pigeons, reverting on the following day to the exploration of tiger caves, but in a new district. The men had tied up two goats for two nights without any result, and we explored several caves, to find them empty. After three more blank days, a tiger killed and carried off one goat, leaving only a piece of the cord by which it had been tied up. We were posted on rocks commanding the entrance to the nearest cave, while the lazy head hunter slept placidly on a rock outside. There was no tiger at home, and as it was then one o'clock, the men refused to try any more caves, although a rustic told us that he had just seen a tiger go into a cave close by. As the hunters warned him not to tell us, for fear that we might shoot him, our informant presently ran away. Our hunters then declared that there was no other cave, and when we found the entrance to the one which had been reported, they had to admit that it was a cave, but avowed that the man had seen the tiger some days ago. We asked my host's coolies what the man had said, and they replied that the man had seen the tiger go into the cave a few minutes before. It being evident that the hunters did not intend to go into the cave, we had to go home. In the evening the men acknowledged that the tiger had been seen going into the cave, but declared that the cave was a very bad one to beat, and that they dared not face the tiger in it. When on the next day they

announced that the tiger had gone, and that it was no use beating any more caves or doing anything in the way of tiger-hunting, we decided to go home. No doubt the hunters had been thoroughly spoilt by the American's "cumsha," and did not intend to get us a tiger unless we promised to give them the same money that he had given. We went in the launch to Tobay, six miles up the Tobay river, and next day rowed in a sampan to Polam Bridge, a most delightful old quaint structure 320 yards long. It is built on huge buttresses standing at irregular distances, on which long solid slabs of stone have been placed. Some of these enormous blocks of granite are twenty-two yards long, and as they are from four to six feet wide and three feet deep, each of them must weigh quite fifty tons. There are gateways at each end of the bridge, and from what the men told us there have been many terrific battles fought for the possession of this relic of bygone ages. There were many old ruins on each bank, overgrown with bush, where we tried for partridges, but only got one. On the next day we returned to Amoy. It was a disappointing trip, as I did not get a tiger, but I saw how the thing was done, and I feel sure that if the men had not been spoilt I should have had some chance of sampling a new, if not particularly exciting, form of sport.

The rivers and canals of China have been until quite recently the main highways of the country. Two men with a house-boat can enjoy nearly every variety of sport without asking any one's permission,



Mixed Bag on House-boat, up Yangtse River, China.



Chinamen fishing with Cormorants.

and can travel for thousands of miles, shooting wherever they like to land. I spent the greater part of the winter season of 1903 and 1904 in this way, meeting several delightful fellow-countrymen with whom I should never have foregathered at home, shooting from ten to fifty head of game a-day, and at the same time getting many most interesting glimpses into Chinese life. There are more than twenty varieties of pheasant in China, but the common ring-necked pheasant in England is also the common pheasant on most of the east coast of China, and up the Yangtse river may be found inland for a thousand miles or more. There are also several varieties of partridges, but the most sporting one is the little bamboo partridge, which lives chiefly in bamboo scrub. Although this bird declines to get up for beating, a good dog can always flush him. He is very quick, and on the instant that he is on the wing, sets about twisting in and out between trees and bushes, and using every available bit of cover to dodge either round or through, with the result that he gives only the very quickest of snap-shots to the sportsman. The man who by the help of a good German pointer gets six or seven brace in a day will have had a very good day's sport, and one which he will not readily forget. I had a capital German pointer, which I got from a friend in Shanghai,—a big powerful dog, and for that kind of shooting quite one of the best. He was not trained to point steadily like an English pointer, but to creep slowly after the bird till it got up. Much of the cover is

so thick that a staunch English pointer would be useless, for the simple reason that the gunner would often not be able to see him, and would be likely to lose him altogether. The Chinese natives are rather a nuisance, as in their anxiety to annex the empty cartridge cases they hang about in the expectation of picking them up after the sportsman had gone. If ordered to go away they generally squat in the neighbouring bushes, and are consequently liable to get shot, and thereby to cause ructions. In addition to my pointer I had a nice little spaniel which was unbroken when I got it, but before I finished my trip had developed into a first-rate retriever on either land or water. There is a horrible grass seed with stiff awns, which gets into dogs' ears by creeping through the hair inside, and it should be noted that the only dog which has no hair inside the ears is the pointer. These seeds also work into the flesh between the toes, and if not picked out very soon burrow in out of sight, and often come out in the form of a festering sore at the knee. Inside the ear a seed forms an enormous gathering, so that the dogs have to be thoroughly looked over every evening after coming in from a day's hunting. One very good Gordon settter which was lent to me I left in charge of a coolie during a short absence, and on my return was horrified to find his ears in so terrible a state that he was of no more use that winter, either to myself or to his owner, and spent all his time at a vet.'s in Shanghai while he was being cured. Yet another terrible scourge amongst dogs in the East is to be

found in "worms of the heart." This disease killed my old pointer just at the end of my trip up the Yangtse. The poor animal had been ailing for a long time, and although he hunted regularly was very thin, and had a hacking cough. When he died I made a *post-mortem* examination of his heart, and found it full of thin white worms, each about nine inches long, and in appearance closely resembling a coarse white thread. The heart was riddled through with minute holes, through which these worms had penetrated, and it seemed a marvellous thing how the dog had lived so long. When I first got him he knew very little, but later on, with a little training, became a splendid worker. In the course of that winter he was in at the death of over 1500 head of winged game, including ring-necked, black-necked, reeves and golden pheasants, partridges, geese, woodcock, mallard, teal and other ducks, snipe and quail, and when he died I felt that I had lost a real good friend.

The favourite covert for pheasants is to be found in the high reeds which extend for hundreds of miles on both banks of the Yangtse, as the birds feed on the seeds of the reeds. The Chinese cut the reeds for firing, and as the plants are very stiff, and about as stout as a man's thumb, the stumps left after the reeds have been cut with a sickle are very sharp. One day a very wild dog belonging to my partner was putting up a lot of pheasants in a small patch of standing reeds some way ahead of us, and I was hurrying forward to try and get in front of them, when I ran my shin against one of these stumps,

which cut through my stocking into my leg. It cut a vein, and immediately my boot was covered with blood, which was coming out freely. I sat down, pulled off my boot and stocking, and we tied a handkerchief tightly round my ankle, thus stopping the circulation. Returning to the house-boat we went straight down the river to the nearest white doctor, who put me all right again in a few days.

In some of the cities plenty of game may be found within the city walls. For instance, the walls of Nankin are seventeen miles round, and within the city there are many little hills covered with trees and graves and patches of grass in which pheasants and hares are to be found. The city is only thickly inhabited at the south end, and in the immediate vicinity of the north gate; all the intermediate hollows are cultivated; the cover on the hills, which are dotted with many bamboo copses, harbour a large quantity of game. The Taipings in the great Rebellion are reputed to have killed 800,000 people of every age and sex in Nankin when they took it; and later on, by way of reprisal, when the Imperialists retook the city, they killed all the Taipings they could find.

The house-boats are most comfortable, and besides holding two sportsmen, and having kennel room for four or five dogs, they accommodate a butler, cook, and five sailor-men who work the sails or "yuloh." Yulohing is a very favourite way of propelling small boats. The yuloh is a kind of big oar, which is worked out of the stern by five men, who will cover long distances in a few hours, and



Inside the City, Nanking, China, showing how it is cultivated.



Ningpo, China, near which are many thousand graves of Chinese
who have died abroad. A good place for game.

it acts rather like the tail of a fish going perpetually to and fro from one side to the other. The quiet and monotonous working of the yuloh when the boat is in motion is more soothing than disturbing to the sleeper. Most of the natives on the shores of the Yangtse were pleasant to deal with, but occasionally we found them quite the reverse, and prone to dislike the Britisher. Although, except in the way of being hooted and jeered at, we were never actually molested, it is far from pleasant to pass through a village where every "wonk" (cur dog) barks ferociously, and the entire human population turns out to swell the chorus with derisive shouts and abusive epithets. Small wonder, then, that so far as possible we avoided paying a second visit to villages where the dislike for the stranger within the gates is actively pronounced. Here and there the cormorant fishing was rather interesting. In one place we saw about sixty cormorants being driven along a river by men in four boats. Each cormorant had a string about eighteen inches long tied to one leg, and whenever it caught a fish a man would pass a bamboo, with a hook in the end, under the bird, and thus catching the string which wrapped round the bamboo, would pull the bird out of the water, and after making it drop the fish in the bottom of the boat, throw it back into the water.

I stayed with a delightful Customs officer and his wife at Ningpo, and had some capital days at pheasants, woodcock, and duck, chiefly amongst tombs, of which there are seven miles, this town

being the common burial-place of nearly all Chinamen who die abroad. No one lodges any objection to people shooting amongst the tombs, and as these are left fairly quiet, and there are plenty of trees and grass, game is found in abundance. A fair sample bag of a day amongst the tombs contained 10 woodcock, 2 plover, 12 quail, 4 pheasants, 5 snipe, 2 mallard, 2 hares, and 1 goose. I may mention that I flushed one woodcock from the top of a thick bush, this being the only occasion on which I have ever seen a woodcock on a bush. There are also some ice-ponds, or in other words ponds constructed for the express purpose of securing ice. In these the water is only a few inches deep, and the ice is skimmed off and stored in ice-houses, which look like huge round ricks with the thatch reaching to the ground. This ice is not at all wholesome, as the Chinese are not particular about the cleanliness of the water, with the result that it is a fertile source of spreading typhoid and other fevers. At some of these ponds we got a lot of ducks flighting in the evening.

One word by way of conclusion to this chapter. For a man who is fond of shooting with a gun, enjoys variety of scenery and of game, and is likely to appreciate a complete change from the ordinary shooting man's days at home, if he chances to have a winter to spare, I can cordially recommend a trip to China in the company of a genial fellow-sportsman. And if in the course of his

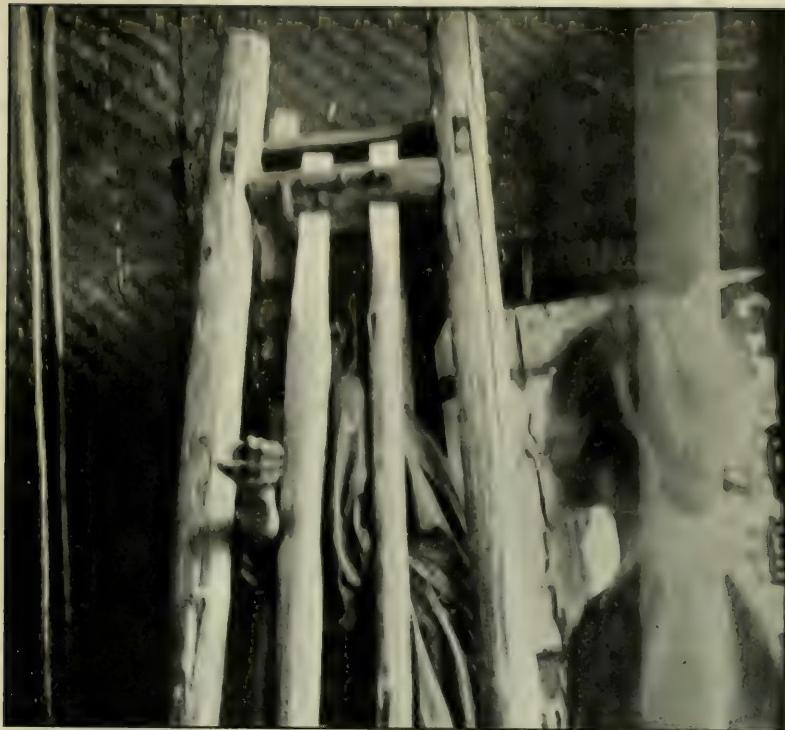
wanderings he gets temporarily tired of shooting, and pines for a change of occupation, I may even venture to assure him that, go whither he will, he will find no pleasanter city, nor one that contains better clubs or more hospitable residents, than Shanghai.

CHAPTER VII.

THE YELLOW-THROATED GOURAL.

WHILST at Ichang, 1000 miles up the Yangtse, I had two most successful days with the Yellow-throated Goural, which the Chinese call Shan-Yang, or mountain goat. These animals inhabit the ledges and shelves on the rocky precipices, hiding during the day in the thick bushes which abound on the often unapproachable ridges, and at night coming out to feed on the grass and succulent herbage of the more open slopes. The first Yangtse gorge, which is just above Ichang, extends for a distance of between fifteen and twenty miles, and is perfectly lovely, whether seen from the river below, as one looks up the deep ravines overhung by beetling crags, or viewed from the heights above, whence the far-off river looks like a yellow streak covered with the white and brown sails of the countless craft, some of which require one hundred cheery and light-hearted albeit hard-working Chinamen either to "yuloh" or track them with bamboo ropes up the rapids of the gorges.

On my first day my host, the Commissioner of



Chinese Convict kept in a cage for months begging.



Boat of Mandarins Tax-collector, Yangtse River, China.

Customs at Ichang, took me for a long walk up the mountains, where some men told him that they had seen two goats asleep, and he most kindly insisted on my stalking them. Safely escorted by the men to within eighty yards of the goats, I shot both, and they fell over a cliff off the tiny ridge on which they were perched, to be duly retrieved by two men who carried them up on bamboo poles. We then made three attempts at drives, and saw one goat a long way off go into some bushes, but as the ground was too precipitous for any one to descend, and we did not succeed in moving the animal by throwing stones, we were compelled to leave it. We saw many tracks of muntjac, and also of leopard, and happening to notice large blotches of whitewash on black rocks in places near cultivation, received the information that the object of these was to scare off wild animals at night. I also noticed some small shrubs with very pretty little red berries and no leaf, which are much eaten by these little goats. The echo of the sounds rising from the boatmen as they "yulohed" on the river far below, and chanted in time, was quite delightful, and reminded me not a little of the echoing chorus, sounding in the distance like a far-off peal of bells, made by the cries of the wolves in the Canadian mountains when they were hunting the deer at night.

On the second day we got off in good time, and gradually climbed for 3000 feet, when we got a glorious view in every direction. Range behind

range of rugged mountains on every side, the nearest overlaid here and there with small patches of snow, the farther entirely covered with snow, of the most distant the tops alone discernible in the clouds and haze! Immediately below, intermingled with scattered rocks and bushy slopes, patches of cultivation! Still farther below, the mud-coloured Yangtse, only visible here and there where not hidden by the intervening craggy hills! My host had sent word for some men to expect us, and after we had finished lunch they came and reported that they had seen two goats on the rocks. I was introduced to the headman of the neighbourhood, an important and well-to-do farmer and sportsman, to wit, who carried a weird-looking matchlock gun, and he kindly undertook to look after me and post me. After we had descended a very steep and slippery ridge, he placed me opposite to another ridge overlooking a deep ravine. Our position commanded the view of a pass along which he expected the goats to come when driven off the ledges on which they had been sighted. After sitting for half an hour I gathered from the far-distant shouting that the goats were on the move, while my excited guide, thinking that I did not understand the situation, was very demonstrative, repeatedly pointing to the opposite hillside, and rehearsing the dumb-show action of putting up a gun to shoot. As I still left my rifle by my side—for I was sitting on a rock in a position to pick it up and shoot in an instant—he snatched it up, thrust it into my hand, and insisted on my holding it at the “pre-

sent." After a short time there was a movement in the bushes on the opposite hillside, a good way below the pass where we were expecting the goats to come, and presently I saw the dark-grey coat of a goat as it stood for a moment half hidden by a bush. On the instant that I fired it jumped over a rock and down into some thick bush below, and I saw no more of it, but caught sight of another scrambling back through the bushes and rocks, to disappear over the ridge. However, this goat reappeared after a short time, and came down the same way as the first had come. As it showed for an instant climbing round a bare rock, I fired and missed, and the goat galloped down and up again into the thick bushes. Two boys then came over the ridge, and could see nothing of the goats, but after throwing down stones they got down on to the ledges where I had last seen the goats, and saw the first goat lying down. They drove it down hill, and it came out into the open 300 yards below me, galloping full tilt down a grassy slope, and I had time to put in three long shots before the beaters on the ridge managed to turn it by rolling down huge stones in front of it. Much to my surprise, it then quietly sat down and died. Two men slung it on a pole, and toiled up to us at the top with it, and I found that only one bullet had gone through its side, rather far back, and I had no idea which shot had hit it. We never saw the other goat again, and as my victim was an old female, most probably the other was her yearling kid. We beat several more gullies,

the men rolling boulders over the cliffs on to some of the bushy ledges, but saw no more goats. I had previously got two of these so-called mountain goats in the trip I had done in the high mountains south of Tebang, but I only brought home two heads and scalps, not knowing how rare a beast this species is. When I took my heads to the Natural History Museum at Kensington, I was told that these were the first that had been brought to England, so I gave one to the Museum and kept the other. The right name for the species is the "Yellow-throated Goural." I know little worth chronicling about their habits, except that the natives told me that the kids are born in March, and are weaned five months later.

I may mention that the chief crops up the Yangtse are millet, beans, maize, pea-nuts, melons, sweet potatoes, vegetables, hemp, and especially cotton. In the way of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, and grapes are grown.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIP INTO CENTRAL CHINA, AND A NEW VARIETY
OF DEER.

IT does not fall to the lot of every big-game shooter to get a new and hitherto unknown, and on that account unnamed, variety of wild animal, and it follows that I was not a little pleased when I was told by Mr Lydekker of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington that the little dark grey skin, which I had taken there to ask the name of, belonged to a new variety of Tufted Deer. Although the officials had already received some years before a skull and an imperfect skin, which had been bought from a Chinaman on the Yangtse river, they had been unable to identify the species; but on receiving mine they had no doubt that it was a new variety of Tufted Deer, and therefore named it after the locality of China where I had shot it.

This is the account in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London,' 1904, vol. ii., published October 1, 1904:—

“ICHANG TUFTED DEER. By R. Lydekker.

“The genus *Elaphodus* has been hitherto known by two species,—the typical *E. cephalopus* (from Tibet) and the perfectly distinct *E. michianus* from the Ningpo district, province of Chekiang, on the east coast of China. A few days ago Mr A. E. Leatham called at the Natural History Museum, bringing with him for determination the skull and skin of a young male Tufted Deer (*Elaphodus*), shot by himself last January in the mountains near Ichang, province of Hupei, Central China. Ichang, it may be mentioned, is fully a thousand miles from Ningpo, and the deer killed by Mr Leatham was shot high up in the mountains far away from water, whereas *E. michianus* is reported to inhabit the reed brakes on the Ningpo rivers.”

Mr Lydekker goes on to explain the difference in the colour and the markings on the skins, and also several differences in the bones of the skulls, from which he concludes: “There is no doubt as to the specific distinctness of the Ichang Tufted Deer, which may be named ‘*Elaphodus ichangensis*.’” And he says: “It is characterised, as compared with *E. michianus*, by its darker and more uniform colour, white tail, smaller antlers, larger tusks, shorter nasals, and more evenly circular preorbital fossa, while it is smaller than *E. cephalopus*. ”

I had gone out to Shanghai, and spent all the autumn of 1903 in shooting from house-boats up the Yangtse river and neighbouring canals, which



Chinese Coolies carrying bales of cotton into a ship, Shanghai.



A Chinese Wheel-barrow, showing the size of load carried, Shanghai.

are the highways of China, when a keen ornithologist invited me to join him in a trip in the mountains in Central China. He had started a few days before me from Shanghai, so I followed him up the Yangtse river by steamer to Ichang, just a thousand miles from the sea, and only 129 feet above it. There is a tide running up all the way, and the innumerable boats and junks make use of it in coming up the river, when the wind is against them, anchoring when the tide is coming down, and drifting up when it is favourable. It took ten days to get up to Ichang from Shanghai; and on the way we passed the big towns of Chinkiang and Hankow, and many smaller ones, saw quantities of small game and the little yellow deer with long tushes, and encountered huge fleets of Chinese junks, which do most of the trade of the country, bringing down tea, rice, maize, raw cotton, silk, and reeds for firing, and taking up, on their return, loads of salt, opium, and cotton goods. I saw also some little grass huts perched on the top of some 30 to 60 feet scaffolding, with one man in each, who spent his time in plaiting long strips of bamboo into ropes, which he let hang down to the ground. These ropes, I was informed, are extremely strong, and with them the ships are towed up the rapids, which begin above Ichang; and the men who drag the ships up, sometimes 100 to 150 on to a rope, often have to climb round the precipices on such tiny paths that they occasionally fall off into the river.

I had one little excitement on the way, at a town

called Kiukiang, where we were stopping for a couple of hours. I had taken my two dogs on shore to give them a run, and after walking through the city I came to a village, and as there were some rushes and rough ground, I encouraged the dogs to hunt, by way of giving them a little exercise. Presently I heard a terrific squealing in the rushes about two hundred yards off, and running up, I found my pointer shaking a tiny pig, like a rat, in a most ferocious manner. I collared hold of him, when he let the pig go, and by the help of a strap I did my best to persuade him that little tame pigs were not fair game. Meanwhile the Chinamen of the village came running up from all directions, so I asked for the owner of the pig, and at once feed him with a dollar. He was quite satisfied, and so the matter ended ; for, if a Chinaman once takes money offered, it is always recognised that he is satisfied, and he will never claim more. In the same way, if once a Chinaman engages to do a thing, it is quite certain that he will do it, and no signature is necessary. It is rather humiliating to think that a Chinaman's word is as good as an Englishman's oath or signature, but it is true nevertheless. For I heard a foreman say that if a Chinese coolie said he had done a certain job which he had been engaged to do, it was safe to pay him at once ; but if an Englishman said he had done his job, the foreman always went to look for himself before he parted with his money.

The land on each side of the Yangtse up to within

thirty miles of Ichang is dead flat, and covered with high reeds, which in the winter are dry, and are cut and stacked for firing; they grow 10 to 12 feet high, and are hollow. In the summer, when the river overflows its banks, there are miles of flooded ground each side of the river, and sometimes the ships run ashore, and are left high and dry a long way from the river when the water subsides in the autumn.

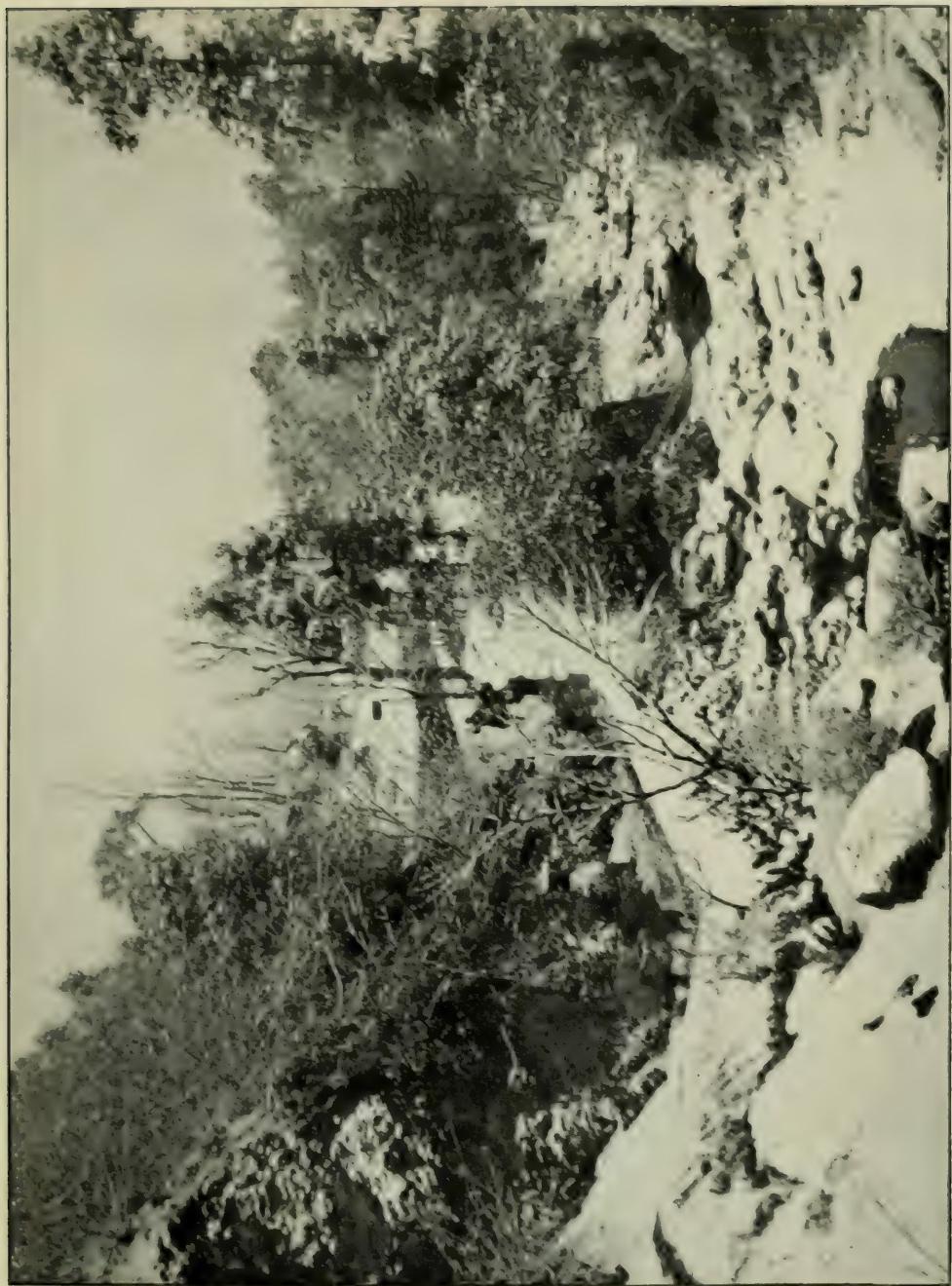
The ring-necked or, as we commonly call them, "Chinese" pheasants breed on high ground, and as the river goes down in the autumn they wander down into the reeds to feed on the seeds, and go for hundreds of miles, which easily explains the wandering habits of our ring-necked pheasants at home; but the birds without rings, which breed in the hills, stay in the hills where they are bred all the winter.

At Ichang I was the guest of the Commissioner of Customs, a most delightful and keen sportsman, and he introduced me to several other Englishmen, also in the I.M. Customs, who helped me to collect my stores, coolies, &c., and also a boy who could talk English and cook. I had five coolies to carry my kit, and four to carry a chair, which the commander of the gunboat sent me, and which I was told I must take by way of impressing the natives with my importance, as all mandarins travel with a chair. I also got my Chinese visiting-cards, which are far grander and more imposing-looking than ours, being made of bright red paper cut into an oblong shape about nine inches long and four wide,

on which my name was stamped in black, in Chinese characters; and I also got 50,000 cash, which cost 70 dollars Mexican,¹ and ten shillings' worth is one coolie's load. Chinese "cash" or copper coins are about the size of a halfpenny, with square holes in the middle, and are threaded on strings of 1000 cash to each string, looking not unlike strings of ten sausages, with 100 cash in each sausage. The boy got 400 cash, each chair coolie 350, and the load coolies 250 per day.

I crossed the river above Ichang, the two very kind Englishmen who had helped me with my outfit escorting me, and walking for a few miles just to see that everything was right, and when they left me and returned to Ichang, I went on alone with my little party of Chinamen. It was far too cold to sit in the chair for more than a few minutes, and it soon began to snow. I passed several high conglomerate cliffs, and the scenery improved all the way till I got to the stopping-place, 50 li (or 17 miles) from the river, and put up at the village inn. A small Chinese inn is not what we Europeans generally consider luxurious, as the guest accommodation more often than not consists of a single room with a mud floor, which, of course, it is not possible to wash, and through which liquids soak when spilt; there are no windows and chimneys, but holes in the roof and walls serve at once to let in plenty of fresh air and light, and let out the smoke of the fire, which is on the floor in the middle of the room. Every Chinaman clears his

¹ English money, £7, 10s.



On the way to the place where I got the Ichang Tufted Deer, Central China.

throat and expectorates on the walls and floors, and they all seem to have colds in winter. As every Chinaman snores, and the animals which belong to the household all sleep under the same roof, and as furthermore the big wooden bolts of the front door are being perpetually slid backwards and forwards to let men in or out, needless to say the night is not very still. Pigs, dogs, cats, goats, ducks, and fowls, each have their own little ways of letting the weary Britisher know that they are pretty handy and keeping him company, and there is no fear of his feeling lonely.

The next day it snowed hard, and we had an uphill tramp up miles of stone steps, but in the clearer intervals the scenery was very fine, high-peaked hills with bush and trees in the hollows up the craggy sides. I saw no game, but one golden pheasant skin was hanging on a string as a scarecrow in a garden.

I met several lots of pigs being driven down at the rate of one mile per hour, with one man walking in front with a basket at each end of a long pole over his shoulder, in which he put any little pigs which fell out from being over-tired, and he chanted a dull monotonous funereal dirge to encourage them, while a man behind drove the bigger laggards on with a switch. There were also bands of small ponies hopping gaily down the steep steps, and some goats and small cattle, all bound for the Ichang market, thence to be shipped down the river.

We passed through several villages, where our

arrival was heralded by all the dogs, or "wonks" as they are called; and although they make a tremendous noise, and threaten to tear us and my two dogs to pieces, they are quite harmless; and it was really very amusing to see the contempt with which my dogs treated them, not even deigning to look round at them when they were barking within a few inches of their ears. The word "wonk" is a corruption of the Chinese word "wong," which means "yellow," and most of the "wonks" are yellow, or white and yellow.

The men with the pigs were not hillmen, as their having baskets at the end of long poles showed. For the coolies on the hills carry their loads in baskets or *on* baskets, called "pei-tse," on their backs, and not on bamboo poles called "pien tang," as they do on the plains: of course wheel-barrows on the hills would be useless. Babies, pigs, and in fact everything which can be put into a basket, are carried in this way, and I have seen old men and women in "pei-tse"; but big fat pigs, eight to ten score pounds in weight, and large white blocks of vegetable tallow, are carried on boards on the top of the baskets across men's backs, and I also saw trains of men carrying indigo, maize, furniture, and coffins down from the hills to Ichang.

I slept well the second night, as the cock that crowded incessantly close to my head the night before had not come on with us.

The next day was a long one, and the coolies did very well, as we marched 70 li (23½ miles) and got in at six o'clock to Pusi-li dead tired.



Chinaman carrying Live Pig to Market, Central China. Journey of several days; pig let loose to feed and sleep at night.

I found my companion in a nice inn, and he had just got his first cock reeves pheasant, 6 ft. 1 in. long, and also several small birds which he wanted. We had only stopped once on the way, for the men to get their lunch of rice and beans. The price of rice at an inn is twelve cash per bowl, and four cash for a bowl of beans, which is a sort of white porridge often eaten with the rice. A hungry man can eat three or four bowls at a sitting, but probably a coolie eats about that quantity in a day.

My companion had a room to himself, and I got one opposite to him; there were no windows, but the light came in through paper on the doors. Chinese houses are not built with the idea of making the most use of the ground covered, and in winter there is far too much exposure to the air, as they generally have an open court in the middle. In the centre of the court is an open pit, which catches the water off the roof; and the only fires are charcoal or wood braziers, or an open wood fire in the centre of the room. We each paid 500 cash (about eighteenpence) per night for our rooms, and our landlord was a cheery old fellow, and often came to have a chat with us. He was delighted when I said that, as his name was Lee-wong, he must be a relation of mine, as all Lees must be related, although it may have been a bit remote. He thought it a splendid joke; and I furthermore was at trouble to explain to him my hair was so precious that I kept my tail at home, for fear of its being lost.

Next day and for several days we shot the woods on the hillsides, using the coolies as beaters, and being much helped by my two dogs, a German pointer and a retrieving spaniel. We got reeves, golden and ringless or common hill pheasants with dark tops to their heads, and not grey like the ringed pheasant. We also got a forked - tail pheasant (*Pukrasi Darwini*), a pretty, short, grey bird with a dark - green head and a long crest and a silver-spangled breast.

One day we arranged with some Chinese sportsmen to have a deer-drive, and the shooters, we two, and five men who were armed with matchlocks with pistol grip, were all posted up a very steep mountain-side, on bush-covered ledges, while several men with seven dogs drove the ledges round to us. The beat took two hours, and nothing came, but the view was glorious; and although rather cool, I enjoyed sitting up there in my shirt - sleeves, as my coolie, who had my coat, either could not or would not follow me up.

The native matchlock is a wonderful weapon: the barrel is iron, and tapers towards the muzzle like the original choke - bore gun. The Chinese sportsman has his own system of loading this weapon,— simple, perhaps, but hardly to be recommended for imitation. In the first place, the powder is poured into the barrel, the quantity used varying according to the taste, discretion, or ambition of the loader. Whether the powder reaches one, two, three, or four inches up the barrel is a matter of minor importance. No



Reeves' Pheasant. Hotel in mountains south of Ichang, Central China.

wad is used, but on to the top of the powder three oblong slugs are dropped if deer or goats are to be attacked; where birds only are the destined prey, a modicum of iron shots is substituted for the slugs. Again no wad, with the result that the gun must always be held with the muzzle pointing upwards, and that shooting down-hill is out of the question. A small hole punched in the barrel connects the powder inside with a pan outside, into which another small stock of powder is put. And the latter is ignited by a piece of rope which is always kept glowing, and is attached to the iron hammer, which the shooter, at what we will hope to be the extreme psychological moment, presses with his thumb on to the powder-pan. There is a slight fizz and the gun goes off with a terrific noise, and so much recoil that all the sportsmen have deep indentations on their noses and cheeks from the shock. As in the place of a shoulder-stock there is only a pistol - handle to the gun, it may readily be gathered that the recoil must be fairly potent, and that Mr Tupman's laudable ambition "to discharge his piece without injury to himself" is seldom realised. With such a weapon, however, the Chinaman often shoots pheasants flying, although he prefers them sitting or running. Still, no doubt, he must be written down a fine sportsman, as although he sometimes shoots from his hip without putting up the gun at pheasants, he always puts it up to his nose to aim at a deer, and, as he does not waste many shots, he has to

get within twenty or twenty-five yards of his deer before he shoots. We found a cave on the face of a huge rock, with ladders up to it, and on inquiry were told that this place was used as a retreat by the villagers when an enemy came, and that on one occasion 3000 people had saved themselves by staying in it for weeks.

The people we met were all very nice and polite, though very poor as a rule; and whenever we asked the way they insisted on coming with us to show us, and never had any idea of being rewarded for coming. In passing some of the houses I sometimes accepted their invitation to go in, when we would all sit round the fire, and they would make a place for the dog to come too, and sit on his haunches with his chest to the warmth; and they then would prepare tea and the best provender that they had, generally a white sticky sort of sweetmeat made of beans and sugar; and the dog always had some maize cooked for him.

We had a chat about ordinary everyday topics, all by sign-talking, at which they are adepts. For they are great travellers, and talk a different language at intervals of every 200 or 300 miles, and so get lots of practice. When I thought that I had stayed long enough, I would produce a couple of little ten-cent pieces, which I gave to two of the small children. These would be handed round and examined by every one, as being great curios; and I would tell them that it was Shanghai money, and the father would

return them to me, and it would be a matter of some difficulty to persuade him to let the children keep them. We invariably parted great friends, and the whole family would come out to see me off, although it was bitterly cold. In fact, they were a charming and simple people, infinitely more intelligent than the same class of rustics would be in England, and much more pleasant to the foreigner who came to visit their country. The Chinese mind could not grasp the Englishman's reason for coming so far to shoot the pheasant, or wild chicken as they call it. One tame fowl is worth about twopence up there, and as they think a wild fowl is not worth nearly so much, they decide that the Englishman must either be going to sell the fowl at an enormous profit when he gets home, or else must be a lunatic, as certainly no reasonable man would go to so much expense and trouble unless he was sure of making a lot of money. The result of this way of settling a question was that one man brought me a live golden pheasant in a long funnel-shaped basket made to fit the pheasant, with its head sticking out of a hole at one end and its tail through a hole at the other end. In this way they often keep a pheasant for weeks, and when let out, of course the bird cannot walk at all from being so cramped. The would-be vendor asked 2400 cash—about a fortnight's pay for an ordinary coolie—for his bird, and was much surprised when I declined to buy it. Another man asked 2400 cash for each of three

little fox-skins, which, needless to say, we did not buy.

On 15th January we moved about 50 li to a farmhouse, 1500 feet higher, and found it quite nice, and cleaner than the inn; it was from here that I got the little tufted deer. I was out with one coolie looking for pheasants one very cold morning, when the snow was quite deep on the hillsides and the streams all frozen over, and on walking down a ridge and looking into the scrub on the opposite side of the valley, I saw a small beast distinctly against the white snow in the bushy undergrowth. As I had only my gun with me, I went back to the farm for my Mannlicher rifle, and on my return saw the little deer in the same place. There was no chance of getting nearer, as if I had crossed into the scrubby bush where the deer was harbouring I certainly could not have seen it. Accordingly I took a longish shot and missed, but with the second shot I hit it. It did not fall dead immediately, but gradually slid down the steep bank for 500 yards into the valley, and on going down to it we found it quite dead. We carried it home and skinned it, leaving the shin-bones in the skin. My old coolie no doubt very much exaggerated the distance of the shot, as it soon grew from the original 250 yards or thereabouts to several linay, even a few miles; and I had the gratification of seeing my attitude, both in squatting and in the act of aiming, in fact the whole performance, being graphically reproduced to an



Highroad over Mountains in Central Africa.



Mountain of Ichang where I got the Ichang Tufted Deer
(*Elaphodus ichangensis*).

admiring audience of rustics, who kept shouting with delight.

Another day I was fortunate in getting two yellow-throated goural, which are also rather rare. As on returning to England I found there was no specimen in the Natural History Museum, I presented one of my own.

Evidently people do not often shoot them up where we were; of course Europeans never, as no European sportsmen visit this spot. When the villagers heard that my coolies were carrying these two little Chinese chamois home, they crowded out to meet us, and expressed great admiration at the rifle, which I graciously permitted them to inspect.

My barometer at the last place we stopped at, Quam Pau, registered 4800 feet, and the highest pass we crossed to come back was 5800 feet above the sea, so no wonder it was cold in the middle of winter.

We got back to Ichang on 28th January, or twenty-five days' trip, the whole trip having cost £20, and our bag of 105 head, including Slater's muntjac, Ichang tufted deer, yellow-throated goural, Swinhoe's hare, reeves, golden, pukras, and common pheasant, quail, and pigeon.

CHAPTER IX.

DEER AND ANTELOPE IN ASIA.

INDIAN GAZELLE OR RAVINE DEER.

THIS species stands about 24 inches in height, and is of a dull fawn colour. The horns of the male are thick and ribbed, curved backwards at the base and forwards at the tips ; but the female carries straight horns, not ribbed, and shorter than those of the male.

Living amongst the hilly surroundings of Delhi and other rocky ravines, the ravine deer are restless little animals, and so much on the move that they are difficult to stalk.

Upon the low sandy and stony hillocks, and in the corresponding hollows of this region, are many old remains of a bygone and forgotten age. When searching for ravine deer I came across a huge amphitheatre surrounded by many dens, which at some period or other were doubtless used to keep wild animals in, and in one of them I found the present home of a hyena. In the bottom of the arena floor there was a lake in which many wild

ducks were living, but these flew away on my approach. It was an enormous structure, and had doubtless been at one time the great place of amusement for the inhabitants of Fatipore Sici, a city which formerly had a population of at least a million. Even now it is well worth going to see, with its splendid buildings, which, being entirely of red sandstone and marble, are in a state of excellent preservation. Hard by the amphitheatre stands a palace, in which the original founder and builder of the city built three separate and enclosed courtyards with other surroundings for his three principal wives, Christian, Mahomedan, and Hindoo; also various stalls for the reception of his stud of elephants. The city was quite suddenly deserted, according to our guide's account, on account of the badness of the water,—quite probably, therefore, because it was devastated by a fearful visitation of plague or cholera.

NILGAI.

This species, the blue bull of India, stands about 54 inches high. The male is iron-grey in colour, and the female, which is hornless, is fawn-coloured. The horns of the male are 8 or 9 inches long, and point forwards. For so large a beast these are distinctly insignificant, constituting only a poor trophy. The nilgai is found amongst thin-growing trees and grass in open glades.

BLACK BUCK.

Fairly common in India, this species stands about 30 inches high. The colour of the male is brown, deepening to black as the animal grows older, with the chest, belly, and inside of the legs a pure white. The female is a brownish-fawn, with the same white markings as the male. The horns are spiral and very graceful, a good average horn measuring from 21 to 24 inches, though a length of slightly over 28 inches has been recorded. The best horns that I procured near Delhi, where these buck are fairly plentiful, measured 24½ inches.

In the large open plains, where it is found, the male is very conspicuous at a great distance, but the female is so much the same colour as the ground that it is difficult to make out when more than a few hundred yards away. More than once, after sighting what I took to be a solitary male, I was surprised when I got nearer to find quite a large herd of females into the bargain. These animals are most beautiful and graceful in their movements, wonderfully active, and possessed of unusual speed. When alarmed they bound several times into the air, so hardly seeming to touch the ground as to give the appearance of marionettes, and then gallop off at a great pace. They are difficult to stalk, for the reason that there is commonly little or no cover on the dead flat ground, but occasionally they are found either in or near standing crops, and then are more or less at the mercy of the hunter. On other occasions practically the only way of getting near

them lies in riding in a bullock-cart, a thing which they are so much accustomed to see that they lose all fear of it. When he has arrived within shot the sportsman climbs out behind the cart, sits down, and takes his shot when the cart moves on. Some of the native princes hunt the black buck with chita, a species of tame leopard. The chita is taken in a bullock-cart to within a hundred yards of the game and then unhooded. When it sees the buck it starts slowly, but soon gathers a tremendous pace, and is capable of running down its prey in two or three hundred yards.

It is most amusing to watch these buck as they gallop off when alarmed, for at intervals the leader of the herd, while going at full tilt, will jump to a great height in the air for no apparent reason, whereupon every individual member of the herd follows suit, springing high into the air as it reaches the spot where the leader set the example.

Natives sometimes tame these buck, and on one occasion, when I was out for a few days staying with a companion in a dâk bungalow, and seeing a black buck, shot him, a crowd collected out of a village and followed myself and my shikari to our bungalow, jabbering and protesting. Doubtless they had good reason for being annoyed, as they had seen their tame pet killed, and under the same circumstances I myself should have been considerably riled. As it was, being a novice in the country, I was wholly unable to comprehend where the cause of the offence lay. Fortunately my companion was at home and able to enlighten my

ignorance, telling me that I had killed the tame buck of the village, and that all that its owners were demanding was the meat. Then for the first time I thoroughly entered into the feelings of men who had not only witnessed the murder of their tame pet, but had caught the greedy murderer in the act of carrying off for his own consumption that which for all its tameness might well be regarded as suitable provision for a hungry day. Naturally I at once proposed to give them a gratuity — blood-money I may call it—in addition to the meat. But my companion, who knew the ropes and the natives, at once put a stopper upon this, telling me that if I committed myself to this extra payment, in future every buck which might fall to our rifles would be claimed as a tame pet. Accordingly I simply handed over the dead buck to the villagers, whereupon they were hugely delighted, and marched off with it as happily and cheerily as a lot of children.

FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE.

This species, which is found in high grass or open forest in India, stands 25 inches high, and is of a reddish-brown colour, with white neck, chest, and belly. The males carry four little horns, the front pair being smaller than the back, while the females are hornless. They go about singly or in pairs, and as they refuse to leave the high grass are difficult to shoot with a rifle, though easy with a shot-gun. In the Northern Terai, where I found them, they are scarce.

MOUSE-DEER.

Found in Southern India and Ceylon, this is a tiny and hornless deer, standing from 8 to 10 inches high. The colour is ash-grey covered with darker spots. Living in thick jungle and bushy scrub, the little creature feeds on young shoots in the spring and on berries in the autumn and winter. The male has long canine teeth in the upper jaw, which extend over and outside the lower jaw,—in fact, the mouth may be said to be built on exactly opposite lines to that of the English bulldog.

HOG-DEER.

This species, otherwise called the “Para,” is found in the Indian and Nepal Terai. It is an active little deer, which dashes about in the high Terai grass as the elephants march along in line, and gives a most sporting shot. It goes by the name of hog-deer for the simple reason that its movements in the grass closely resemble those of the pig, a fact which renders the shooting of it from the back of an elephant exceptionally difficult. These deer are excellent eating,—so much so, indeed, that the mahouts are very keen about jumping off the elephants to “halal” them, or, in other words, cut their throats while they are still alive. On one occasion I saw a hog-deer attempt to bolt between the legs of the elephant next to mine, but the elephant caught it and threw it backwards and forwards between its front and hind feet, soon

killing it, and then by way of making sure that it was dead, deliberately stepped on it. The Para, which is dark-brown in colour, stands about 26 inches high, while the horns measure some 18 inches.

MUNTJAC, OR BARKING DEER.

These deer are found in both India and China. They live in the jungle, and more than two are seldom seen together. The colour is a reddish bay, and they stand about 20 to 23 inches in height. The horns of two tines are very singular in appearance, as the real horn of 4 or 5 inches grows on a frontal bone, covered with skin, about 3 inches high. They have two canine teeth in the upper jaw, which protrude about an inch over the lip of the lower jaw.

When I was out one morning in China, high up in the hills, my dog had a hacking cough, to which a barking deer responded. My dog kept on coughing, with the result that the deer came down through the thick scrub to within twenty yards of me. Then it evidently either saw or scented us, and after keeping quiet for some time, must have quickly retreated, as I never actually saw it in the scrub, though I had both heard its approach and detected the movement in the bushes.

The females, I should add, have no long excrescence or protruding canine teeth.

GOURAL.

This species, the chamois of the Himalayas, standing about 27 inches high, is of a dark-brownish-grey colour, with a white patch on the throat. Although it generally lives on precipices from four thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, I shot one at the very foot of the Himalayas in India, near the border of the Terai, on a quite low hillside. I was walking at the time on the slope of the hill, when, hearing a sharp sneeze repeated twice, I stole quietly to a ridge, and peeping over saw some half-dozen goural well within shot, and killed one. At first I did not know what the creature I had shot was, but on taking it back to camp, my companion told me that it was a goural, at the same time expressing much surprise at its being found so low down. I have already mentioned that I killed some of another variety, the yellow-throated goural, in China.

SAMBUR.

This is a fine big deer, and is common in India and Ceylon. It stands from 50 to 54 inches at the shoulder, is of a slaty-brown colour, and the horns of the male measure 36 to 40 inches long, with a strong brow antler and two top tines.

A frequenter of the open forest, where there is plenty of grass, it often goes to feed on the crops in the evening and during the night, retiring into the forest in the day-time. It has a peculiar note, or indeed it may be called bell-sound, which can be

heard a long way off at night. I had a very fatiguing day once when after sambur in Travancore. Starting early in the day without having had any breakfast, in the full expectation of returning to camp within a couple of hours, I took a few meat lozenges in my pocket by way of having something to go on with in the event of my breakfast being unreasonably delayed. Climbing over ridge after ridge, and occasionally seeing fresh tracks of sambur, I was encouraged to keep on going forward till I was some miles away from camp. After about two hours' walking, I sighted a fine stag entering quite a narrow bit of bush, and as he did not come out again, I went cautiously on to see what he was doing. On my approach he ran out of the bush, but did not go far away, and mounting the nearest knoll to have a look round, I saw him about three hundred yards off. After a long and dirty stalk through black newly-burnt grass I managed to kill the stag, which turned out to have a very good head. After taking off the head and the skin of the neck, I started home with my spoils, and then my trouble really began. For in addition to the unwieldy head of the sambur, in itself an awkward burden for one man to carry, I had my rifle and telescope. After a long three hours' toil I reached camp completely tired out, about eight hours' hard walking without much food being apt to tire any man even if he has not seventy or eighty pounds to bring along as well as himself.

YANGTSE RIVER DEER.

This small yellow deer, standing about 32 or 34 inches high, is fairly common on the banks of the Yangtse, where it lives in the high reeds. It is of a sandy yellow colour, and the hair is always being shed. It is hornless, and has long canine teeth protruding beyond the outside of the lower jaw. These teeth are quite 2 to 2½ inches long outside the skull, one of which I brought home.

MICKIE'S MUNTJAC AND SCLATER'S MUNTJAC.

These two little deer, which measure about 22 or 23 inches in height, were very common in the high mountains in Central China, and as they carried no horns, and my companion assured me that we should come across plenty of them again, I did not keep those which I shot when in pursuit of the yellow-throated goural. I was sorry for this afterwards, as I got no more chances of them. The names were given to me by my companion, a good natural historian and great ornithologist. While I can remember that one was light-fawn in colour and the other dark-grey, I am not at this date prepared to say which was which.

CHAPTER X.

OTHER ANIMALS KILLED IN ASIA.

LEOPARDS.

THERE is no marked difference between the leopard of India and the leopard of Africa, although in both continents there are considerable varieties of size. The leopard ordinarily preys on other animals, such as deer, goats, sheep, pigs, calves, and poultry, but in India has occasionally developed a habit of attacking and killing men. Very active and quick in movement, and extremely savage when wounded, the leopard is by no means an enemy to be despised. When shooting with my old friend the Colonel in Nepal, we were beating with our three elephants a small thicket, and drove out a leopard which the Colonel wounded as it was bolting away. On the instant that he fired, the leopard turned and charged straight at him. Fortunately the Colonel kept his head, and aiming coolly and accurately, killed the animal stone dead within a few feet of him. I saw the whole affair, and was not a little surprised at the rapidity with which the animal

whisked round and charged. In this respect there is a marked difference between the behaviour of a leopard and a tiger. The latter animal, if wounded when running away, continues to run straight on, and never turns and charges. It is true that he may stop very soon, and charge later on when approached, or he may at once charge any one who chances to be *ahead* of him at the time that he receives the wound, but in no case will he turn instantaneously and charge after the fashion of the leopard.

Leopards are marvellously clever at hiding, and quick to take advantage of any small depression or irregularity of the ground. I have known a leopard to have been seen entering a small patch of grass, and though the patch was at once surrounded by guns on elephants, and the grass beaten diligently backwards and forwards, the animal remained invisible. Moreover, a leopard will often climb a tree, and lying flat in a large branch keep out of sight of a shooting-party till it has passed by.

On one occasion in Nepal I walked close to a dead calf, which had been so recently killed by a leopard that the blood was still flowing from its throat. A herd of cows was grazing close by, and save for some small bushes and tufts of grass, and a few cotton trees with their large branches standing out at right angles to the trunk, the ground was practically open. But the most diligent beating and search on our part did not reveal the whereabouts of the leopard, though later on, as I have already recorded, the Colonel easily secured it from a "machan."

There are few bolder marauders than the leopard, if he is hard put to it by hunger. One evening, while we were sitting down to our supper in camp, hearing a disturbance among our chickens, which ran about camp in the day-time, and in the evening hopped of their own accord into a large bun-shaped basket with a hole in the top, where they were shut up for the night, I remarked to the Colonel that a certain old yellow hen, which commonly bossed the show, must be in a more than usually bad temper. The words had hardly left my mouth when we saw a leopard bolting off with a chicken, which he must have stolen almost under our eyes. Unfortunately we had to move camp on the following morning, so that the thief never came to bag.

On another occasion I chanced to look out of my tent on a bright night, to see a leopard in the middle of the camp, within a few yards of me, sitting on his haunches and casting covetous eyes on a piece of meat which was hanging some way up the stem of a tree, and which, if he had not heard me move, he would shortly have annexed for his supper.

LYNX.

These animals stand about 18 to 20 inches high at the shoulder, and measure some 34 inches in length. The tail is short, measuring only 5 or 6 inches; the fur, which is beautifully soft, is of a light-grey colour, and there is long black hair at the end of the ears.

Ordinarily preying upon hares, other small animals, and poultry of all kinds, lynxes may be warranted to eat any dead meat that comes handy. By way of striking a balance, they are in their turn edible, as in point of fact are other kinds of cats.

WILD PIG.

Finally I come to the pig, which in India affords plenty of sport to the wielder both of spear and rifle. Although the pig, like the hare in some parts of Ireland, is not shot in any place where it is possible to ride, there are many places again where it is too thick for a horse to gallop, and then the rifle comes into play. An old boar is a plucky old sportsman, game to the last gasp, and however lustily he may squeal in rage or defiance, no one ever yet heard him give tongue from fear or pain. In Nepal and the Indian Terai I shot a few wild pig, and when out on foot in the early morning had more than one quite exciting time with them. Others, too, I have killed from the back of an elephant when beating in the jungle for tiger. To the elephant walking in line through thick jungle, the wild pig is neither more nor less than what Mr Mantalini would have termed a "demd infernal nuisance." It is difficult to say which of the twain disturbs the whole line most, the sudden and headlong charge of an old boar or the helter-skelter rush of a litter of porkers,—tumbling, squealing, odorous little beasts, which upset the nerves of an



elephant the more because, though he can hear, smell, and perhaps feel their presence, he is wholly unable to see them.

When young the wild pigs are of a reddish-brown colour, striped with a darker shade; later on the dark stripes disappear as the animal grows black, and in the final stage the old boar is grizzly, with long hairs. The boar's tusks run up to a length of 10 inches, but that may be accounted a good-sized tusk which measures 9 inches. The sow does not have many pigs in a litter, and I have never seen more than four or five myself, though possibly there are sometimes more. It is quite amusing to scare a family party, and see the old mother and her piglings dart off with their tails all straight up in the air as stiff as pokers. Judging from the enormously deep holes and trenches that they dig with their snouts, I should imagine roots to be their staple food, but no doubt they will on occasion eat anything that a tame pig will eat, and perhaps a bit more. Small wild pigs are good eating, but the meat of an old boar is tougher than any other form of meat that I have ever sampled. A big boar stands as high as 40 inches in India.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LIONS OF SOMALILAND.

IN 1896 I did a trip in Somaliland with two well-known sportsmen, and as we all wished to get different kinds of game, after a short time we decided to separate. At Hargeisa I went south-west with nine camels to the edge of the Haud to try for lions, whilst the other two went east towards the Golis in search of koodoo. Camping near Harwala, a well-known place for lions, I found none there, but soon became very friendly with an old chief, who often came to talk over the Italian and Abyssinian War, which was then going on. Every evening he sent me a quart of sweet camel's milk, not as a rule a particularly nice drink, as the Somalis put it into milk-cans of plaited grass lined with pitch and impregnated with wood smoke. In return I gave him a red tope and a chit, which he asked for, to the effect that he had kindly given me milk, and moreover was very keen to get a present. As he had a very bad knee I presented him with a bottle of iodoform, for which he was most grateful.

After a fortnight's wandering I arrived at Dabell-Weenie. Being very short of rice for the men, I went out at daylight and shot an oryx, which delayed us a little, as we had to send for a camel to take the meat home. But at 7.30 I got off, and we soon found new tracks of two lions. Following these up, we made sure that the animals had seen us and had run away. From the tracks, which kept going round and round, backwards and forwards across our pony tracks, we gathered that the lions had separated, and then, coming together again, had gone straight away west. For two hours and a half in the broiling sun, with my rifle-barrels so hot that I could scarcely hold them, I followed the two shikaries as they tracked the lions. Behind us rode two men on ponies, whose business it was to head the lions as soon as we saw them, and keep them at bay till I got within shot. Sometimes the trackers were thrown out for a few minutes, but they always got on the trail again in the dry sand. At eleven o'clock, being very hot and thirsty, I insisted on having tiffin, and we rested for half an hour under a tree. Dirrie, the head shikari, then grew impatient and snapped his fingers, which was his signal for attracting attention, and off we went again in the same order, through the scattered thorn scrub, over hot sand and tufts of grass. Dirrie went first with my 12-bore, then Elma, the other shikari, with the .450 Express, both following the trail of the lions, and when we came to a temporary check, a snap of the fingers told us that they had found it again. I kept behind them, carrying

the '577 Express, a pretty heavy load on a scorching day, whilst the two horsemen followed me, ready to gallop after the lions so soon as we sighted them. Suddenly at about 12.30 my syce startled us all, as we were going along as quietly as possible, by shouting "Warkar"—the Somali for "There he is,"—and as the horsemen galloped past me I got a momentary glimpse of a lion going at full speed in front of us before it doubled out of sight into the bushes. When a few minutes later the shouts of the horsemen warned us that they were up to him, we three started to run as hard as we could, though, after going 100 yards, I myself slowed down a bit, thinking that if I kept on at full speed for another 200 or 300 yards, and had to shoot when I was dead-pumped, my hand might not be very steady. Going straight for the shouting, I heard the lion roaring, and saw the two men on the ponies in front of some thorn bushes pointing in our direction and jabbering in frantic excitement.

Dirrie was the first of my lot to see the lion, and presently I, too, saw him crouching and facing the ponies, with his tail going from side to side. As he was crouching nearly broadside on to us, I sat down and took a pot-shot at his shoulder with the '577, when he jumped up and dashed off on three legs through the bushes. Pursuing at top speed for some sixty or eighty yards, we saw him crouching again, and approaching within twenty yards of him, I put another shot into his shoulder. This had the effect of making him turn and face us, but as he showed no inclination to charge, I gave him another bullet

in the neck, on receiving which he lay down, and catching hold of a small tree about the size of my shin, snapped it like a carrot in his dying struggles.

He was a fine old yellow-maned fellow, very deep in the body, and measuring 106 inches from his nose along his back to the tip of his tail. It took us an hour to skin him, and I noticed a lot of light-yellow lion-flies on his skin.

At two o'clock we started home, putting the skin with the skull and all the fat, of which there was a goodly load, on the saddle of my pony which my syce had been riding. The pony did not seem to object at all, until we went to look at the place where the lion had been first lying down ; but there, having caught a whiff of his scent, it set to work kicking, bucking, and rearing all over the place, without, however, being able to dislodge the skin from off its back. Elma, my second shikari, then volunteered to ride the animal, and got a pretty considerable bucketing at first, though presently the pony went fairly well. After an hour Dirrie, who had been on his legs all day and had tracked for hours in the most splendid way over ground where I often could not see any mark in the sand at all, even after he had pointed it out to me, took a spell of riding, until at the end of another hour the pony kicked him off, and then was led the rest of the way into camp, which we reached at 5.30 P.M. As my four companions were singing a pæan of victory, all the camp turned out and joined in the chorus, and saluting, they danced

round and shook hands with me, and we became the best friends in the world. That was my first lion, and my best. The skull was $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad and $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

This lion had been known for some time in the neighbourhood, and had killed several camels. The men said that after five years young lions get black manes, and the manes remain black if the lions live in the plains; but the old bush lions have yellow manes, as the thorns pull out the long black hairs. This may or may not be the case, but most certainly there are often both black-maned and yellow-maned lions to be found in the same locality.

No doubt lions eat a certain amount of grass, just as cats do; but the native idea that lions live chiefly on grass is possibly due to the fact that in the mornings lions may be seen licking off the grass the dew which is the only liquid nourishment they can get, when, as is often the case, they are many days from water.

I never saw tracks of more than seven lions together in Somaliland, although, of course, troops of nearly thirty have been known in British East Africa.

By examining the tracks I gathered that lions often drive their game to one another, as I could see where several lions had evidently crouched behind a bit of undulating ground, whilst others had gone round and driven the game towards them. As the zebra or hartebeste passed the lions in wait, these had evidently dashed out, and before the game had time to jump away, had managed to

strike one across the hind quarter and so knock it down, and then going straight to its neck, had killed it.

The small and young lions are not allowed to eat till their betters are satiated. It is pretty evident that hyenas are in the habit of following lions, as when lions have killed there are generally hyenas somewhere at hand waiting to clean up the remains. Hyenas, though small, have more powerful jaws than lions, and can crunch up the bones which lions have to leave.

A lion is seldom dangerous in the day-time, unless, of course, wounded or brought to bay; but when hungry he will crawl into a camp at night through the thorn fence which always surrounds a camp in Somaliland, seize a man or a beast, and jump out either over or through the fence with his victim. But as it never jumps *into* a camp, there is no fear of actual invasion so long as the bottom of the fence is strong, though the lion will go on prowling and looking for a weak place in the defence.

Somaliland is useful to us, as it supplies Aden with cattle and sheep,—a very peculiar stamp of sheep, with white bodies and black heads and short hair in the place of wool.

The people are very excitable, extremely plucky, and endowed with marvellous powers of endurance.

When I was there in 1896 they were thoroughly loyal to the British, and having only seen British sportsmen, believed that every Britisher was thoroughly to be trusted.

Our Government had promised them that if they did not arm themselves with rifles they should be protected against any enemies who might invade their country. Accordingly, when the Abyssinians began invading the north-west of Somaliland, and having extirpated the Esa and Gadabursi tribes, had taken their camels and cattle, the Somalis asked us to protect them. But our Government, not wishing to fight the Abyssinians, who were all armed with good rifles imported from France, and had just beaten the Italians, would not do anything to help the Somalis, and in the end took the part of the Abyssinians against them. Owing, however, to the scarcity of water in the dry season, it is extremely difficult to supply troops, and to this circumstance the Somalis owe the fact that they have never been thoroughly suppressed. From time immemorial they have been robbers of cattle, camels, and sheep, and each tribe used to raid its neighbours and carry off the live stock and women, and the latter seemed to look on it as quite natural, and would soon be just as friendly with their new masters as they were with the old. The British stopped this raiding to a great extent, and tried to make the various tribes keep within the bounds of their own special districts. But the Somalis are wanderers by nature, being obliged to move their flocks and herds in search of grass and water, according to the seasons. In the rainy season most of them live on the Haud, a high waterless plain where there are no rivers, and in the dry season they resort to the river beds, where

there is seldom water on the surface, and dig holes in the sand to obtain it.

For this reason they never live long in one place or in any way cultivate the land, so that their only food is meat and milk. I was fortunate in having some very good men, and had no trouble with them at all; in fact, they could not do enough for me. Here are two cases in point. One day I was moving camp, and had arranged to hunt over the top of a mountain whilst the caravan went round the foot of it, covering about 25 miles, to a well-known place where we were to meet and camp for the night. After hunting all day, as I was coming into camp I met two of the camel-men going back on the track by which they had come, carrying their rifles, and they told me that they had forgotten my canvas deck-chair and were going back to fetch it. On the preceding day I had taken my chair out of camp to sit under some shady palms, and as we had started before daylight, in order to rest the camels in the middle of the day, my chair had been forgotten. Without any orders from me these men walked back to the old camp, brought the chair to my tent before we were ready to start in the morning, and then had to march another 25 miles leading their camels. Altogether they walked about 100 miles on end without a rest, an absolutely impossible feat in that climate for a European.

The same sort of thing was done once again when I happened to leave a pair of scissors behind. I was patching my clothes one evening, and had put

the scissors on a dead tree-stump and forgotten them. The next evening, after having marched all day, I told my bearer where I had left them, and without asking me he persuaded two of the camel-men to go back, and when I got up in the morning I was given my scissors, which they had brought in the night. How could any one help loving such delightful men as these? I was very sorry indeed when our Government sided with the Abyssinians against them.

The Somalis are as excitable and impulsive as children, and, like children, can be easily managed by kindly though firm treatment.

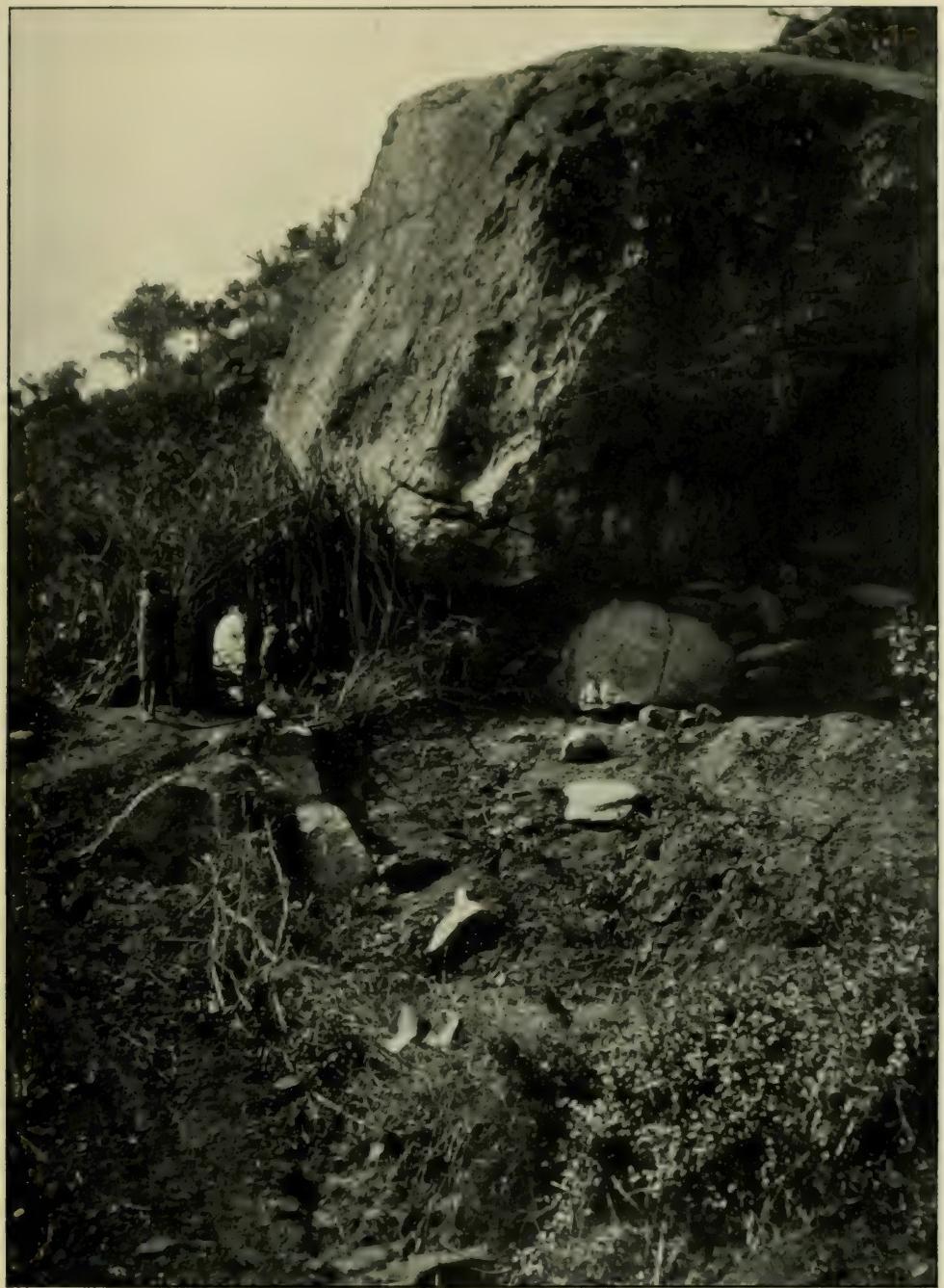
As in the best-regulated communities, occasional troubles will arise. One day, for instance, when we were moving camp, I was hunting a bit in front of the caravan, and fancied that my men were very slow in coming on. So, going on to a hill, I looked back and saw that they had stopped and were all crowded together. I went down to them and found two camel-men having a desperate fight, with all the others looking on and the camels straying away and feeding in all directions. On my arrival the fight stopped at once, and the men picked up their rifles out of the dust where they had been trampling about on them. All the trouble had arisen because one man tried to take his camel in front of another in the line of march. This the other man had resented, and a few hot words had resulted in blows, while all the rest of the men collected round and encouraged the combatants. Like children, they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves and

ran each after his own camel, so that in a few minutes the whole caravan started off again, and there was no more bother.

The Somalis were great believers in our medicine, and also in our judgment, and they often came long distances to get medicine or have their disputes settled. One old chief offered 400 camels if we could cure his second son of a bad ophthalmia, as his eldest son had gone blind from the same complaint, and this son was likely to follow suit. As the boy had been to the hospital at Aden and the doctors had been unable to cure him, it was not likely that we could do much for the poor fellow.

On another occasion a woman brought her baby, which had fallen into the fire and was fearfully burnt about the head. She had covered it with sand, and when asked why she had put earth on it, said it was the best medicine, and also that the sores mades her clothes dirty. I covered the poor little thing with oil and cotton wool, but had very little hopes that it would live.

The Somalis know nothing about our medicines, and the only things they themselves use are earth, air, fire, and water, to counteract the ill effects of one another. For instance, an external burn would be covered with earth, but a fever or internal burning is cured by water—a man with smallpox, a very prevalent disease, being put into the river; a man with indigestion is fired round his stomach with red-hot spears, and most men show the marks of hot spear-heads somewhere on their bodies. If none of these heroic remedies are of any avail, the



Washenzi or Hill Natives in their Rock-dwelling.

patient is brought to the white sportsman to be cured. All the tribesmen carry one or two spears, generally one short-bladed spear for throwing and one long broad-pointed spear for stabbing. Most of the spears are decorated with copper wire round the base of the blade, while a lump of lead on the end of the shaft counterbalances the weight of the blade. The shaft is of brown hardwood. For defensive armour a round shield, about as big as a soup-plate, is carried. I should add that every tribe has a different stamp of spear, with a different shaped head.

When the Somalis go on the war-path they take no food and only a small water-bottle. They always hope to catch the enemy from home, possibly raiding some one else, and if the enemy chances to be at home the invaders will wait for days, feeding entirely on gum which they get off the trees, until they have occasion to believe that the fighting members of the opposition are out of sight and hearing. When they do find the enemy out they kill enough sheep, cattle, or camels to have a good feed, and then drive off all they can find as fast as possible, taking also all the young women, and hope to get clear away before the owners return.

Most tribes have no ponies, but the tribes who live in the hilly country, where there is a sufficiency of water, have ponies, and both travel and fight on horseback. Curiously enough, those who have no ponies can cover long distances in much less time than those who have ponies, for the latter are obliged

to stop several hours a-day to feed and rest their steeds, whilst the footmen can keep on marching for indefinite distances. B., one of our party, when we were 120 miles from Berbera, sent a man on foot for letters, and he was back with the letters in four days, having travelled at the rate of 60 miles a-day.

Besides getting lions by tracking them up, some hunters kill these animals by sitting up at night in strong thorn "bomas," or shelters, with an opening large enough to see through and to shoot through, and yet not big enough for a lion to crawl through or to reach through far enough to grab hold of the hunter or his gun-bearer. Outside the loophole, and quite close to the shelter, a donkey is fastened, so that when the lion kills the donkey he is easily shot without danger to the sheltered sportsman. It is not nearly so sporting or exciting as tracking up lions on foot in the day-time, but a lion can often be got thus when it is not possible to track him. I spent one night in this way close to an old village which had been recently occupied, and on that occasion, although I did not get a lion, I collected such swarms of ticks, from the size of a pin's head to that of a robin's egg, that I shall never forget it. The ticks could be numbered by thousands, and not having had any men or camels very lately, they had rarely good appetites.

We armed all our camel-men with "Sniders," which we bought cheap at Aden. Many of the men did not know much about rifles, and more than once in camp a rifle would be let off suddenly in the dead of night,

when the owner possibly thought he would like to clean it, although we had told them all not to load their rifles unless there was any occasion, such as a scare of robbers, to do so. One day we had some rifle practice at a target, at 50 and 100 yards' range. The marksmen seldom hit the target, but one man when, after he had been aiming for some minutes, the rifle went off, threw the weapon away and refused to touch it again. It had kicked as only a "Snider" can kick, and had hurt his shoulder, and by the way he kept watching it he evidently thought it was a live thing and might jump up and hit him again.

There is one tribe of outcasts called "Midgans." They are the gipsies of Somaliland, and have their own distinct customs and ways of living. They do not wander in big tribes together as the *bona-fide* Somalis do, and are a very much-despised race; and before the British came into the country, if a Midgan was seen anywhere near a Somali village, he was sure to be killed if possible, as it would be certain he was there for no good and intended stealing sheep or cattle. The Midgans keep dogs, which the Somalis never do, and instead of spears they use poisoned arrows to kill their enemies or game. They are able to round up herds of game on the open plains with these dogs, and then crawling up to within shot they discharge these arrows into the bunch of antelope, wounding all they can. The poison acts very quickly, and the meat is not in any way spoilt for eating.

The Somalis are very strict Mohammedans, and

therefore, of course, drink no intoxicating liquors. My hunters would never even drink water out of my water-bottle, however hot or long the day might be, for fear that it might at some time have had whisky in it.

They are as a rule monogamous, but if a man is rich enough he may have as many as four wives, and of course the more sons a man has the more powerful the family is, and so the more important he, as the head of the family, is.

In the course of our wanderings in Somaliland we found a good many ostrich eggs, which were very useful for breakfast. By making a small hole at one end we extracted enough stuff at a time to make scrambled eggs for the party, and by corking up the whole with a little stick or paper, made each egg last out for two or three breakfasts; for one ostrich egg contains about as much as twenty-four hen eggs. I only shot one old cock ostrich in Somaliland. They are most difficult to get near, as they generally are on the open plains, and have most marvellous eyesight. I have seen some minute objects going away in the far distance, and on putting up the telescope have made out that they were ostriches which had seen me miles away, and were running off as fast as they could with their wings extended. The feathers of wild ostriches are seldom of much use, as they are sure to be frayed and damaged. The meat of the thigh is capital eating, but there is no meat on the breast or wings worth cooking. If the ostrich when shot has only a leg broken, he is not able to stand, but

falls on the side of the broken leg, and kicking hard with the toe of the sound leg he spins himself round and round very fast, after the manner of a catherine-wheel firework.

We often got sharp frosts at night, although it was delightfully hot in the day-time, and snow has been known in Somaliland.

CHAPTER XII.

LIONS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

ON March 4th, 1900, I was camped under Lucania Hill, five and a half hours from Nairobi, on the road to Macharkos in British East Africa. Behind my camp were the low hills and rough stony ground, in front the open plain of dry grass stretched as far as I could see, broken only by a small stream fringed with low scrub. There were many herds of zebra, hartebeste, and various kinds of gazelle grazing all over it, whilst here and there were a few ostriches in small groups. There was absolutely no cover, the grass being very short and dried up, as there had been no rain for three years, with the result that the game were very wild and nearly impossible to get near. I heard lions roaring every night in the rocks and high ground behind my camp, but although I found places where they had killed game, or where they had lain down, I never could find them. One morning, as I was having breakfast, a thick mist came up from the south, and I saw a herd of hartebeste between me and the stream, which was about a mile below me. So, when the mist enveloped

them, thinking that it was a grand chance to procure some meat for my men, I went out with my Mannlicher and soon got a shot at a single hartebeste. It disappeared in the fog, and I could not see if I had hit it, but hearing a snorting sort of a grunt in the direction of the stream, I went on and soon got an easy shot at 60 yards, killing the hartebeste. At the report of my rifle I distinctly heard a lion's short roar in answer to my shot, and I thought it must be in the stream below, some 200 yards off, but the fog hid everything. Following my track in the dew, and so getting back to camp, I called Ali, my gun-bearer, and giving him the Mannlicher to carry, armed myself with the 10-bore Paradox. Retracing my steps in the dew, I first got to the dead hartebeste; then going in the direction where I had heard the lion grunt, I knew that I must be near the stream. I there heard a lion grunting several times, though not at all loudly, and felt sure that it must be within 50 yards of me. Presently some animals crossed my front along a ridge, and I nearly shot at one, but knowing how a fog magnifies, I thought that they were not big enough for full-grown lions, and must be either hyenas or cubs. As they walked out of sight, I went up to the ridge where I had seen them, and looking over, viewed a whole family of lions quite close to me. I first saw one lion's back about 15 yards off, and then saw several beyond. The nearest one, although it had no mane, seemed to be boss of the show, as it was swaggering along with its tail up and muttering to itself. As I could not see

one with a mane, I shot this lion behind the shoulder, killing it dead. Thereupon arose sounds as of wild scurrying and bewildered rage from the other lions. I discharged my second barrel at the only animal which came my way, and it at once disappeared into the hollow of the stream. Ali gave me the Mannlicher, and as the only lion now in sight was going straight away at the far side of the stream, I fired, with the result that it turned head over heels like a rabbit shot in the head. I then saw the second lion that I had shot in the bed of the stream badly wounded and trying to get up the opposite bank. This I finished off, and there were then no more lions in sight. I ran down the bank of the stream in the hopes of seeing another, but without success. There being more bush lower down, I soon gave up the pursuit and returned to look at my bag,—an old lioness with broken teeth, 8 ft. 5 in. from the nose to the tip of her tail and 32 at the shoulder; a young lion, three-parts grown, about the size of the lioness, and a young lioness. The first Paradox bullet had smashed through the old lioness's heart and gone right through her to lodge in the inside of the skin; the second shot had broken the lion's back, and the Mannlicher bullet had hit the third lion at the back of the head. The whole thing had taken only a few seconds, and as there was a good lot of low bush about, the other lions had not wasted much time in getting out of sight.

Ali went for the men, and it took us till eleven to skin the lions and get the hartebeste into camp. When I divided the lion fat, which is considered



My "Boy," British East Africa.

a great treasure, amongst the men, I casually remarked that they ought to eat lots of lion meat to make them strong, not for a moment thinking they would imagine that I also required strengthening. However, it so happened that I had previously told my boy that whenever I shot anything with a tail large enough, I must have soup made of the tail like ox-tail soup. For three days I had very good soup ; so, not having shot any ruminant of any size lately, I asked the boy what the soup was made of. He answered : "Master say lion make man plenty strong, so we make master plenty ox-tail soup."

I do not think there was an old lion in the band, as I did not see one, but there must have been a collection of at least ten or a dozen lionesses and cubs. They all retired into the low bush along the stream so soon after my first shot that I had little time to identify either sex or size.

We found a cock ostrich half-eaten by them, but they were all so full of meat that they must have had something else to eat, and in all probability a flock of vultures which I saw on the ground in the afternoon, beyond where I had found them, had lighted upon some other dead animal there.

Mohammedans are very strict about having an animal's throat properly cut or "halalled" by one of their own people before it is dead, by way of ensuring that it is properly bled, but the hartebeest I had shot was stone dead long before there was any chance of its being "halalled." However, the men did not seem to mind, and Ali cut its throat

afterwards and nothing was said. It was very fat, and they all enjoyed it, and so did many passers-by, as I constantly saw strangers in my camp sitting on their haunches, and gorging themselves with meat like vultures.

Whilst I was at Lucania Hill, a few miles off the Athi river railway station, a lion was taking some of the coolies. One morning the coolies stopped the train coming up from the coast by sitting on the line and refusing to move. In the train there happened to be some sportsmen, apparently a family party from England, who were on their way to start a shooting-trip from Nairobi. When the coolies said that a lion had just killed one of their number, and was at that moment eating him in some reeds close by, the party all turned out with their rifles, and the coolies drove the lion out of the reeds to them. The butler was the man who was lucky enough to kill the lion, and it was the only lion they got in the whole trip.

A much-discussed calamity took place about the same time. A man I knew well was taken at night, when asleep, out of a railway-carriage. He was a magistrate on the line looking after the Indian coolies, and, being a very keen sportsman, always anxious to kill lions, had gone with two other men, a big German and a Portugee, to try and get a lion which was taking the coolies there. They had arrived that day and were all three in one compartment. The German was in the top bunk, the Englishman in the lower bunk, and the Portugee on the floor, when the lion walked



Owing to three years' drought many natives died in British East Africa.
Children getting rice at Voi, on the Uganda Railway.

in, either finding the door open or scratching it open. He walked over the Portugee and took the Englishman off the lower bunk. The German, hearing the scuffle, fell off his bunk on to the top of the lion, which fortunately took no notice of him, and he was able to get into the lavatory and lock himself in. The lion walked straight off with the Britisher into the jungle, and although after a while the others fired off several cartridges to try and scare the beast away, he evidently was not at all alarmed, as the only thing found in the morning was the skull of the poor fellow. It was a terrible tragedy.

There were many lions which ate the coolies on the railway, and in some places they waxed so bold and so persistent that the coolies refused to stay. Small blame to them, as they had no rifles or any means of protecting themselves.

The boldness of the lions was doubtless due to the long drought; the whole country was parched up, and the natives were dying from famine. Finding many dead bodies lying about, the lions ate them, thereby getting a taste for human food. After a while the Government did their best to alleviate the famine by employing all who would work on the railway and paying them with rations of rice, but most of the men were too proud to work, and preferred to die of starvation. And so it came to pass that only the women and elder children were working on the new line, while many of the men and all the small children died off like flies. Indeed, I heard that in one tribe alone

40,000 children had died before the relief work was begun at all.

Besides drought, rinderpest had run through the whole country and decimated the cattle, and as the Masai who inhabit the plains live entirely on milk and butcher's meat, they were as badly off as their poorer neighbours who lived in the forests or hills.

The Masai are the most powerful and most war-like of the East African natives, and fight entirely with long spears at close quarters, while the weaker natives, who fight with poisoned arrows, dare not come down into the plains at all. As the Masai do not eat game, the huge herds of game on the plains were seldom molested till the white men came into the country. On the other hand, the hill and forest natives kill game with their poisoned arrows, and although the wounded animals die in two or three hours if the poison is fresh, the meat is quite wholesome and has no ill effect on the people who eat it. If the poison is not fresh it does not kill quickly, and possibly not at all. I shot a rhino with two huge festering sores on its back, out of which I got two barbs of poisoned arrows, which had evidently been in for some time, as the rhino had got very thin. I had seen him rolling in the dust, and as he had a good long horn, I tried to stalk him by crawling in the grass on an open plain, but the grass was short and the rhino was more wary than most of the species, and would not let me get within 300 yards of him. He kept running away as I crawled along towards him, but ultimately got behind a tiny dead bush with only

a few twigs on it, and there, no doubt fancying he was hidden, allowed me to get within 100 yards of him. Then, as I saw that he was on the point of moving on again, I shot, and, hitting him in the neck, killed him dead. I took a photograph of him and the bush together. The bush was quite an absurd hiding-place, and would hardly have hidden a rabbit.

As a rule rhinos are very short-sighted, but this one was quite the reverse, and I attributed his unusual timidity to the circumstance that the natives had been hunting him, and he was afraid of getting some more of those dreaded arrows into his hide.

The Swahili porters in British East Africa were all emancipated slaves belonging to Arabs on the east coast of Africa, very plodding and good for the work they were engaged for, *i.e.*, carrying loads of 60 lb. on their heads. But they had no pluck, and no ideas of any kind except that of getting their work done and receiving their food. They had not the most remote idea of the value of money, and when paid their wages could not even count them. As to fining them if they did anything wrong, they did not know what it meant, and their only knowledge about punishment was limited to the use of the kiboko (hippopotamus hide whip). Fortunately, in three months I only had to punish two men, one of whom had refused to carry his load, which was the same as all the other loads, and of course I was obliged to take notice of it, or I should have had a general strike;

the other was caught stealing the other men's rice. I ordered them both to have six cuts with the kiboko, which is administered by the head man. All the men assembled to see the punishment, and after it was finished the culprit was as friendly as possible with both the men he had stolen from and myself who gave the order for him to be punished. My porters often bemoaned their bad luck in being emancipated, and asked what they had done to be so badly treated by the English. They said that in old times they always used to have plenty of food and plenty of clothes, whilst now they only got food when the white men came to take them on "safari" (caravan), and afterwards they might be starving for months. When they got their wages, which were generally paid over on their return to Mombasa at the end of a shooting-trip, having no way of keeping their money, they would take it to a lodging-house owner who would promise to feed them as long as it lasted, and as the poor fellows had no idea of how long it ought to last, they were, I expect, terribly cheated, and before long were turned out of the house, and had nothing till the next sportsman engaged them.

On "safari" they are a very easy-going, cheery lot, and when required marched gaily along, always in single file, and however tired they were, they would go plodding on, while any small joke or encouragement to sing a chorus seemed to help enormously at the end of a long day. One day we had a terrific thunderstorm and pelting rain. When I saw it coming on I got the tent up, and as of

course there was not room for them inside, I told them to take off their "tobes" and roll them up and put them into my tent. They spent the time while the storm lasted stark naked, having a real good romping dance and song out in the open, and as soon as the rain stopped they put on their dry "tobes" again.

Like children, they never knew when they had eaten enough, so that when I shot anything for meat they would sit up and cook and eat all night if I did not interfere, and next day would be so sick that they were useless, and would all come for medicine. After a few bouts of this type I issued the following edict: "Any man who wants medicine must be too ill to eat meat, and so he must not have any more meat, but only his potio [which is 1½ lb.] of rice, till he is well again." I need hardly say that the demand for medicine stopped at once.

Besides the meat of zebra and different antelope I got some spur fowl and guinea fowl for the pot, and when near a river quantities of carp, which, although very full of bones, made excellent fish cakes. I happened to shoot a hippo in the Athi river, which, owing to the steepness of the banks, I was not able to get out of the water, so, taking the head and as much fat as I could get for the men, I left the huge body moored to the bank. I gave the men some fish hooks, and they caught quantities of these carp, weighing up to 20 lb., and, drying them over their camp-fires, carried many pounds of dried fish besides their regular loads, and I found them

eating fish with their rice for many days after we left the river.

I shot a good many crocodiles which came after the hippo carcase, and just before I came away, being short of porters, I had the luck to come across a lot of poor Wakamba, or hill natives, in some thick bush one evening, just after I had shot a big crocodile on the river bank. As they were starving and were glad of anything, I told them they could eat the crocodile if they liked, at which they were delighted, but I brought them into camp and gave them some other meat for that night. Next morning I had some trouble with a persistently charging rhino, which I killed, and telling my gun-bearer not to say anything about it to the Wakamba, I went straight to them when I got back into camp and told them that if they would carry loads for two days I would give them as much meat as they could carry as well. As they readily agreed to this proposition I sent the gun-bearer to show them the rhino, and they brought home as much as they liked. I made up some light loads, chiefly of horns, skins, and other trophies, and the amount of meat they managed to carry in addition, both inside and out, was truly marvellous. They accompanied me for two days as they had promised, when they sent word that they wished to go, and started off with their meat as happy as kings. I have always found the real savage most honest and trustworthy. These Wakamba might easily have left me at night and taken their meat, but they stuck to their loads and fulfilled their engagement. They carried their

loads, like most blacks all over the world, with the load hanging down their backs, the weight being supported by a band across the forehead. The women carried far heavier loads than the men, and the head man of the lot carried nothing but a dry antelope skin.

All natives are very casual about life and pain, and will not do anything for one another in a case of illness. None of my porters were ever seriously ill, but nearly all my men had poor half-starved boys as servants, who cooked and otherwise waited on them. Ali, the gun-bearer, told me one evening that his boy was ill, so I took his temperature and found it 105°. I dosed him and got the temperature down to normal, and in two days Ali said that he was all right again. However, as the lad did not turn up in the evening after we had moved camp, I sent Ali to look for him, and he returned, saying in a casual way, "Makoufa [he's dead]. It's all right." I asked him if he had buried him, and he said, "Oh, no! that is no use." I can also vividly remember in India seeing a man dying from cholera and writhing on the ground in agony, and all the other men standing round roaring with delight at his contortions, though they knew that quite possibly they might be the next to suffer in the same way.

Of objectionable insects there are several kinds, *imprimis*, mosquitoes, which swarm in places. One night I was crossing a swamp to get to my camp, and not knowing exactly where it was, I shouted in the hopes of being heard by the porters, so that I

might know in which direction to go. But the mosquitoes were making so much noise in my ears that I could hear nothing else, and when ultimately I did find my camp the men told me they had all shouted together, and even shot off a gun to show me where they were.

Besides the tsetse fly, which is a nuisance, and ticks, which abound, there is a very nasty little insect, rather like a yellow flea, which burrows under the skin, generally preferring to go under the nails : it goes by the name of a "jigger." It lays its eggs in a sack about as big as a pea, and this sack must be most carefully picked out, so that it is not broken, as any eggs which are left will hatch and breed more jiggers, and make such festering sores that many people have lost their toes through them. The jiggers are only found in habitations of natives, but if a white man is camped near a village he will find it unsafe to walk across his tent without shoes or boots on. A friend of mine in the East African Rifles, who failed to take this precaution, was laid up for weeks and quite unable to walk.

There is also a very unpleasant fly, not unlike a flat grouse fly, which is caught off game. It lays its eggs in the skin, and in due course a maggot hatches out. Whilst shooting round a lake at the base of Kilima Njaro, I found several of these disgusting maggots hatching out of my legs and arms. Being rather alarmed, I told my tale of woe to a friend who came to stay with me for Christmas, and was not a little comforted by his assurance that the maggots were comparatively harmless, and that

their presence did not necessarily imply that I was rapidly decaying.

Rinderpest, besides killing most of the tame cattle, had almost exterminated the wild buffaloes, and in some places I found many skulls where they had died in scores. It also had destroyed many of the bovine antelope, but it had left the country before my arrival. Horse sickness, on the other hand, was very bad, and whilst I was in the country my host lost a splendid Arab which had only just arrived.

When at Nairobi I had a sharp bout of malarial fever, and when I was well enough to get away to hunt, a very kind man lent me a mule to ride. It was one which he had bought, out of a lot that had been recently brought to work on the Uganda Railway, for £40, and I agreed to pay this sum if any harm befell it. I rode it when moving camp, but after a few days it became very lazy, and I had to flog it to make it keep up with the porters. It gradually got slower and slower, and at times stood still, absolutely refusing to move, so that I had to dismount and make the men drive it along.

One morning, noticing that it was much swollen, I fancied at first that the swelling might be the result of the thrashing bestowed upon it on the previous day. We stayed some days in that camp, and although it would eat its corn it did not seem to care much for the grass, and was constantly lying down. One evening the men could not get it into the "boma," where it was put at night, as there were lions about; so I went to look at it, and found

it in great pain, groaning and tossing its head about, and I began to be afraid that it was dying. I was just giving orders for a boma to be built up round it as it lay when it jumped up, shook itself, and began to feed, and in a few days it was perfectly well. When I got out back to Nairobi I found that forty mules out of the same lot as this one came in had died of horse sickness. A vet., who knew a good deal about horse sickness in South Africa, told me that no doubt I had saved this mule's life by thrashing it. The thrashing, so he told me, had acted as a counter-irritant, and he had known horses in South Africa cured from horse sickness in the same way. However, I was left with the uncomfortable feeling that I had been a perfect brute in thrashing the poor animal when it had been without doubt very ill from horse sickness, and in my ignorance I had thought it was a mere case of wilful stubbornness.

CHAPTER XIII.

OTHER KINDS OF GAME—AFRICA.

HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THESE unwieldy beasts afford but poor sport, being easy to kill in the water where a river is handy. So at least I found them when hunting round Donio Sabuk in East Africa. I had no particular grudge against the hippo, but I had two good reasons for wishing to kill one. In the first place, I wanted food for the men, who prefer hippo meat to any other form of diet, on account of the fat; and, in the second place, I wanted the head as a trophy, and the skin to make walking-sticks and whips. On a wet day, then, I strolled along the banks of the Athi river in the hopes of seeing a hippo. I did not see many tracks about, and it was pretty evident that hippo were not plentiful in the district, the natives having doubtless killed off a good many for food during the drought. But after a while, hearing a flapping noise as of ducks or water-fowl playing in the reeds, I went to look over the steep river bank,

and there straight below me saw the huge head of a hippo, with only the flat top showing above the water. Shooting down between his ears, I put a solid Mannlicher bullet into his brain. The head sank quietly without a ripple, and I left Ali, my hunter, to watch for the body floating, with my .577 Express to keep him company, while I went back to camp to fetch the men. It took me an hour and a quarter to reach camp, and as it rained heavily and I was wet through, I changed my clothes and had lunch before starting back for the river with the whole camp and paraphernalia. We reached the river at 2 P.M., and had hardly got the tent up when there came a fresh down-pour of rain. The hippo apparently came to the surface at 1.30, and as I heard some shooting going on I went to the place where I had killed it, to find Ali passing the time by planting bullets from my Express into its stomach,—a performance which possibly amused Ali, certainly did not hurt the hippo, but as certainly did not appeal to myself, because it entailed a considerable waste of ammunition. I should remark that if killed in the morning a hippo floats in three or four hours, as when he is full of green food the gas forms rapidly and brings him to the surface, but if killed in the evening, when he has not been feeding for some considerable time, he will not float for twenty-four hours. The bank of the river was very steep, but with the assistance of the mules' tether rope, which we fastened to one of the hippo's feet, we dragged the carcase to the bank

and there stuck, being unable to drag him up the steep bank and out of the water. After several attempts we pulled the head as far up the bank as we could, and cut it off, leaving the body floating in the water. This took a long time, and after we had decapitated the beast all our united strength was taxed to drag the head up the bank, which was perpendicular for about twenty feet. The men then cut off one side of the skin and the two fore feet, taking out all the fat that they could, and skinned the head in the dark. We saw a few crocodiles watching our operations from a distance, and this made the men very nervous about going into the water, but a few bullets at the creatures' eyes as they floated on the top of the water effectually prevented them from coming too near. My victim turned out to be an old male with broken teeth, and not particularly fat as hippos go, but notwithstanding this the porters managed to secure a very fair amount of their favourite delicacy. The Swahilis declined to eat the meat, but the Wakamba thoroughly enjoyed it. In the course of the operations I killed two large crocodiles, putting a bullet into their eyes as they swam in mid-stream, and having the satisfaction of seeing them turn belly up, a sure sign that they were dead. In the case of these dangerous and carnivorous beasts, killing is certainly no murder. In the course of the evening I saw another hippo snorting and grunting close by, but had attained my two desires, meat for the porters and a head

for myself, and had therefore no reason for interfering with him. On the next day I found that the carcase of my hippo had sunk, and that there were swarms of fish round it, while one old crocodile was watching me from the opposite side of the river. During the night the hyenas had dragged off the hippo's skull, which I found in a pool of water with most of the meat eaten off. I gave the porters some fish hooks, and baiting with meat they managed to get a grand bag of fish, not altogether unlike carp, but did not venture to go far into the water, as the fish went for their toes and bit them, no doubt mistaking them for fragments of the hippo which they were devouring. In the evening, however, in spite of the fish bites, they managed to get off the rest of the hippo's skin, and I had the satisfaction of shooting another huge crocodile as he lay watching us from the other side of the river with only his eye visible above water.

Let me add that hippos live in the water during the daytime, only landing to feed at night.

CROCODILES.

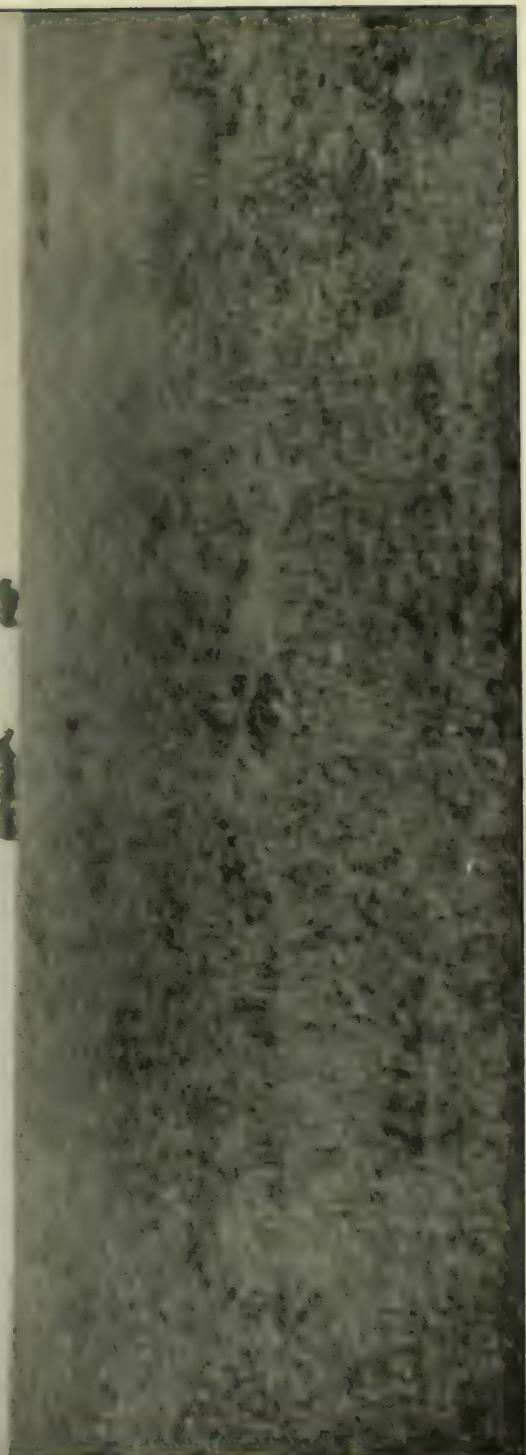
As I seem to have got on to the subject of crocodiles in Africa, I will say a few words on the subject of the same creature in India. I have killed a good many of the hideous brutes in my time, and cannot pretend that their deaths weigh heavily on my conscience. My hall is now adorned with the stuffed body of a half-grown one, which

may fairly be said to have been cut off in the flower of youth, before it had any proper chance of committing homicide. In India there are two distinct varieties of crocodile,—the Gavial, which has a long narrow snout, feeds exclusively on fish, and is not dangerous; and the Mugger, to which, though it lives chiefly on fish, any form of meat, whether of man or beast, is welcome. The mugger attacks and kills cattle by catching hold of their noses while they are drinking at a river, dragging them down under water and drowning them. It does not devour its victim on the spot, but drags it away to its storehouse, a hole under water near the bank of the river, and there keeps it until it is wanted for food. The only animal to my knowledge which the mugger will not eat is the water-buffalo, which bathes with impunity in the same pool where crocodiles are living, and is never molested by them. A sportsman in Ceylon told me that he had often noticed this fact. Has either instinct or intuition taught the mugger that the horns of the water-buffalo are awkward things to swallow, or even if the swallowing process has been successfully negotiated, about as uncomfortable inside passengers as the whale must have found Jonah? Or is it that some mugger patriarch, having in bygone days made a bad shot at a water-buffalo's nose and received the point of a horn in his eye, has handed down a tradition to the family that the water-buffalo is an evil beast to meddle with?

The crocodile, which loves to lie basking on

the mud banks when the sun is hot, forms an easy mark to the sportsman, and if shot in the neck where the head joins the body, may be killed dead on the spot without having any chance of wriggling back into the river. When shot elsewhere, even though fatally wounded, if there is the slightest spark of vitality left in the brute, it will slide into the water, sink to the bottom, and not float again for a period of eight to twenty-four hours, according to the food which it happens to have inside it. It is also possible to kill a crocodile as it is floating in the river fairly near, with only the eyes showing above the water. The eye is a small mark to shoot at, but if fairly struck there the creature dies at once, and turning belly upwards slowly sinks out of sight. I have never tasted the flesh of a crocodile, though the natives sometimes eat it, the very strong smell which arises in cutting off the head or skinning the body being quite enough to put the white man off any idea of eating, to say nothing of the awful things on which the dead creature might lately have been feeding. They often crawl quite a long way out of the river, and I have seen a place where one was evidently in the habit of sleeping under a thick bush some two hundred yards from the water. At first I could not make out what the track was, as I inspected the place where the long body and tail had slid out of and back into the river, but farther inland the footmarks were plainly defined in the thick mud. On one occasion, standing by the

Three Rhinos. One of these same rhinos killed a man three days before, but did not trouble about me and my hunter taking their photos.



Athi river in British East Africa, I was watching a wild goose which had hatched off quite a nice brood of goslings, and was swimming about with them, when there was a slight commotion in the water, and a crocodile's head appeared and caught the last swimmer of the brood. Two or three days later the goose was accompanied only by a solitary gosling, and I had no doubt that the others had fallen victims to crocodiles.

Crocodiles cover their numerous eggs with mounds of green stuff such as leaves, rushes, and grass, which ferment and so hatch the egg by the heat produced in the course of fermentation. The old crocodiles watch the nest very jealously, and attack any intruder who may chance to approach it. If the pool or lake in which a crocodile may have taken up its quarters happens to get dried up in the summer, as is frequently the case in India, the crocodile buries itself in the mud before it gets quite dry, and there sleeps for weeks until the welcome rains come, when it gets up from its bed of dry mud, none the worse for the long fast.

BLACK RHINOCEROS.

This is one of the most obstinate and determined of wild animals, being indeed among the very few which will often charge a man without having been previously either wounded or molested. On this account it is very much feared by the natives, who being armed with only

long spears or bows and arrows, have a very poor chance with the tough-skinned and vicious beast in the open, although in the bush, as the rhino is notoriously short-sighted, they are generally able to dodge him. The European, on the other hand, can nearly always turn him by a shot in the face, although owing to the fact that the rhino's horn practically covers all his forehead as he charges with his head up, it is nearly impossible to kill him when he is coming straight on.

The rhino has an uncomfortable habit of sleeping in the high grass during the heat of the day, and more often than not the first notice that the sportsman gets of his whereabouts is conveyed by the deep double wheeze or war-cry which is generally the prelude to a charge.

My first rhino, as I have already mentioned, I saw at a distance on an open plain, rolling on a patch of bare ground, but he caught sight of me when I was more than a hundred yards off, and not being at the time in a belligerent frame of mind, ran away. I kept following him up, and crawling when I got anywhere near him, until at last he stopped behind a tiny bush, where, although there were only a few twigs to act as cover, he evidently fancied that he was completely hidden. Being thus enabled to approach within a hundred yards of him, I shot him through the neck just in front of the shoulder, and he dropped dead in his tracks. On examining him I found two nasty sores on his back, and on taking off the skin to make walking-sticks and whips of it, discovered



A dead Rhino. The little bush is one behind which he stood thinking that it effectively hid him, and let me get up within shot of him.



Hippo's Head.

two iron barbs from native poisoned arrows, so that doubtless he was rolling to try and rub them out at the time when I first caught sight of him. There were a great many rhino in this part of East Africa, and on three consecutive days I was charged by one, while once all the water which I had twenty coolies carrying in kerosene tins on their heads was spilt as the result of a rhino charging my safari, whereupon all the men threw down their loads and shinned it up the nearest trees. As a result of this most untimely mischance, we had to walk fifty-six miles straight on end to Taveta under a scorching sun in the heat of the day without any water. How the porters, each of whom was carrying a sixty-pound load, were able to accomplish the feat was simply marvellous. I myself, though I was in pretty good training, and had only a rifle to carry, was dead beat when we got in.

It was quite amusing to see a rhino's tail stuck straight up in the air when he was either charging or running away. Wild pigs have the same peculiarity, and often when I have come across an old wild sow with a litter of young ones feeding, I have suddenly scared them by clapping my hands for the fun of seeing them skedaddle for the nearest cover with tails erect and a loud hough, hough, hough. In India, too, when we were beating for tigers in high grass, pigs would often lie very close till the elephants were almost on the top of them, and then suddenly make a

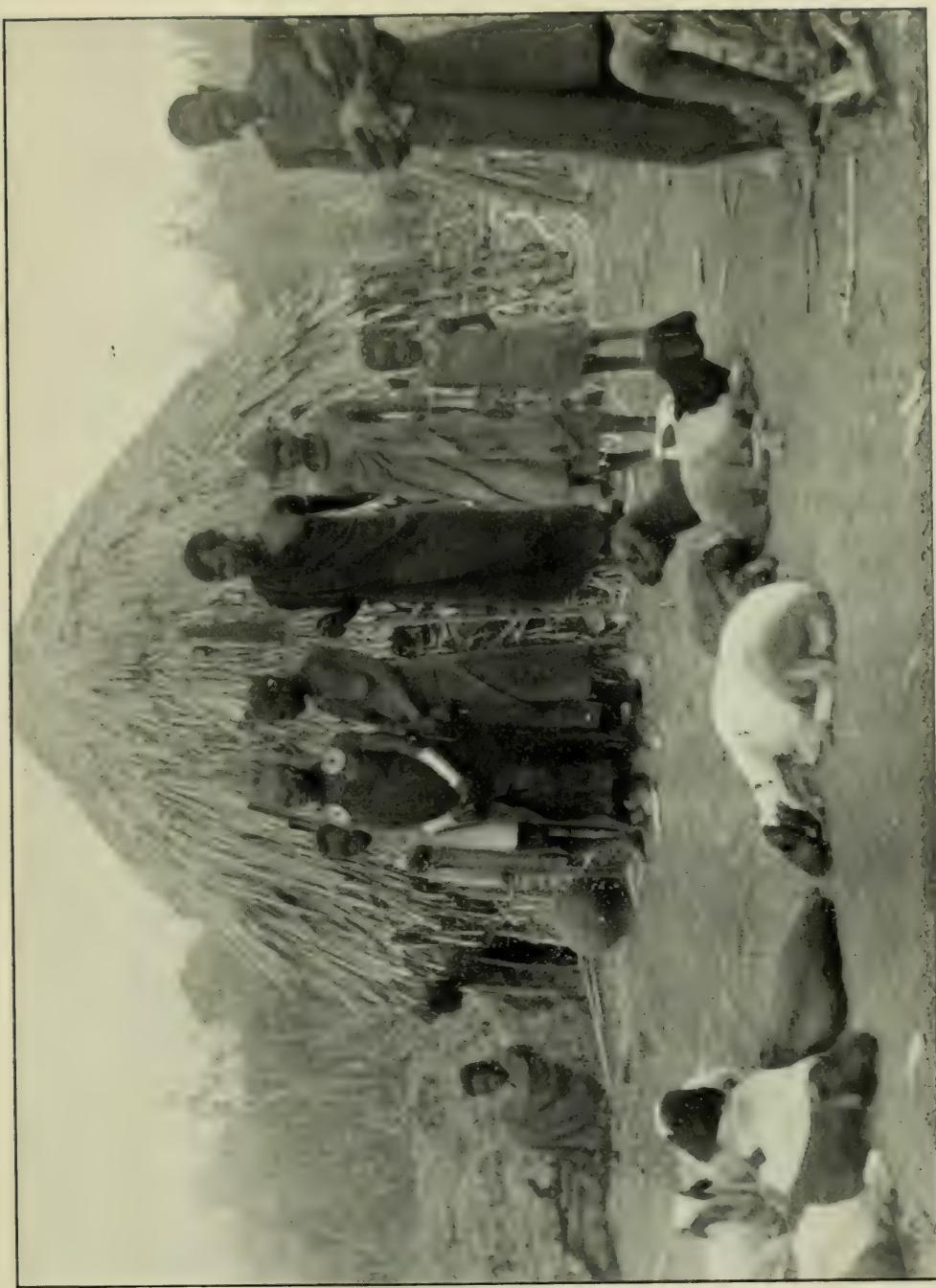
simultaneous and apparently preconcerted dash back through the line, uttering a series of very quick and sharp grunts, which coupled with the rush used to cause a terrible excitement in the line of elephants, which could not see them, but heard the grunts and squealings round their legs. To elephants, as indeed to mankind, the foe that is heard only and not seen is far and away the most alarming. Enough, however, about pigs, which later on must have a special paragraph to themselves.

To return to rhinos. On one occasion I was charged by a female of the species, who proved to be far more persistent than her fellows in her attempts to exterminate men. As a rule the rhino, when it has once charged, and has either lost sight of its enemy or has been turned by a shot, is content to let well alone and go straight on about its own business without returning to charge again. This particular lady I chanced to disturb as I was coming home one morning, and as I had been leading the way for some hours, while we walked through grass about four feet high, which is pretty stiff work, my gun-bearer had taken up the task of breaking the trail on our homeward journey. Suddenly I saw a rhino standing behind a small bush, about fifteen yards ahead. "Look out!" I shouted, and as the words left my lips, the rhino uttered the usual wheezy, double-noted war-cry, and came straight for us. At the time I was carrying my Mannlicher rifle, and the gun-bearer had my .577 Express, furnished

with stops, and as those were on, he was not able to let off the rifle as he tried to do, although I had always told him that he was not on any account to shoot. For rifle bullets fired by an inexperienced hand are apt to resemble the arrow which "finds mark the archer little meant." However, I fired into the rhino's face at once, and managing to get in two shots before she reached us, just turned her in time. I fancied at the time that she stumbled, and that somehow I must have hit her fore-leg, but of course she was out of sight in the high grass within a few yards after passing us. I ran after her, and gave her two more shots as she was turning to come back, and then, as my magazine was empty, one cartridge having been fired earlier in the morning, I looked for the gun-bearer with the other rifle, and saw him crouching under a bush, jabbering and fiddling with the hammer and triggers of the Express.

"Give it here!" I exclaimed, but either unwilling to part with his weapon of defence, or frightened out of his wits, he held it away and tried to stop my taking it. Having no time to argue the point, I briefly gave him my opinion of his conduct, and then collaring him, made myself master of the rifle and effectually finished off the rhino. And then for the first time I became aware of the presence of a tiny young rhino, and recognised that it was on her baby's account that the mother had shown so much determination. The plucky little chap was by no

means inclined to come to terms, but snorted and several times threatened to charge us, and the fear of the gun-bearer was quite ludicrous. It turned out, however, that there was yet another rhino, a two-year-old, pretty handy, and when this kept running round us a short distance off the little fellow ultimately joined him, and the pair went off together. I discovered that one of my Mannlicher bullets had hit the rhino on the head between the ears, and being a hollow-nosed bullet had expanded and failed to penetrate, but the fragments were all lodged in one of the ears. No doubt when I saw the rhino stumble she was rather stunned by the shock, and this made her rather slow in turning for the second charge, and gave me time to get my Express. On our return to camp I found there a number of Wakamba men and women, and told them that if they each would carry a load for me for three days I would give them as much meat as they could carry. When they agreed to this proposition I sent them all back to the dead rhino with my gun-bearer, and they spent the afternoon in cutting it up. On the next day every man and woman took his or her load, carrying it suspended by a strap fastened round the forehead. I have seen the hill natives in India carrying huge loads in this way, and at Darjeeling I watched a man carrying a cottage piano up to the hotel from the railway station. The loads carried for me by the Wakamba were quite small, and they took them cheerfully along in company with the far heavier loads of



Early Morning in a Village, Lake Yipi, Kilima-Njaro.

Cutting up a Rhino for Meat.



rhino meat which they were carrying on their own account. As I have already stated, the women carried the heaviest loads, no doubt according to the custom of the country, to which the modern suffragette might pay a passing visit with some advantage to herself and society at large. At the end of three days the party came to me and said that they were now going home, as they had done what they had agreed to do, and so left me. We parted company on the best of terms, and I considered that they had behaved excellently well, as they could easily have slipped off in the night as soon as they had got their rhino meat. It is evident that trades unions have not yet invaded this part of Africa, and that it is the habit of the workman to keep faith with his employer.

GIRAFFE.

My specimen of this animal I shot at the foot of Kilima-Njaro. Giraffes go about in small bands, ranging from two to twelve in number. Certainly in any case I never counted more than twelve together. They run in so awkward and shambling a fashion, and look so quaintly clumsy with their long necks stuck out, that I occasionally alarmed a band for the sole purpose of seeing them stampede. They are difficult animals to stalk, as owing to their great height they get splendid views of the surrounding country when standing to feed on the tall acacia and mimosa trees. The old giraffe becomes very grey about the face, and

it is easy to pick out in a herd the parents and grandparents of the family. The meat is distinctly coarse, but my porters seemed to relish it,—in fact, all meat is good in their eyes, though hippo and eland are the favourites, as being about the only kinds which carry any fat. If they get a chance of plenty of meat, the native porters will sit up all night roasting the flesh on wooden skewers at the fire, and gorging themselves to such an extent that on the following day they are perfectly useless and are constantly asking for medicine, not unlike children who never know when they have had enough and will eat sweet things till they are sick. As I seem to have known even grown-up women in England do pretty well the same thing, and—if I may use the expression in connection with civilised and educated people—make considerable pigs of themselves, it is difficult to find fault with the poor African black when he occasionally over-eats himself. Some of the natives declare that giraffe meat produces a rash on their skins, but I think this is pure imagination, and that the fact of the animal itself having a spotted or mottled skin causes the fanciful native who has done himself too well to suppose that the spots are transferable. I am afraid that if the native really gets spots at all, these are a mere natural result of over-eating, and that a gorge of hippo, eland, or any other kind of meat would produce the same effect.

Let me add that the giraffe's only means of defence is striking with the fore-foot, as it sometimes does when wounded.

ZEBRA.

These live in big herds in East Africa, and vary considerably in the marking and also in the colour of the stripes, which range from a light chocolate to black. Burchell's is the East African zebra, and is the commonest kind of game in that country. Without any exaggeration, I have seen herds that could be numbered by thousands, and these have been so tame that I have walked about amongst them, and have stood within fifteen yards of many in the open plains near Kilima-Njaro. Burchell's zebra stands about 40 inches high. The meat is quite nice to eat, but the fat is too strong to be palatable.

On the Athi plains the less common zebra, standing about 52 inches high, congregates in great numbers with hartebeest and gazelles, but it is impossible to get near them in the open, because if the wildest of the animals bolts the others are sure to follow the example. Lions eat quantities of zebras, as well as of the other kinds of game; the zebras being their favourite food, possibly because they are the easiest to catch. Having killed their prey, the lions are extremely neat in their method of disembowelling it, leaving the entire carcase quite neat and tidy, and doing the whole work much better than the ordinary native does.

Zebra have been broken in, both in South Africa and other places, and make useful draught animals, but are not of much use for riding, although I have seen them in Paris with Spanish saddles on for

children to ride. The combination of the gaudy saddle and striped steed must have almost as strong a fascination for a child as the seaside goat carriage.

OSTRICH.

These huge birds are usually found in herds of five or six, and are very wary and difficult to stalk, as they generally keep to the open plain where there is practically no cover. Only when I discovered them near low bush or high grass was I able to get a comparatively easy shot at them. They have the most splendid eyesight, and sometimes when I saw tiny specks moving in the far distance on the open plains, I put up my telescope to find that the specks were ostriches which, having sighted myself and my men, were running away at full speed with extended wings. As they always run with their heads thrown back, the spread of the wings helps them to keep their balance. They are reputed to be able to run at a speed of twenty-six miles an hour, and to be capable of maintaining this pace for an indefinite period. The length of the stride when running is something over twenty feet, and the track, by reason of their having only one long and one small toe, is very peculiar. As I have said before, if one leg is broken the bird is not able to hop, but falling on the side of the broken limb and kicking the ground hard with the other leg, spins round with great rapidity. The thigh is excellent eating, but on the breast and wings there is no meat worth looking for. The

greatest number of eggs we found in a nest was twelve, and a single egg will make an omelet big enough to satisfy two or three hungry men. On the morning when I shot three lions within a few seconds, I discovered that they had been eating an ostrich, but how they managed to catch it remains a mystery to this day. The feathers of a wild ostrich are of very little value unless the bird is killed when moulting, before the feathers are fully grown ; for they are always scrubbing their feathers on the ground, and rub off the sheen and fray the edges in the course of their dust-bath.

WART-HOG.

This is the commonest wild pig in East Africa, and although not so big as the largest Asiatic pig, far and away uglier ; in fact, with its big warty protrusions outside each eye, and also above the tushes themselves, the wart-hog may be written down as one of the most hideous of wild animals. Standing about 28 to 30 inches high, it is of a brownish-grey colour, while the hair is long and stiff, but much thinner on the coat than in the case of the Indian pig. The meat is good, but the Mahomedan natives in Somaliland, as well as in India, not only refuse to touch the meat, but will not even carry the pig back to camp. The wart-hog will not turn to fight when wounded, but often goes to ground in an ant-bear's hole, entering it head first, but turning round as it descends and facing outwards. The tusk of the male is 14 to

16 inches long, and is very strong and thick ; the female also has large tusks, but not as large as those of the male.

CAPE BUFFALO.

I have only shot two kinds of wild cattle, the Gaur bison of India and the Cape buffalo of Africa, both very noble animals which inspire the sportsman with a feeling of respect. Having got the Indian bison, I was especially keen to secure the other, the next finest, or indeed, as it seems to me, the only other species of the genus "bos" which is at once procurable by the wandering hunter, and entitled to a patent of nobility. For the few survivors of the European wild bull are dwellers in royal forests and reserved for royal purposes, and the American buffalo is practically extinct, so far as the sportsman is concerned.

Near Nairobi, in British East Africa, there is a hill which goes by the name of Donio Sabuk, and is an attractive spot to hunters, for there nearly every variety of East African game is to be found at one or other season of the year. On the top of the high hill is an open patch of grass surrounded on all sides by thick jungle. Staying in the district, I made an early start one morning with the hope of reaching this spot before the buffalo whose tracks I had marked retired into the shelter of the jungle for the day, as is their invariable custom after the sun has fairly risen. The walking was very bad, as the grass, in addition to being both

long and wet, conceals in many places the presence of large stones, and it took me a good two hours to reach the top of the hill. Fortunately it was a dull day, and in the absence of bright sunshine I found four full-grown buffaloes still feeding. Three of the quartette had calves, and as the fourth, which had no calf, looked the largest of the party, I felt sure that it was a bull. It chanced to be the nearest to me, and on the instant that I caught sight of it, it also saw me, and stared at me with its nose high in the air, so directly facing me that I was obliged to risk a frontal shot for fear that the party would bolt into the thick bush if I attempted any flanking movement with the idea of getting a broadside shot. Even as it was, I feel sure that if I had taken the Mannlicher I should have killed my buffalo, as at fifty yards I could have made certain of sending a bullet into its brain. However, sitting down, I took a very careful and deliberate shot with a ten-bore Paradox which had been lent to me by an old sportsman at home, and I was anxious to try. The rifle kicked considerably, and the bullet went high, and catching the buffalo on the forehead glanced, and with that away went all four beasts into the jungle at full gallop, leaving a huge trail big enough for a cart track. I could not get in a second barrel, as a cow and calf ran between myself and the bull. There was a little blood, by means of which we tracked the wounded beast for over an hour in bush so dense that we could seldom see more than a few feet on any side of us. More than once we got within two or three yards of buffaloes without

knowing that they were near until we heard them stampede out of the opposite side of the thicket in which they had been standing as we approached them. Often we were obliged to crawl through these thickets, as, after the buffaloes had passed through, the big branches swung back and filled up the trail. Presently one of my two shikaries saw what he took to be a bull standing in a comparatively open place, with only his head and neck showing round a tree. As it moved slowly forward, I could see that it was a fine large beast, and again using the Paradox, I aimed at its neck and slightly wounded it, a big splodge of blood being at once visible, a clear proof that the bullet had failed to penetrate. Away then went the beast, leaving a lot of blood on its trail, and we followed it up into and through several beds of thick creepers about twelve feet high and in several cases a hundred yards across. We went very slowly and cautiously, as I knew that certainly one and possibly two wounded bulls were somewhere in our vicinity, and all bulls, even tame ones, are apt under the influence of pain to turn again on their tormentors. As it was very thick and dark in places, I made one of the shikaries, Ali, throw stones into the densest thickets before we commenced our crawl into them.

"Why you throw stones?" expostulated Ali, and when I explained that if a buffalo charged whilst we were crawling into one of these dark spots it might be unpleasant for us, and if he chanced to catch one of us on his horns it would be extremely uncomfortable for the party impaled, he quietly re-

marked : "Oh, you shoot him—that all right." He evidently had more faith in my powers than I had myself; for to stop a charging buffalo at a couple of yards off would be trying any man rather high. Now and again we came into what were evidently the regular haunts of buffaloes. For there were places where the dung and hoof-prints recalled the appearance of a bullock yard. But although we often heard the beasts moving, we could not get a sight of them. However, we kept steadily on the track of the one that I had last wounded, and were following it up, tracing its course by the marks of blood on the leaves, when I suddenly heard a snort, and saw something move under a thick dark bush three or four yards ahead of us. A moment later I just made out the head of a buffalo facing us, and having had quite enough of the Paradox, fired at once, aiming just below the head, with my .577 Express, and then immediately jumped on one side. Ali, who was close behind me, seeing me jump, incontinently followed my example. Just in time! For with a crash and a snort the buffalo dashed down the track past us, and then quitting the track, hustled down the hill through the bush like an avalanche, leaving a wide trail down which we ran at full speed, reaching an open space in time to see the buffalo toiling through thick low scrub up the opposite side of the gully, and evidently lame. It was then about a hundred yards off, and moving very slowly, so that I was able to take the Mannlicher from Ali, and to hit the buffalo in the back of the head with a solid bullet, which killed it in-

stantaneously. When we examined the head, we found that the bullet was smashed to powder on the atlas bone, and the bone was shivered into atoms. And, after all, it turned out to be a cow—a hideous disappointment after our two and a half hours' hard work in tracking it through thick tropical bush. What had made the poor beast charge so savagely was the fact that she had a little calf, which we only saw later on. Her horns measured $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches across at the widest place, and 28 inches from tip to tip. We had had a really exciting time in the bush, as there was always present a sort of feeling that something might happen at any moment. May it not be said that in these sudden happenings lies half the charm of big-game hunting? I went back, and spent the rest of the morning hunting for the bull I had originally wounded, but never saw a sign of him, or of any other buffalo, and it was evident that I had scared them all away. The height of Donio Sabuk, let me say, is about 7000 feet above the sea, and measured by my aneroid 1950 feet above the river on which I was camped. In one way I was rather unfortunate, as there were not many buffalo in British South Africa in that particular year, on account of the rinderpest which had raged through the country a short time before, not only killing off most of the tame cattle and wild buffalo, but even attacking the bovine antelope. The poor natives had indeed been having a bad time. For while their cattle were being decimated by rinderpest, a three years' drought had wrought havoc among themselves, so much

so that, as I said before, in one tribe alone more than 40,000 children had died of starvation before any steps for relief had been taken by the Government. The natives themselves put all this down to the Uganda railway, which was then in course of construction. But whether they thought that the ruling powers were too much occupied with road-making to pay any attention to the wants of starving humanity, or whether they regarded the railway itself as a diabolical and death-dealing innovation, is a problem which I never solved to my own satisfaction.

The Masai, to whom I have already alluded, live entirely on cattle, sheep, and milk, with the result that they are the most excellent game-preservers. For none of the other natives venture to go out on to the plains, where most of the game is to be found. The Masai, indeed, may be said to occupy all the open plains, while the other tribes, who live in fear of them, confine themselves to the forest ground. Referring to the fact that the Masai fight with long spears which are used at close quarters only, whilst the hill natives fight with poisoned arrows, at first sight it struck me as extraordinary that men armed with weapons like spears, comparatively useless except in a fight at close quarters, should have the better of men who, being armed with poisoned arrows, could fight at a distance. And yet, putting such comparatively modern innovations as Maxims, breech-loaders, and even gunpowder out of the question, has it not been the same with barbaric warfare since time immemorial ?

The arrows of the Persians might indeed have obscured the sun, but what sort of stand did they make against the spear-bearing Greeks? And apart from our Maxims and so forth, the battle of Omdurman might have been only too dearly won. Unfortunately for the hill-fighters, the poisoned arrow is by no means instantaneously as fatal as the English long arrow proved itself to be in our early wars with France, and the knowledge that requital with the deadly spear-thrust is imminent has a tendency to upset the aim. These Masai are a proud race, and refuse to do any kind of work for the white man. They are very active, and are splendid runners, and on one occasion I was more fortunate than my neighbours in being able to coax a service out of them by the simple process of challenging their prowess. As it happened, I had a mule which, when once it got loose, was most difficult to catch, as it would gallop all over the plains as fast as any of the zebras or other wild animals, which it was very fond of joining when it got clear of us. It was indulging in one of its normal escapades when some Masai came to visit me, and I suggested to them that if they could catch my mule I would give them a small money reward. They took it as the best joke imaginable, and with one accord started in pursuit of the mule, which we could see on the plain some three miles off. Within a very short time they ran the animal down and brought it into camp, roaring with delight over the fun of the thing.



Masai Recruits, East African Rifles.



Masai Recruits, East-African Rifles, after one month's drill.

Here is another short story illustrative of the ways of the Masai. While I was at Nairobi my host there, an engineer on the line, having lost some cows, lodged a complaint with the Masai chief, who at once sent him not only two good cows but a woman with a large family to look after them. To his gift the chief added a message to the effect that if any cows were stolen again my host was to kill the woman and all her family. Fortunately no more cows were lost, and the family party continued to live in the stable with the cows.

Though my host was a very keen farmer, he certainly had not had a very good education in the matter of poultry-farming. For on going round his poultry-yard I saw roaming about a lot of barndoors cocks and cockerels of all sizes and ages, and on inquiry found that my host had so arranged matters that every hen was to have its own mate. Most highly favoured of all the ladies was the solitary hen turkey, who had no less than three old bubbly-jocks to dance attendance on her.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANTELOPE OF AFRICA.

I now seem to be nearing the conclusion of my hunts in Africa,—hunts in the course of which, sometimes with comparative ease and sometimes after much toil and trouble, I was for the most part successful in obtaining the specimens in search of which I had crossed the waters.

Apart from the larger animals already mentioned, a good many varieties of “Antelope” fell to my gun and rifle during my wanderings in Africa, and if now and again some of my “heads” in that continent were lightly won, the acquisition of others may be said to have provided no mean sport. When dealing with those varieties of antelope, I have been careful, in the interest of either reader or intending hunter, to mention in every case the district in which I found them. If my list appears at first sight to be somewhat lengthy, let me say in self-defence that I have neither been—except of carnivorous birds and reptiles—a wanton killer, nor have I been accustomed to estimate sport by the size or weight of the bag, but that I have killed when either in search of a specimen, or when it has

been necessary to provide food for the camp. It is useless to expect either hunters or porters to work properly day after day without being properly fed, and in the wilds of Africa, where some of my hunting was done, the boss of the expedition must be prepared to do his own butchering for the camp, or to go altogether without meat.

ORYX CALOTIS.

Differing from the Oryx Beisa in having long hairs at the end of the ears, this oryx may be found in small herds round Kilima-Njaro, a mountain on the borders of British East Africa. I never saw more than eight or ten of these antelopes together, and found them very wary and difficult to approach, so much so, indeed, that it cost me three days' hard stalking to circumvent one solitary old male. I saw him for the first time in a very undulating country from the top of a little hill, and as he happened to be lying near a clump of thorn bushes, I flattered myself that I was going to get within shot of him pretty easily. When, however, I had gone a long way round, carefully keeping behind every bit of available cover, my oryx saw some hartebeest moving off, and taking alarm followed them on to an open plain, where there was no grass or cover of any kind. On the following day I sighted him again in a ravine, but as he was lying on a sandy slope, and was very much of the same colour as the ground, I had not seen him quickly enough. For he saw me first from a dis-

tance of at least a mile, as I was peering over into his retreat, and made off over the next ridge, and although I spent the whole of that day in looking for him, I never set eyes upon him till the third morning. Then I spied him in the same place, but the wind was all wrong, and catching my scent he went out on to the open plain, where I could see him for miles going straight away from me. As, however, I spied a herd of hartebeest ahead of him, it occurred to me that he would probably stay with them. Accordingly by utilising a dry watercourse and some scrubby bush, I eventually got within five hundred yards of the herd lying down, and saw my oryx among them, and although he had his head turned my way, he seemed to be quite happy and contented. Leaving my gun-bearer well out of sight, I began crawling, or I should rather say wriggling, towards the herd—not indeed venturing to crawl on my hands and knees, but having recourse to the very slow and tedious method of lying flat on my face and pushing myself forward with my toes without bending my body at all. After about an hour of this work, finding that my clothes were full of cactus prickles, and that my hands and knees were being terribly pricked and scratched, I made up my mind to risk a long shot for fear that one of the herd might see me and alarm all the others. So taking a very careful and deliberate aim I missed the oryx clean, whereupon he jumped up, and in the most obliging manner galloped straight towards me, giving me an easy shot at two hundred yards. I hit him first rather far



Oryx.



Stein-buck, British East Africa.

back in the ribs, and then through the shoulder, and he rolled over dead. As I was many miles away from camp I took his head only, and reached the camp as it was getting dark. I will own to having felt pretty well done up after having been on the go for the whole day, with the searching equatorial sun baking my back for most of the time.

ORYX BEISA.

In Somaliland there are large herds of these lovely antelope, and as both the males and females have equally long horns, it is difficult at a distance to distinguish the one from the other. They are excellent eating, and the Somalis use the skins for making their small round shields. The hunter finds little difficulty in getting as many of these antelope as he wants, either for specimens or food, although in places where the Midgans, whom I have already described as the gipsies of Somaliland, have rounded up herds with their dogs, and shot many of the antelopes with their poisoned arrows, the survivors are shy and very wary.

On one occasion I saw a bull beisa in a thick bush apparently butting something on the ground. He took no notice of me as I walked up to him, and when I shot him I found that the poor beast was stone blind, and that the skin was hanging off his legs where he had been caught in a fire and terribly burned, while a big Snider bullet was imbedded in the skin of his neck, probably fired years before by an Abyssinian, as the Somalis at that period

were not armed with rifles. These oryx stand about 46 inches high at the withers, and carry a straight horn some 30 to 36 inches in length. In British East Africa the herds are small, ranging in number from two to fifteen, but in Somaliland upwards of a hundred may be seen in a single herd. They are very quick with their horns, and dangerous to approach when lying wounded,—so much so, indeed, that men have occasionally been killed when going up to cut their throats.

ELAND.

These antelopes are very scarce nowadays in East Africa, and in the whole course of my trip I only saw about a dozen. The bull which I killed I saw one afternoon, when I was strolling up a knoll close to my camp without my rifle. As he was walking along by himself, and moving in the direction of the camp, I ran back and got a rifle; but on my return to the knoll, finding that he had already passed under it, I followed him up and got an easy chance, as he kept on the same line facing about three-quarters away from me. I shot him behind the shoulder, and he dropped instantaneously. Being within half a mile of camp, I shouted to the men to come and bring in the meat, as of all the wild animals in that part of the globe the native prefers to eat the eland, for the simple reason that it carries most fat. When, not a little to my surprise, no one appeared in response to my shouts, I went back to the camp and found all the men

busily employed in cooking some hartebeest meat. They were at first inclined to take absolutely no notice of my arrival, going on with their cooking, and eyeing me with looks that seemed to say they had no intention of going out to fetch either meat, head, or horns, so long as they had plenty of meat in stock. Determined not to tolerate insubordination of this type, I went into my tent and picked up a "kiboko" which lay handy, but had no occasion to use it, for on its appearance every man was off like a shot, and although it was then quite dark, within a very short time we had the head and all the meat safe in camp. On the next morning, as I went out, I passed the spot where the eland had lain, but there was no sign of him left, those thoroughgoing scavengers, the hyenas, having removed every trace of bones and entrails.

The eland, with many other bovine antelopes, were nearly exterminated when the rinderpest raged through the country and killed off nearly all the cattle a few years prior to my visit. They are the largest and the heaviest of all the antelopes, standing 6 feet high at the withers, and often carrying a great deal of fat. The ears are small and pointed, the horns very strong, but only about 30 inches long. The females have horns, but these are not so stout as those of the males. The meat, as I have said, is excellent eating, closely resembling beef, but nicer, and streaked with alternate layers of fat and lean. They live on fairly open ground where there are occasional patches of woodland.

LESSER KOODOO.

We saw a good many of these in Somaliland ; they live in thick bush, and are wonderfully protected by nature, their grey skins with white stripes down the back and sides harmonising so well with the sun shining through the dense foliage, that unless they move it is most difficult to detect their presence. They are very wary, and the hunter's best chance of getting a shot lies in donning rubber-soled boots, and following up their tracks through the bush as quietly as possible. The females have no horns, and their skins are yellowish brown, with white and black stripes alternating down the centre of the back, and diagonal stripes down the ribs, shoulders, and flanks. They are white inside the legs and under the tail, which is about nine inches long. They are generally found in pairs.

I had great luck with one male. Having seen it in a patch of thick bush as we were moving camp, I returned to look for it some days later, and knowing that it would take me practically the whole day to get to the spot and back to camp, and leave very little if any spare time for hunting, I rode with my gun-bearer straight to the place where I had seen the koodoo, and finding it in exactly the same spot, killed it and started on my homeward journey with the head in less than half an hour after our arrival. A very lucky day, this ! The male of this species stands about 40 inches high at

the withers. Like the Greater Koodoo, it has very large ears, but unlike that species it never leaves thick bush, either of thorn or tamarisk, and always remains in the vicinity of water. The horns are about 2 feet long measured in a straight line, or 2 feet 6 inches measured round the curves, and are very handsome, but do not spread out wide at the tips like those of the majority of the Greater Koodoos. The species is only found in Somaliland and British East and Central Africa. As they bark loudly when they scent the sportsman, but do not bark when they see him, the chances are that he who hears even one bark will never sight the animal, as it is pretty sure to have run away on the instant that it has scented danger.

GREATER (OR BIG) KOODOO.

These are far and away the handsomest of all the antelopes, and as they live in the hills, will generally be found in pretty surroundings. I obtained my own specimens in Somaliland, where, though the horns are not so long as they are farther south, they have a good wide spread, and are very thick and strong. Though there are larger varieties of antelope, no other species presents so striking an appearance, with the grand and bold spiral horns measuring about 50 inches round the curve, the fine broad curve outwards measuring nearly 40 inches from tip to tip, the white V-shaped mark on the nose, the white cheek spots on a grey face, a noble

fringe or ruff of hair running down the throat to the fore-legs, and a darker mane extending down the back of the neck to beyond the withers.

These antelopes are sometimes to be found in the low-lying heavy bush at the foot of rough hilly ground in the vicinity of water, but more often frequent the rocky hillsides where there are open patches between thick bush-covered banks. They have wonderfully sharp hearing, on which they doubtless depend for protection more than on their eyesight. The colour of the male is a slaty grey, while the female, which is hornless, is more of a fawn colour. They both have nine to twelve white lines down their sides, from the backbone to the belly, and, except perhaps to the specially trained eye, are most difficult to see when standing still in thick cover. I have been within twenty yards of one, and the shikaries have tried to point him out to me for two or three minutes without my being able to see him, until, growing tired of being pointed at, he suddenly bolted without giving me a shot. At the end of ten days' hunting I had only been able to secure two specimens, one quite good, the other fair only, though carrying wide and strong horns. Having seen one over-night we started for the same spot at daybreak, but owing to a thick mist could do no good for some considerable time. Then moving our ground, and looking over a ridge, we sighted and disturbed a number of hinds, or, as they should more properly be called, cows. An examination of the tracks revealed that there had been a large bull koodoo amongst the herd, and we tracked

and followed him up until 10 A.M., when I had tiffin, and sent the men to look for the trail which we had lost on some rocks hard by. At the end of half an hour they came back, and just as they reached us we saw a big koodoo racing up the other side of a ravine opposite to us some hundred yards away. Not being able to see the intermediate ground, I entirely miscalculated the distance, and thinking him to be farther off than he really was, missed him with three shots which I fired right over him. Fortunately he stood and gave me the chance of a fourth shot, which broke his fore-leg high up. I then got a snapshot over a bush as he was running off, and hit him below the tail, on which he turned and went straight down into a ravine below, and again stood, whereupon I shot him in front of the shoulder and killed him. My success caused great rejoicing and hand-shaking among my men. Small wonder! For my shikaries had worked hard to get me a koodoo, and the labour of walking hour after hour, while tracking over rough and stony ground, with bare feet and under a scorching sun, must have been trying in the extreme. As they had gone through the same ordeal day after day without flinching or complaining, it may easily be gauged what keen sportsmen these fine fellows were. The horns of this koodoo were $45\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches across the tips, and very strong. My other specimen carried horns 53 inches long, but narrower and less massive. Nor had it so handsome a head, while both the face and neck were much marked by fighting.

KLIPSPRINGER.

This very pretty little antelope, which has a very rough and hard coat, not unlike that of a hedgehog in appearance, is found in Somaliland, British East Africa, and many other parts of the continent. The hair differs from that of any other antelope, indeed I might almost say animal, being thick and flattened, very stiff in quality, of a whitish colour for three-quarters of the length, then brown with a greenish tip. The klipspringer has large round eyes of a dark colour, which show up very prominently by contrast with the green-tipped hair. It stands some 20 inches in height, and the horns are 3 to 4 inches long. Generally going about in twos and threes, it lives on rocks and rough stony ground, and may often be seen perched on a big stone with all four feet together. Like most small antelope it is very good to eat, though for some reason or other my porters did not seem to appreciate it.

CHANDLER'S REED-BUCK.

Although resembling other reed-bucks in appearance, this species, so far from living amongst reeds in low-lying swampy ground, is commonly to be met with on higher ground on low hills. The buck generally go about either in pairs or parties of three. Standing about 30 inches high, they carry horns some 6 inches long, and have hair of a light reddish fawn colour.

BOHOR: REED-BUCK. (*Ceriocapra Bohor.*)

Of this species I got one specimen only, whilst I was walking through some high reeds on low-lying swampy ground, with all my porters walking in Indian file behind me, chattering and laughing. The inquisitive little creature simply stood still and stared at us, and paid the penalty of its rashness. It is much larger than Chandler's reed-buck, and carries horns turning inwards at the tips, about 12 inches long.

WATER-BUCK.

The water-buck, which stands about 39 inches high, always lives in or near wet and swampy places, but may frequently be found feeding on dry ground near water. It carries strong annulated horns which turn back, and has rough coarse hair, with a white line across the rump. The meat is not particularly good, being of a distinctly coarse quality. They usually go about in small herds, with probably only one big male to six or eight females or young males. But as I often saw solitary males, I think that they may follow the example of the red deer in the rutting season. They are pretty tough, and take a lot of killing; one old male required four bullets to finish him. I should add, however, that the three first were solid bullets which had been put in my Mannlicher clip by mistake, and had all gone clean through his ribs,

before the last—a hollow-nosed bullet—finished him off. Probably any one of the other three shots might have proved fatal in course of time.

KIRK'S DIKDIK.

A tiny little antelope with very short horns, ridged at the base, only about 2 inches long. The ears are longer than the horns, and there is a tuft of long hair behind the horns. It has a particularly long nose, and lives in dry flat ground amongst rough grass and short bushy scrub.

I found one near Taveta in British East Africa, and sending a man to drive each bit of cover towards me, killed it with a shot-gun. It is reputed to be too strong in taste for eating, but I found it quite palatable.

PHILIP'S DIKDIK.

Another tiny and very graceful antelope, to be found in Somaliland. It is about the size of a rabbit, but of course has longer legs. We shot several specimens with shot-guns.

STEIN-BUCK.

These are fairly plentiful at the foot of Kilima-Njaro. They are sandy-red in colour, and have very large eyes and ears. The horns, which are smooth and slender, are $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 inches long. I managed to get a photograph of one within twenty yards, which shows how easy they are to shoot.

HARVEY'S DUYKER.

This species, a reddish-brown little duyker with a black stripe down the nose, I also found in the region of Kilima-Njaro. They are thickly made and sturdy animals, carrying short thick horns both in male and female. They lie very close in the thick grass of the jungle until the hunter almost walks over them, when they suddenly dart away.

SPEKE'S GAZELLE.

Also found in Somaliland. The head, neck, back, and quarters are of a pale fawn colour, with a darker later line; the belly, throat, chest, and inside of the legs are white. The horns of the male are from 9 to 11 inches long, those of the female shorter and weaker. This gazelle has a peculiar wrinkled skin in four folds above the nose, which distinguishes it from any other species of gazelle or antelope. It is found in the open country in small herds, ranging from four to seven.

PELZELE'S GAZELLE.

This very closely resembles the last-named species, but lacks the wrinkle above the nose, and is rather longer in the face and lighter in colour. It stands about 24 inches in height. I found it near Bulhar in Somaliland.

THOMSON'S GAZELLE.

Thomson's gazelle stands about 25 inches in height, and is of a sandy-red colour, with a black lateral band, and white on the belly, chest, throat, and inside of the legs. It is found in British East Africa in herds of thirty or more, and is one of the commonest gazelles on the plains. The male carries horns measuring 14 or 15 inches, but those of the female are quite small.

GRANT'S GAZELLE.

This very handsome gazelle, which stands about 34 inches in height, and carries a lovely lyre-shaped horn, longer than that of any other gazelle, is fawn in colour with slight lateral bands, white on the belly and as far as the tail. The females have smaller and shorter horns than the males. I got my best specimens near Kilima-Njaro, but they are found all over the East African Protectorate, generally on rocky ground and far away from water.

SOEMMERING'S GAZELLE.

This species, the "Awal" of Somaliland, stands about 35 inches in height, frequents the open plains in large herds, and is very common. The horns are long and much ringed, curving outwards till near the tips, when they turn inwards and point directly towards each other. The horns of the females are nearly as long as those of the males, but lighter and

smoother. They are of a uniform fawn colour, and not particularly graceful, being more heavily built than other gazelles.

WALLER'S GAZELLE.

This species, the "Gerenuk" of Somaliland, is plentiful in that country, ranging in small bands of three to six, but in British East Africa comparatively scarce. These gazelles are very slight and tall, standing nearly 40 inches at the shoulder, and having a long neck, which enables them to reach the tender shoots of bushes and trees, their staple food. Sometimes they stand up on their hind legs in order to reach as high as possible with their forefeet, which they support against the branches and trunks of trees as they feed. They are never found in thick bush, but live entirely in thin and open bush, and when disturbed they do not gallop off after the fashion of other gazelles and antelopes, but run with their heads down. The males carry horns ranging up to 16 inches in length, and very strong for so light an animal, but the females are hornless. They are a reddish fawn in colour.

ROAN ANTELOPE.

These fine beasts, which stand about 56 inches at the withers, are of a greyish fawn colour, with a mane which extends from the horns over the withers to the middle of the back. They are white below the eyes and round the mouth, dark grey on the

cheeks and between the eyes nearly down to the nose. The ears are very long, narrow, and pointed, the horns short for the size of the animal, measuring only about 24 inches, but strong and heavily ridged, curving backwards. The females have no horns.

I got my specimens in British East Africa, in open forest among the hills, and although the species is comparatively scarce, I saw several small herds of from six to eight. They are extremely vigilant and difficult to approach, and I was out for many days before I got one.

CUMMING'S BUSH-BUCK.

This lovely antelope, a denizen of British East Africa, is very difficult to find, as it lives in dense bush. It stands about 26 inches high, and the male has spiral horns, 12 to 14 inches in length, while the female is hornless. The colour is a light brownish red, with four or five distinct white stripes on the body, and white spot on the haunch.

Difficult as it is of approach, I found a weird fascination in prowling quietly about in thick jungle with the hope of encountering these lovely little buck, as in the course of my roamings I saw a wonderful variety of bird and insect life, and at intervals got most interesting glimpses in every direction.

SWAYNE'S HARTEBEEST.

This ugly and ungainly looking animal, with its long face, thick twisted horns, and drooping hind quarters, stands about 47 inches high at the withers, and is of a chocolate-brown colour, with a black face intersected by a fawn line below the eyes. It is very common in Northern Somaliland, where it is found in large herds.

COKE'S HARTEBEEST.

This species, to which the natives give the name "Kongoni," stands about 45 inches high, is bright fawn in colour, and carries a long tail. The horns are short and thick, and, as is also the case with Swayne's hartebeest, bracket shaped. It is found north of Kilima-Njaro in East Africa, and often associates with other game, such as Grant's and Thomson's gazelle, eland, zebra, &c., on the vast plains. It is a wary animal, and while the rest of the herd is feeding on the plain, a sentinel is always left on an ant-hill, or some piece of high ground. These hartebeest can gallop at a great pace, and at the breeding season in November they leave their little calves in the grass during the daytime, and watch over their safety from a distance.

WHITE-BEARDED GNU.

Found in large herds on the Athi plains in British East Africa, these are very amusing animals to watch, as they behave very like wild

ponies, performing the same antics of frisking, dancing about, and kicking up their heels, and, except that they have horns, much resemble ponies. They are migratory in their habits, moving northwards or southwards according to the time of year. They stand about 46 inches high, with fine legs and long tails, and are dark brown or almost black in colour. The heads are rather like those of oxen but much more shaggy, and, having long faces and Roman noses, look disproportionately large for the bodies.

IMPALA.

This very handsome medium-sized East African antelope is found in herds ranging from ten to sixty, seldom more. It stands 36 inches in height, and is of a reddish-brown colour, with white belly and throat. The horns of the male, measuring from 17 to 22 inches in length, are very graceful and peculiar in shape, being lyrate, and annulated to within a few inches of the points. The female is hornless. They prefer open park-like country, with small patches of thin bush interspersed with strips of grass on which they feed. When alarmed, they bound high in the air before starting to run away.

I have now come to the end of my tale of antelopes killed in Africa, and will reserve those killed in other continents for a later chapter. Let me say, before taking leave of this subject and breaking new ground, that although I have some-

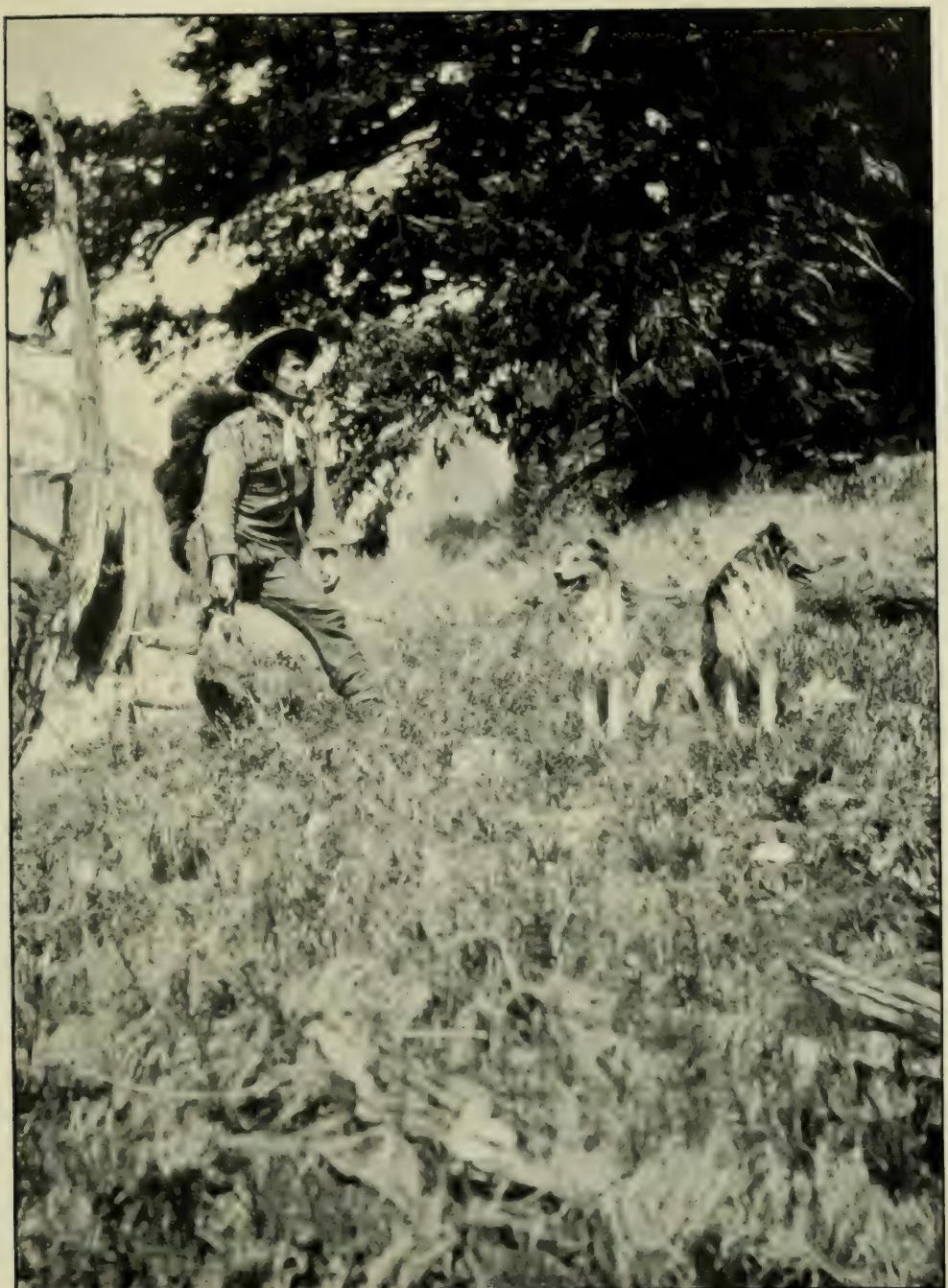
times had recourse to a Natural History in order to identify a species, the notes I have made in the matter of the habits and customs, measurements and colouring of the various species, have been the results of my own experience and observation. Here and again a Natural History is almost essential to the hunter, but he must be a poor sportsman indeed who does not to a certain extent rely upon his own powers of observation.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEARS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

EARLY in April 1899 I started from Lillooet, a small town about sixty miles from Ashcroft, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to hunt up Bridge river and some of the deep valleys running into it.

My party consisted of M., my hunter; P., an Indian who came as cook and to help with the horses; six pack horses and three riding horses which I hired from M., who in addition supplied all harness, saddles, some capital waterproof canvas saddle-bags, and manteaux to cover completely each horse's load, so that our food and other kit were well protected from thorns and wet. M. also brought two splendid collie dogs which were delightful companions, and one especially, Caraboo by name, took a fancy to me, treating me as if I were a little child which must not be left on any account for fear some harm should come to it. Caraboo was a fine strong yellow collie, who would face anything from a porcupine, of which there were many about, to a grizzly. He always insisted on sleeping out-



Hunter packing home Grizzly Skin and carrying the Head, Rockies.
Dogs, "Cinnamon" and "Caraboo."

side my tent, as close to my head as he possibly could get, with the unpleasant result that often in the dead of night I was startled by a ferocious growl close to my ear, a sign that Caraboo heard something moving in the neighbourhood. The Cascade mountains, on which we were camped, are a branch of the Rockies, and it is quite impossible to describe the ever-varying, glorious scenery. Below were lakes with rugged precipices falling down to the water's edge; many little islands covered with fir-trees; here and there small cascades dropping hundreds of feet straight into the clear water of the lake. Above, miles of dark-green pines up the mountain-sides, extending into open slopes covered with crags jutting out of the snow and ice, which in the early morning when the sun was rising would be a deep pink, in the evening as the sun set a deep rose, gradually toning down to a dark purple.

We stayed a few days in each likely place for bears, and while we hunted for deer or white goats for meat, we always looked for bear tracks, but saw very little sign of grizzlies till the middle of May, having evidently come too early for them. But on May 14 I found quite fresh tracks of an old grizzly in the snow and two trees which he had bitten, reaching up eight feet four inches high. By his tracks I could see that he had stood up on his hind legs with his back to the trees, and then, no doubt, stretching his neck as high as he could, had bitten the bark by turning his head sideways.

There were several old bites on one of the

trees where either he or other bears had bitten in former years; and as none of the bites were as high as the fresh ones, I concluded that the biter had either grown since he last bit, or was taller than any other bear which had used the same tree on which to record his height. The Indians say that every bear that comes along tries to bite a little higher than the highest bite already there; and unless he succeeds in doing this, knowing that a bigger bear is using the same path, and is probably in the neighbourhood, he finds it wise policy to move on elsewhere.

It was on May 21 (Whit-Sunday) that I got my first grizzly, after I had been out for seven weeks without seeing one. I was camped on the river-bank a few miles higher up than where I had seen the marks on the trees. We had moved camp that morning, as I could not find the bear on the snow-slides near; and after an early supper at 4.30—it was light up to 9 P.M.—we started out, and by 6.30 reached the bottom of a big snow-slide straight above our camp, and soon found the fresh tracks of a big bear—probably the same old grizzly whose fresh bite we had recently discovered. As the wind was blowing down the ravine we hunted up it, and came across a freshly used bear's bed, where evidently the bear had slept the night before and probably had fed up the ravine in the morning.

A careful examination of the slide with the telescope revealed nothing for some time, and we

gradually moved up the steep gully, down which a little stream was running, stopping to use the telescope every now and then when we sighted a bit of new ground. At last, to my joy, I just caught sight of the bear crossing the stream in the bed of the ravine, and told M. that I had seen him. M., however, thought the news too good to be true, and, considering that we had been working hard for so many weeks and seen nothing in the shape of a bear, it was not surprising that he was inclined to be sceptical. However, we presently saw my friend again 500 yards above us, quietly browsing like a huge fat pig, and biting *downwards*, not *up*, as a cow or a deer does. As it was getting late we walked up towards him, though he was evidently feeding down towards us, and probably had every intention of sleeping in the same bed which he had occupied on the previous night—now a good mile below us. By walking along a ridge a good bit above the stream we found much easier going, and could at the same time see more ground than would have been the case if we had gone up the bottom close to the stream. Moreover, we commanded a view of the ground between us and the stream, so that the bear could not pass below us without being seen. When we got to a thick bit of bush in the hollow, we sat down and waited for him. But as it was growing dark, and I was much afraid that after all I should not get a shot, I presently sent M. down a bit lower again to try if he could see anything of the bear,

while I waited anxiously, squinting down my Mannlicher rifle to find out if I could see the foresight. Soon I saw the top of some bush in the middle of the thicket shaking violently, and knew that my bear must be there; and as the bush kept on shaking I guessed that he was rubbing against it, and began to be afraid that he never would come out and cross a small open patch below the thicket which was sheltering him. Accordingly, by sliding down the steep bank, I got within thirty yards of the still shaking bush, and then, just as I was contemplating running straight into the thicket on the chance of seeing him and getting a shot, the bear quietly walked out into the open space close below me, and, although it was now nearly dark, gave me an easy shot, and I hit him fair behind the shoulder. He turned, growling and biting at his side as he bolted down the stream; and I lodged another bullet, which found its way into his heart, within three or four yards, and he rolled over into the little creek quite dead, with all four feet in the air and without another gasp. He was very heavy for M. and myself to move; but we managed to roll him out of the little puddle into which he had fallen, and after opening his paunch returned to camp as fast as we could, reaching it long after dark. Of course we talked over our adventures, and described the scene to P. the cook; but I cannot claim that as a narrator I enjoyed quite the same measure of success as did Othello. For

P. obviously disliked the whole affair, and, like all Red Indians, was convinced that the grizzly's death would in some way bring us bad luck. "He want to die," he said. "S'pose he no want to die, he no let bullet hurt him, and he kill you."

Starting from the camp at 4 A.M. we measured, skinned, and weighed the bear, which was very thin, and had evidently been out from hibernating for a long time, and had found very little food, owing to the lateness of the season. When I looked in the thicket where he had stopped so long before I shot him, I discovered that he had been digging up the roots of the Indian potato—a very favourite food for both bears and Indians. He weighed 478 pounds, and measured along the back, from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, $88\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and from his lower lip to the sole of his hind foot 104 inches.

A bear's track is like a huge human track without the instep, and measures in length about 10 or 11 inches, and has curved nails $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 inches long. The track is 7 to 8 inches wide, and smells almost as strongly as an old boar—so much so, indeed, that even when it has been two or three days old I have smelt it still quite distinctly. We carried the skin and skull down to camp, and after moving next day made a square frame of four strong poles and stretched the skin on it. I shot several bears after this one, but none gave me so much pleasure and satisfaction as my first;

and, as I always say, there is no doubt that the harder one has to work the more pleasure there is in getting the thing desired.

There is no close time for bears; but nature protects them very well, as they hibernate for five or six months, or possibly, on very high ground, for a longer period, and as soon as the warm weather comes they shed their coats and are not worth shooting. It follows that early spring is the proper time for shooting them. Most autumn-shot bears are killed in October, before their coats have got their full length; but November-killed bears are good, and the coat is nearly as long as it is in the early spring.

Grizzlies keep high up in the mountains, following the snow-line up as the snow gradually melts. They always stay in the highest valleys, where there are plenty of snow slides, and in the spring-time feed in the early morning and late evening round and about the slides, where the snow melts sooner than anywhere else, and the vegetation is in consequence earlier. They feed on the young grass shoots, wild celery, and many roots which they dig up in the spring-time; but they will eat almost anything that a pig will eat, and when they can get meat devour it voraciously — being capable of polishing off a whole white goat at one meal. They seem to kill a good many goats; but as the latter are very active climbers on their native rocks, it is more than probable that the comparatively heavy and clumsy grizzly catches them when they are asleep. The grizzlies eat

quantities of fruit and berries in the summer, and in September and October catch a great amount of salmon, dragging them out of quite deep pools. They are also partial to dead fish, and as the salmon die by thousands in the spawning time, by the winter the grizzlies are ponderously fat. They cannot climb trees, as their nails are too long and only adapted for digging.

The females have usually two cubs, which are born in February or March, and by the time they come out from hibernating are able to follow their mothers anywhere. It is not uncommon to see two good-sized cubs running with the mother when she has two tiny cubs of only a few weeks old. When the cubs first come out with the mother they are very weak, and can scarcely scramble after her. A big grizzly or silvertip stands 48 inches at the shoulder, and measures 90 inches from the nose to the tip of the tail, 67 inches round the chest behind the forearm, 36 inches round the biceps of the forearm, and 48 inches round the neck; from the nose to the sole of the hind foot, stretched back, 104 inches. He is not at all savage, and does not attack unless badly wounded, or so cornered that he cannot get away.

The first heavy snows in November drive the grizzlies to their winter quarters, either in caves in rocks, or under the huge piles of timber and brush which have accumulated for ages at the bottom of the snow-slides or avalanches. Several feet of new snow soon cover everything, and keep the bears' sleeping-places warm and snug, protecting them

from the piercingly cold winds which drive the thermometer often to 60 degrees below zero.

There are generally some brown—or, as they are called in Canada, “cinnamon”—bears in the lower parts of the same valleys as the grizzlies, and sometimes female black bears, but never male black bears, as the browns and grizzlies drive the male blacks away.

The skull of the grizzly male has a deep ridge from the back to the front, where the forehead begins to slope. The female has less ridge, not more, perhaps, than the brown male, whilst the brown female, and both male and female black, have no ridge, but round tops to their skulls.

Grizzlies vary in colour from light yellow to a dark blue, and are sometimes a dark chocolate, with grey hairs among the brown. The cinnamon or brown bears vary in colour from light cinnamon to dark chocolate.

The grizzly never has black cubs, but as the black female often has brown cubs on the mainland, but never on Vancouver Island, where there are no grizzlies, there is little doubt that the brown or cinnamon is a cross between the black and the grizzly.

Both the black and brown species can climb trees, and in the spring the former is generally shot in the cotton-trees, feeding on the young buds while they are in the sticky state before bursting into leaf. The Indians kill many in this way during May and June, but will not go near a grizzly. Blacks are very quiet, harmless beasts, and never show fight, and their skins, although very much smaller, fetch a

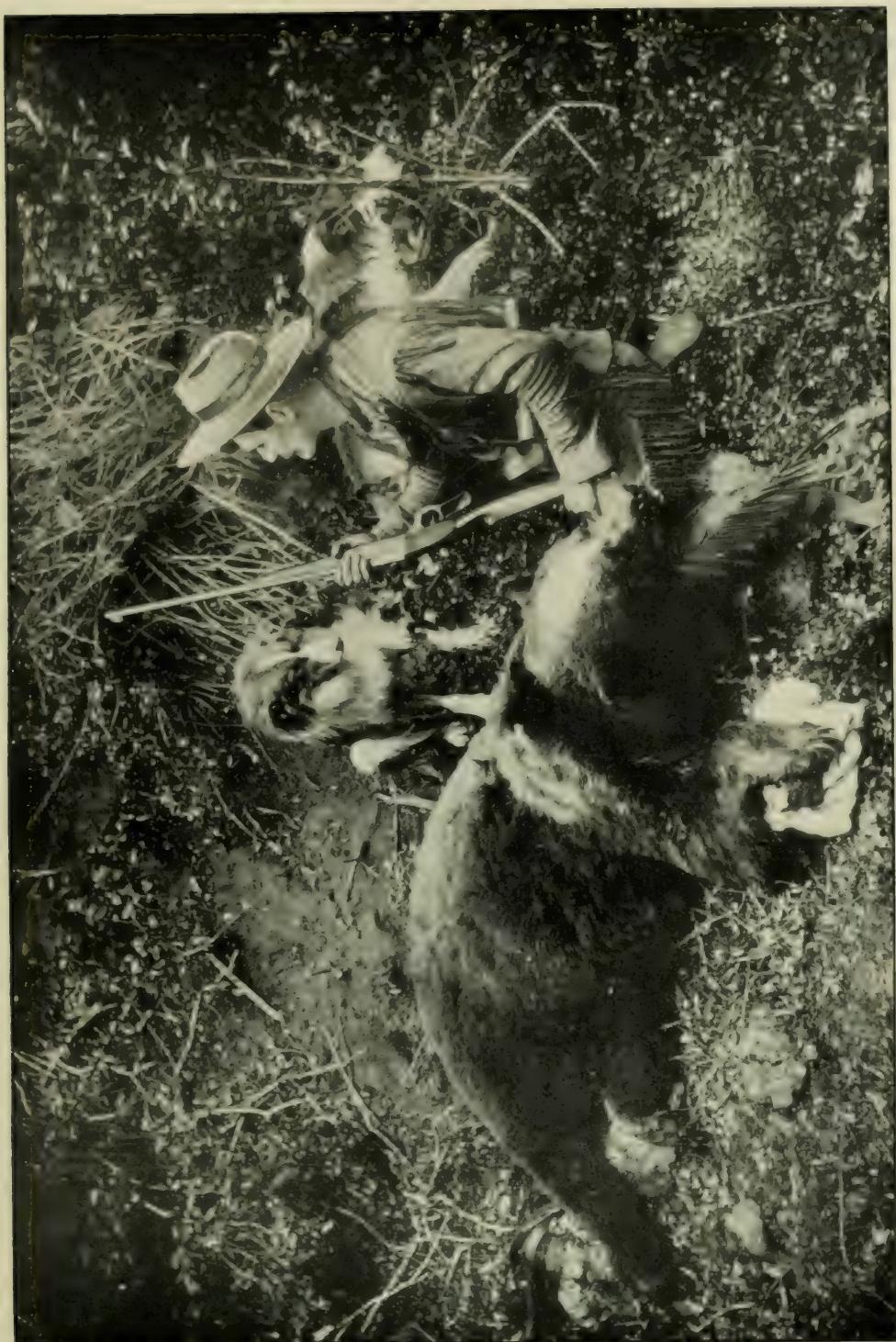
better price than grizzlies or browns. They eat large quantities of berries, but if there are any salmon in the rivers they feed on these as long as the supply continues, or until they are driven to hibernate in big, hollow trees. On Vancouver Island I have seen broad footpaths on each side of the creeks where the black bears have kept travelling up and down, hunting for salmon, and the banks of the river strewn with the heads and backbones of the salmon they have eaten. They are also fond of a strong-scented plant which goes by the name of "skunk cabbage."

We found two collie dogs most useful in following up wounded bears, though they were never able to bay an unwounded one. M.'s explanation of this was that bears in May and June are thin, and able to run long distances. In the autumn, per contra, when they are very fat, they soon get blown, and are unable to run far, and the dogs can soon bring them to bay. Caraboo always came out with me when I was hunting alone, which I generally did, as M. had a most unfortunate cough, so that he managed the camp and the skinning, stretching, and cleaning of the bear skins. There is plenty of work with each skin, especially with a grizzly's; for the animal has a very thick hide, which requires a lot of paring down, as otherwise it would be as stiff as a buffalo hide.

Caraboo always kept quite close behind me, and never ran in before I shot, or in other ways misbehaved. But sometimes, on my way home late in the evening, I chanced to get out of my

reckoning in the high fir-trees, all of which are exactly like each other, and to overshoot the place where I ought to turn off to get to camp, where-upon Caraboo would quietly rub against my leg and start off in front of me in the right direction for camp, always bringing me safely home, so that when I had him with me I was never at all nervous about losing my way.

One morning I shot a goat on a high rock, off which it fell a long way into the timber below, and was so much smashed with the fall that, not thinking the skin or meat worth taking, I left it. A few days after I was walking along above the same rock when Caraboo winded something below, which I at first thought must be the same dead goat, though the dog seemed confident that there was something that required great caution. So, as he went crouching slowly to the edge of the precipice, I followed him, but on looking over the rock could not see the white goat where I had left it at the bottom of the rock, and was rather surprised at its disappearance, when Caraboo happened to loosen a small stone which went bounding down into the timber below, and a minute or so later I saw a big brown bear two hundred yards below slowly walking up towards us, and every now and then stopping to listen. When he got nearly up to the base of the cliff and I saw him clear of trees, I sat down, and taking a deliberate shot, hit him between the shoulders, and he dropped dead in his tracks. On climbing down I found he was an old male, with many old fighting scars on his head. No doubt Caraboo's accidental



My Hunter in Rockies with a grizzly and the dog "Caraboo."



loosening of the stone had made him come towards us, under the impression that another bear was on his way to try and take his goat-meat from him. I had to hurry down to camp to get in before dark, and next morning, in a heavy snowstorm, returned to the place, skinned him, and having brought a piece of rope, rolled the skin and skull up and packed them down on my back. A big skin when green weighs sixty pounds.

This brown bear was 72 inches long from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and had no fat at all on him. He had dragged the dead goat a considerable distance, and was busy eating it when we disturbed him. I considered that this bear was Caraboo's entirely, as without the dog's help I certainly should never have seen it.

On another occasion also Caraboo recovered for me an old grizzly female which I had wounded on a snow-slide as she was running away. She got off into a lot of thick scrub, and although I was sure that I had hit her, as I found a drop of blood on a leaf, I had just given up searching for her when I heard the dogs barking lustily not far off, and on going to the place found the bear dead, close to the river, the Mannlicher bullet having entered just in front of the hind leg as she was running away, and raking forward passed through her chest and lodged in her shoulder. The worst of the Mannlicher is that it makes such a small hole where it enters, that unless it goes through the animal there is very little blood to track by. This bear measured 80 inches from the tip of her nose to the end of the tail,



and 36 inches at the shoulder. The dogs also found me a dead female black bear which I had wounded two days before quite close to camp, but not killing it dead on the spot, and having no dog, I had lost it in the thick scrub. I had seen her feeding amongst some young firs which were very close together, and although she was not far off, I could not get a clear shot at her, but seeing a space of about a foot clear, which she looked like coming to, I sat down and kept the rifle up pointing at this little break through the trees. When she got there I pulled the trigger, but was not quite quick enough, as she was walking fast, so that the bullet struck her rather far back in the stomach, and she ran a long way before dying.

Poor old Caraboo was killed soon after I got home to England by being knocked over a precipice by a wild goat which he had hunted up into a corner on some rocks. I was very sorry to hear of his tragic end, as he had been a great companion to me. He was very quiet, and, like the best men, had not much to say, and no brag or swagger about him, but when it came to the time for action he would face anything, and he killed many a coyote when it was prowling round M.'s homestead in the winter nights in quest of a sheep or a calf. I often wished that P. the cook had half Caraboo's pluck, but a more chicken-hearted creature could hardly be imagined. I think that the poor fellow had been so scared by the terrible stories of the grizzlies' cunning and ferocity that he really scarcely knew what he was

doing when he thought a grizzly might be near. In fact, both Indians and the lower-class whites are frightened to death of these creatures, and we once found four fine-looking healthy miners who for four days had been held up by an imaginary grizzly, although they were all armed with Winchesters. They might have been there now if we had not chanced to come along. Naturally the information that a huge grizzly was waiting on the path to attack and eat any stray foot-passenger was delightful news for us, and we went straight on to meet this monster, which of course—perhaps luckily for us—was not there. Perhaps he had got tired of waiting, and had gone off to look for some other kind of food. In any case, we could find no sign or track of him anywhere, and as it was a very muddy path, and a grizzly track is easy to see, we thought the miners might have been mistaken. P. used to tell me how, if an Indian had ever stolen anything, or in any way misbehaved, the grizzly would know it, and would follow him till he caught him and killed him. Although useful at loading up pack-horses, P. was not very clever with horses in any kind of difficulty; and one day, when we had to cross a rough creek, or rather a mountain-torrent, swollen with heavy rains and melting snow, about forty yards wide, where there was no place deep enough for horses to swim, and yet the water was scarcely shallow enough to wade, with many round boulders sticking up in the dirty, whirling stream, he absolutely refused to lead the steady old bell-

mare. This, be it said, was always the leader, and had a bell round her neck, and the other horses all followed her, each of them keeping its own recognised place in the line. Under the circumstances M. had to go first, leading the wildest young pack-horse, as he was nervous lest it might get hurt, whilst I drove the others into the stream after him, with the result that, although he had chosen the smoothest place, the young horse, unused to being led, pulled back, and dragged M. and his riding-horse a good bit down-stream, and so out of the smooth into a very rough bit of the creek, where there were many large boulders. Naturally enough, my lot of horses followed him, and we had a most exciting time for a few minutes, with all our animals splashing and snorting, some falling, others plunging about losing their foothold and rolling over and over. The biggest horse was for some seconds lying on his back with his head underneath and his feet in the air, but he managed to find his feet again in a shallow place after two or three rolls, and there he stood, shaking his head to try and get the water out of his ears till I thought he would fall again from dizziness, and looking very miserable. The only horse that did not come down was the smallest, which we quite expected to get washed off his legs, and which actually was at one time perched in mid-stream on a round boulder with all four feet together like a goat on a rock. My horse, when I had driven all the others in, took a tremendous plunge off the bank, and then, after stumbling about, quietly sat down with only

his head out of water. So I sat still on his back, getting a cool bath, with water swirling over the lower part of my body and up to my waist, till he chose to get up and then quietly walk out to the other side. By that time all the other horses had got safely across, and finally P.'s steed, declining to be left behind, faced the water and brought his master over. The packs had been so well roped on with the famous diamond hitch, which to a stranger seems so complicated and difficult, and M.'s waterproof bags were so good and sound, that none of the stores were damaged, except a small quantity which were in the kitchen-boxes. When I realised that everything was safe and all danger over, I glanced at P., who was sitting still on his horse with a sickly, greenish-yellowish face, and eyes staring out of his head, and looking so comic that I burst out laughing. Thereupon in a tremulous voice he screamed at M. : "Why the boss laugh at me? You kill horse, you kill man; I no want to die; I want to stop a little more longer." Poor fellow, he was so scared that he behaved like a lunatic. We had a very steep bank to climb, with loose earth for the horses to grimp up by for about sixty yards, after which we had to cross over by some rocks, where P., leading the bell-mare, went first. At the top of the bank he dragged her rope too hard, and as he went round a tree without slackening the rope so that the mare could walk round it, she of course pulled back to save her head scrubbing against the tree, and losing her foothold, began to roll, and nearly took M.,

who was close behind leading another horse, off his legs. He managed to dodge the mare, and at the same time had the presence of mind to cut the rope round her pack as she passed him, and her load, which consisted of two kitchen-boxes containing all our cooking and table kit, fell off, while she kept on rolling and went over the rock, falling quite a hundred feet on to some soft shale at the very edge of the water. I was coming up twenty yards behind M., and after I saw the mare disappear over the precipice I heard her bell tinkle two or three times, and then all was quiet. I ran down our trail and round under the cliff, expecting to find her dead at the bottom, and not being able to see her, concluded that she must be in the water, and no doubt dead; but M., looking over from above, saw her cross the river and land on the other side. Catching sight of a frying-pan and an axe at the bottom of the rocks on the edge of the stream, I was climbing along to get them when I heard a noise, and looking up, saw a piece of rock bounding down from above. By ducking and handing it off I saved my head, but as my thumb was cut through to the bone, I left the frying-pan and axe till the men had got the rest of the ponies past and had secured the kitchen-boxes, one of which had stopped on the very brink of the precipice. If it had fallen over into the foaming torrent we could not possibly have saved it, and should have had to end our bear trip abruptly, having no spoons or knives to go on with. As it was, we lost nothing but an eagle skin which M. wanted to take home.

He went across for the mare and brought her back, half-dazed, with a lot of bruises and gashes, one eye bunged up, and a huge gaping gash ten inches long on her quarter. There was a large dent on the pack-saddle, which had no doubt saved her back, but it was most extraordinary that she was not killed. As it was, she was quite well again in a fortnight.

We lit a fire, dried our clothes, and packing the bell-mare's load on to one of the riding-ponies, we got into the Kimwit valley (Kimwit is the Indian for "wild tiger-lily") by a new trail that it had taken us ten days to make, and crossing another creek fifty yards wide, we pitched our camp on the bank, quite close to a huge grizzly track. Our proximity to the "track" quite settled P.'s mind for him, as a few days later M. and I went away from the main camp for two or three nights, and found on our return that P. had levanted, taking his pony, and after he had crossed the river, galloping away as fast as he could go, as we saw by the tracks. Here, so far as we were concerned, ended the history of P., for we never clapped eyes upon him again.

However, M. and I found that we got on very well without him, and we stayed in the mountains till the end of June, when I came home, having thoroughly enjoyed the whole trip in one of the most beautiful countries it is possible to imagine, and, thanks to our cutting a trail over a ridge into a new valley which had never been shot in before, having got all the bears I wanted.

CHAPTER XVI.

WAPITI AND BEAVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MY first attempt to get wapiti was a failure. Every sportsman some time or other has a failure; but this first trip of mine on Vancouver Island was quite the worst I have ever experienced, as besides not getting and not even seeing a wapiti, or elk as they are called in Canada, I neither got nor indeed saw anything at all in the way of big game.

In October 1897 I went twelve miles up Courichan Lake to a place reputed to have plenty of elk, and hiding my canoe in some reeds, started off into the mountains. A man who was keen to try his luck with me came for two days, but as he saw nothing and it rained all the time, he did not seem to feel very happy and went back to Victoria, while I stayed on with one Indian as hunter and a half-breed cook. The Indian, "George," was an idle grumbler, and often pretended to be ill or lame, but the half-breed was a good fellow and quite keen, so that I generally took the latter out with me, and left the Indian in camp to do the cooking, which was very little indeed, as we had only started

with $13\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bacon, and this was nearly finished when my partner and his hunter left us on the third day. We expected to be able to shoot enough little black-tailed deer to keep us in meat, but owing to the country being overrun with prospectors we never sighted one, and in the sixteen hard days, during which we walked on an average thirty miles a-day, were reduced to feeding almost entirely on frying-pan bread. I managed to shoot eight blue grouse altogether with my rifle, but that was the only form of meat we tasted. We had brought some beans, but in a weak moment the Indians had persuaded me to leave them *cached* near the boat, and we never got back to the place again till we were on our way home. The whole country was a dense forest of thick firs and cedars, from every branch of which hung masses of dark-green moss, through which the sun never penetrated. There was a certain amount of low bush covered with purple huckleberries, and the ground had the most wonderful growth of ferns and fungi of every colour and shape. Here and there were open glades in the forest, where a good rich grass grew so luxuriantly that it looked an ideal place for elk, but apart from many old game paths, which showed that years ago there must have been huge herds of elk about, there was little to suggest that any were still living in the country. We did on one occasion find the fresh tracks of one small bull elk, two cows, and one calf, but we never clapped eyes on them, and if we had, I do not imagine that the bull would have been large enough to be worth shooting.

We found camps of prospectors in every direction, and these no doubt had scared all the deer out of the country. Accordingly, after I had explored a good many valleys and found no tracks at all except those of the same four elk, I returned to the lake and paddled back to the lake-side hotel. Thinking that I had been roughing it for some time past, I weighed myself, and found that I was exactly the same weight as when I had left the hotel nearly three weeks before. I spent two days fishing in the Cowichan river, and got a few nice trout with a 9-foot rod lent to me by my landlord, who came out with me and showed me the best pools. There were plenty of salmon in the river, but the landlord said that they had never been caught with a fly. They were jumping all over the place, and on the shallow places I saw numerous trout following them, and no doubt feeding on the salmon eggs.

On the second day I fished from the boat at the place where the river was running out of the lake. I had on a very small hook (an o.o.) and a very fine cast, the fly being like a tiny March brown. I had a rise, and it seemed a very big fish. I told Price, the landlord, who was rowing the boat for me, that I thought a salmon had risen to my fly, but he said that it was quite impossible, and that the fish must only have been jumping. But the next time I took a cast in the same place I hooked a good fish, and we soon saw that it was a bright, fresh-run salmon. It kept me pretty busy for three-quarters of an hour, for although it never left the pool, all down one side of the river were dead trees, fallen

branches, and roots, so that I had to do all I knew to keep my fish from getting to that side. On the other side of the river was a long gravel bank on which I landed and tried to get the salmon on to it, having only a small landing-net, too small indeed to be of service. Time after time my fish got into shallow water, only to rush off again into the deep. However, he gradually got tired, and at last I managed to run him into a shallow pool, whence Price by using his hands succeeded in shovelling him on to the shingle. He weighed 8½ lb., measured 2 feet 6 inches in length, and was quite fresh run, with sea-lice on his gills. Price promptly added to his hotel prospectus a paragraph to the effect that a salmon had been caught with a fly, and in the following year there were several caught, and now many people go to fish there, and catch some good salmon in March and September.

Later on I went another trip in quest of elk up Campbell river, taking with me two capital men; each of them packed 100 lb. on his back, whilst I carried my bedding and rifle only. One of the pair, S., was an Englishman, who had gone out to Comox with his father some years before, and the other, M., was a Canadian. The Englishman's father had, as I happened to know, played cricket for Derbyshire. We spent most of our time trudging through big timber, but we had several lakes to cross, which we did by making rafts and paddling our kits and ourselves over. We met no people after we left the coast, and Indians would not go into the country at all, as they said there was a fearful one-legged fiend

who always caught and ate any Indians who came that way. On each side of the river we found well-worn paths made in the autumn by bears which lived on the salmon, but when we were there the bears had all retired to their winter quarters. We saw a good many little black-tailed deer, and I got one very good head,—up to that date the record for Vancouver Island deer. They are in all probability diminutive specimens of the mule deer of the mainland. The local sportsmen often shoot these deer at night with a light, by walking along the roads and holding up a light, which so fascinates the deer that they stare at the light and do not try to run away.

The timber was enormous, many of the trees being from 12 to 18 feet through at the base, and often we had to climb over or crawl under these trunks if they happened to be fallen across our path; but if they had fallen in the right direction, by stepping from one to another we were sometimes able to walk along them for some hundreds of yards,—a pleasant change, as with a good big pack on one's back it is wearisome work to have to crawl under timber. As we reached higher ground we had to trudge through deep snow, and the man who goes first and breaks the trail, as it is called, has a very hard time of it. In some of the open places the snow was from two to three feet deep, but there was none in the big timber. I shot some swans and a few ducks and a couple of geese, which helped the larder, and as I had some solid bullets, the birds were not smashed up as they are with hollow

pointed bullets. The elk were very tame, evidently not knowing what dangerous enemies they had in men, so that I had no trouble in getting two good heads. In fact, they are quite the stupidest animals I have ever seen, and when they have not been hunted at all it is poor sport shooting them. The first day that I got into elk country a band of twenty-one ranged up within forty yards of me like a lot of cows do when they see a dog. My strongest head had six points on one side and nine on the other. They were very massive horns, but not nearly so long or so handsome as the Wyoming heads. Unfortunately, the last day I was out after elk I got my big toe frozen, with the result that in time all the flesh came off. The bone, however, was not frozen, so that although I was unable to walk out in the forests for twelve weeks and had to keep very quiet, the flesh grew again, and my toe became perfectly sound and well.

It was very uncertain weather, as sometimes we had a heavy snow, with huge flakes as big as a five-shilling piece, falling to the depth of 3 feet in a single night, and then on next day there would be just as heavy a fall of rain, which melted the snow, when the shower-baths which fell off the trees were, to say the least, uncomfortable. Our little tent was by no means waterproof, so that our blankets were generally wringing wet, but it did not seem to do us any harm. It was far more aggravating when a big dollop of melting snow would fall off a tree right on to the frying-pan as our breakfast was cooking, and send the whole contents flying out in all

directions. There was so much timber about that it was nearly impossible to get a clear space to camp in, except in places where fires had killed most of the trees, and in these, as the old dead trees were very apt to fall if there was a wind, it was considered more dangerous to camp than where the trees were green. I first discovered that my toes (*i.e.*, my big toe and the top of the second toe) were frozen by feeling them burning in the night, and next morning I found them quite white. At this stage for two or three days there was no feeling in them, but later on they became very tender, and on the sixth day after they became frozen I had a long tramp, lost my way, and having a lot of very rough walking, managed to knock the skin off my big toe, with the result that I was not able to do any more hunting. I had sent S. off to get more stores and expected him back in ten days, and M. had begun to chop out a "dug-out" canoe, made of white pine, so that I had been hunting alone. We had set some dead-fall traps for marten, which I looked up every day, and on this particular day, knowing that I should soon have to lie up with my toes, I shot two little deer for meat, and it was only when packing one on my back that I found I had lost my way. It was snowing hard, and every bush and branch was weighed down with snow, and the fallen timber had snow along it 3 to 4 feet deep. I saw a swampy piece of water in front of me and a mountain behind me. I floundered along for three hours, continually using my compass, and every few minutes finding that I had turned round,

at one moment having to climb painfully over a huge log, at another to creep under a fallen tree, and varying the performance by alternately wading through rock-strewn creeks, or struggling for foot-hold in shaky bogs. Once I dropped my rifle while crossing a part which was insecurely bridged by a falling tree. The snow lay thick on the tree, and I kept kicking it off in front of me as I walked on, and it fell in big lumps into the water. I was carrying my rifle in a cover and also a stick in one hand, and when I arrived at the far side of the log I found that the rifle had slipped out of the cover, leaving only the stick and rifle cover in my hand. It was a long time before I could see the rifle lying at the bottom of the pool in about 5 feet of water, fortunately with the trigger-guard uppermost. By cutting a long hooked stick and getting the hook through the trigger-guard I managed to hook the rifle up, but should not care to have to repeat the experiment. At last I found the river, and following it down, hit off the trail and got back to camp as it was getting dark. There M. was not a little relieved to see me, sorry object as I was, with all my clothes torn to rags, and my face bleeding from scratches, and for my own part I was infinitely glad to get the deer off my back, as I had been carrying it for over six hours. This was not only a downright unpleasant day, but my last day's hunting into the bargain, as my toe was so tender that I was not able to go out any more.

When S. had been gone eight days the snow was so deep that I scarcely expected him back for

some time, and as M. had finished his canoe he went down the lake to get a few stores which we had left at the lower end, and brought them back next day. We then decided to move our camp, as besides the constant drip and perpetual falling of snow off the trees we had one very uncomfortable though exciting night,—almost too exciting from one point of view. A strong wind got up in the evening, and the branches kept crashing down all round us; it was snowing hard, and occasionally a huge tree would give a crack, and with a fearful rushing noise would fall with a thud. There is nothing more terrifying than to be in a forest at night in a storm, when the trees and branches are falling around, as one feels so helpless and there is nowhere to go, and nothing to be done except to lie still and wait. Where we were there was comparatively little wind, but we could hear it roaring in the tree-tops, and every now and then a big lump of snow would fall on to the tent with a thump. Next morning we found one huge branch had fallen across our fire, and if it had been only a few yards nearer no doubt we should have had a bad time, as it was several feet thick, and must have weighed several tons. Fortunately there was no harm done, and except that one tent-peg was broken, and the end of the tent had fallen in, we had suffered no actual damage, and there had been no real ground for alarm. As the snow was 4 feet 6 inches deep in the open we did not expect S. back, but made up our minds to move our camp into a more open place where we could get the sun without being subjected

to the perpetual drip of melting snow. M. went first, carrying a load, and I floundered after him, and had a very trying two hours' tramp. The top snow was soft, and gave way as we walked on it, and the hard crust below kept catching against my poor toe and causing me excruciating pain.

When we got to an open place in some burnt timber I scraped the snow away, whilst M. went back for another load. I had begun to level the ground for the tent when I heard a shout, and saw S. coming with his brother P., another splendid fellow like himself. They had brought us a lot of provisions and some traps for catching beaver, and had had a very hard time in getting to us. They looked fearfully tired, but were glad to find us two hours nearer than they expected. P. had brought his little dog, which, not having been able to get much food on the way, looked very thin and unhappy. P. went back again next day, although I wished him to stay and rest a few days, and I had a shrewd suspicion that the reason why he insisted on going lay in his unwillingness to eat more of our stores than he could help. My toe was improving so slowly that I again had to send S. away to Comox for stores, and this time, owing to the deep snow, he was so tired that he had to stay in bed for a few days, and deputed his brother P. and another young fellow to pack us up some food, which they *cached* by the landing-place at the lower end of the lake. When I was just out of everything I sent M. off, thinking that some disaster had happened to S., and much to my delight he returned the same

evening with a big load on his back, and carrying a small bucket of lard, which he had most fortunately found where they had left them. As I thought he was gone for at least ten days, it is needless to say that I was very much relieved to see him return so soon, the more so as I should have had very little but lean deer meat to eat during his absence. It was well on into the spring before I was able to walk well enough to get out of the forest, and by that time the wild ducks were nesting in the creeks and swamps, a pair of snipe had settled on the river bank not far from our camp, and many wild swans had flown over us on their passage to the north for the breeding season. In the winter the only birds we had seen were a pair of arctic crows which had more than once visited our camp, but in the early spring a number of jays arrived, and soon became very tame. I was much struck by the many different notes that these jays produced; they were evidently imitating other birds, whilst our blue jays in England only have their own discordant cries.

M.'s canoe was most useful, and as my toe improved I spent the greater part of each day in setting and looking up the beaver traps. I caught some marten, but beaver gave far and away the best sport, and are perhaps among the most difficult animals to trap. The best place to trap them is in the water at the edge of the bank where they land, either to feed or on the way back to their homes. The trap must have a heavy stone or other weight tied on to it, and should be set about 3 inches

under water, with a deep hole close to it, so that when the beaver gets his foot into the trap he jumps into the deep hole, and the weight on the trap keeps him down till he is drowned. If he is not drowned he very soon gnaws off his foot and escapes, leaving it in the trap. The trapper must not walk on the bank when he sets his trap, as the beaver would smell him; nor again must he land, but he must set the trap either from a boat or by wading. Beaver live on the bark and twigs of willow and other trees, and in the winter lay in stores of these twigs under water. Knowing that they have many enemies on land, so soon as they have eaten the twigs near the water they dam up the stream in order to raise the water, and by this means are enabled to reach more twigs without the danger of having to go in search of food far over land where wolves or panthers might catch them. They gnaw through small trees to make their dams, and are wonderfully clever in building up the dam and filling in the open spaces with sticks and mud. The males are tremendous fighters, and one old male which I caught had many bites through his skin and several bad bruises all over him. He was very thin, and had every appearance of being a very old warrior. Beaver meat is most excellent eating, more especially the hind legs and the tail, which is a white meat reminding one of chicken or some sorts of white fish. The creatures are very difficult to skin, as it is very hard to distinguish where the flesh joins the skin, so that the latter is rather liable to get cuts in it. The best method of drying

the skin is to stretch it by sewing the edges all round on to an oval made of willow sticks or some other flexible wood. I only caught one beaver which had lost a foot before, but a man told me he had once caught a beaver which had lost three of its feet, so that it only had remaining the one by which he had caught it. Beaver generally have two or three young ones in the spring, but as each female has the facilities for suckling four, it is fairly certain that they do sometimes have four or even more. There are certain places on the rivers where they have musk beds, and at these places the males, as they travel about, invariably land.

It is a mistake to think that very powerful double-springed traps are necessary, an ordinary single-spring four-inch rabbit trap being quite powerful enough, and the heavier the trap the more chance of the bone of the leg being broken. A four-inch trap is more likely to catch the beaver across the middle of the foot, which is better than higher up the leg, where the weight of the animal is liable to break the bone if it can get out of the water on to the bank where it can twist about and gnaw. I only lost one beaver which was caught by one toe, which it left in the trap, but I caught the same animal later on. Both my men thoroughly understood trapping beaver, and they said that it is a mistake to catch them near their houses, which they often make in smooth water with an entrance below the level of the water, or to break holes in their dams and catch them there when they come to mend up the holes,

because they are liable to leave the neighbourhood altogether. By trapping them where they land to feed, and by constantly shifting the traps to fresh landing-places after one has been caught, most of the beaver in the neighbourhood may be caught without the risk of their being scared away from the locality.

I caught a few marten, but although there is some profit, very little sport is attached to the catching of these creatures, there being no necessity even for covering up the traps, two or three of which, set at the bottom of a small tree which is baited with a piece of grouse tied a yard or less up the trunk, may catch two or three marten in them at the same time. When I was in the country, marten were worth ten dollars a skin, and beaver were worth about the same, but marten skins weigh a few ounces, while beaver weigh two to three pounds, so that a hundred marten skins are a lighter load for a man to carry than twenty beaver skins. When we started home-wards on April 3, I had been laid up with my frozen toes for three whole months, and my big toe was still so tender that every twig or stone which it touched gave me a sharp twinge.

We saw the first sand-martins that day, and all the way down to the coast we heard the melodious drumming of the willow grouse and the hooting of the blue grouse, welcome sounds to us, who for several weeks had scarcely heard a living thing except the arctic crows and jays. In the autumn I had often heard the wolves giving

tongue as they chased the deer at night, and their distant baying echoing and re-echoing round the high mountain-tops sounded like far-off peals of bells. They would always answer us back when we imitated their dismal howling, but they were very wary and seldom came near us. On Vancouver Island the wolves are all colours from black to very light yellow, but the ordinary grey colour predominates. For the last month I only had M. with me, so, as there were two heavy loads of skins and camp-kit to carry, and I was only up to carrying my own bedding, spare clothes, camera, and rifle, which made up a very fair load, we only made short stages each day. Our plan was to start early in the morning, and after walking for about two and a half to three hours, to have our lunch, after which he would go back for his second load, whilst I put up the tent, collected wood, and got supper ready by the time he got back to me in the evening. His loads were over 100 lb. each, and he worked hard, as only a good Canadian can; for in the matter of packing and carrying heavy loads on his back, a Canadian is hard to beat. M. had a distinctly fiery if wholly amusing temper, and although he never lost it with me, he sometimes gave other things which chanced to put him out a rather bad time. As it was getting daylight he used to get up and light the fire, and whilst I was still lying snug and warm in my blankets, I would hear the scratch-scratch of the matches outside the tent, then another scratch and a low murmur, when

evidently the pitch or resin, of which there is always some to be found in the pine-forests of Canada, refused to light. Again a scratch or two—a pause—then more, and rather louder muttering, then several scratches in quick succession—another pause—followed without further warning by a tremendous scuffling and kicking, and the sound of sticks and logs sent flying in all directions, accompanied by language calculated to consign them to a far hotter place than their original destination. Of course M. picked them all up again and started afresh, perhaps with better luck this time. When I told him afterwards how it had all sounded to me in the tent, he used to see the fun of the thing, and laugh as much as I did. On the whole, he was a capital man to have as a companion, as he could turn his hand to anything, and many a time since on subsequent trips have I thought of him, and wished that I had him with me.

When we got to the coast we found Easter lilies, salmon berry, and red flowering-currants out in bloom, but no sign of any bear having emerged from hibernating.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOOSE AND WAPITI IN MANITOBA.

ONE winter I was in Manitoba, and having been advised by a keen sportsman in Winnipeg to go to the Riding Mountains, I took train to Strathclair, where John, a first-rate Indian, met me with his sleigh. Driving through a bitterly cold wind, and over ground covered with a fine drifting snow, we travelled thirty-four miles before reaching John's log-hut on Sheerwater Lake, having stopped one night on the way. The hut was 20 feet by 25 feet, and John showed his hospitality by lighting two stoves, so that the thermometer in the hut was over 90°, while outside it was below zero. John had a wife and five children, and as three more Indians appeared in the evening we were rather crowded. I had engaged a half-breed as cook, but he fortunately did not turn up till next day, and as he did not over-much like the cold, he only stayed two nights in camp, and made an excuse to leave us. On the whole I was not sorry, as some of his habits did not commend themselves to me. For instance, his method of cleaning the spoons and forks was to lick them



Indian Hunter, Manitoba.

and wipe them with a cloth ! After we arrived John and I took a walk in the evening to look at the lake. We saw one wolf crossing a long way off, and heard a weird noise, which, though sounding to my ears not unlike the roar of wild beasts in the distance, John pronounced to be caused by the ice cracking. Mrs John gave us a capital supper, and the children and the Indians, squatting round on the floor, looked very picturesque with their yellow faces, broad noses, black eyes, and shaggy black hair falling over their foreheads and eyes. John offered me one of the two beds, but I preferred to sleep on the floor, where I slumbered profoundly until the cold in the early morning awoke me.

On the following day we started off in John's sleigh, and travelling over fallen sticks and low bush, up hill and down dale, and into and out of holes, we took two hours and a half to cover three and a half miles before reaching a fir wood in which we camped. We rigged up a cooking-stove in a 9 feet by 9 feet tent, making a hole through the top, and putting up the chimney through it, used spruce branches for our bedding, and melted snow to brew our tea. I had a small 7 feet by 7 feet tent with a pole in the middle for my bedroom, without any stove in it, but as I had a sleeping-bag made of two rabbit-fur blankets sewn together, I was perfectly warm. These blankets, which are made by the Indians, are quite the warmest bedding possible, and being delightfully light, are much more comfortable than

a lot of ordinary blankets and fur rugs. I should say that the ice made by my breath freezing on the blankets, which of course touched my face if I moved, usually woke me in the morning. On the following day it was not light enough to start till 8.15, and then we found the snow 20 to 24 inches deep, and very tiring to walk through, although John spent five hours in breaking a trail in advance. There were numerous tracks of elk, moose, and small deer, but we only saw one small bull moose and one cow and calf, though, by way I suppose of a consolation prize, we found a dead lynx in one of John's snares. Most of our time was spent in threading our way through low young scrub, covered with frost, so that it was impossible to see far ahead or on either side. In the afternoon we came across absolutely nothing in the way of game, and when we got back we found several holes burnt in the top of the tent, where sparks had fallen on it. The next day was cold, with a high N.E. wind, and the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below zero, or 46 degrees of frost, all day. I ought to have got a good bull elk, as we sighted two lying down a long way off, and John began running towards them as if he expected them to fly away, while for my own part I was pretty well pumped out in trying to keep up with him, as I had to bring along my rifle as well as myself. We got within a hundred yards of the elk, when John, by craning his head about, put them up, and the big bull bolted, but crossed in front of us, and stood clear of bush,

giving me an easy chance. I was sitting with a good rest of both elbows on my knees, and was on the point of shooting when John put his hand on my arm and stopped me, thinking no doubt that the bull would come nearer, and that I should get an easier shot. I whispered to him to leave go of my arm, but he held on tight, and the elk suddenly jumped off under some spruce trees and we never saw him again. It was a terrible disappointment, as he gave me such an easy shot that I could hardly have missed him. Needless to say, he had a splendid head, with huge massive tops, and was by far the best elk I have ever seen. We tried to follow him, but pursuit was useless, as he had gone straight down wind. As we were coming back we saw another man who was evidently after the same elk, but on catching sight of us he made off.

As the cook seemed unable to bake, I sent him to Mrs John with twenty-four pounds of flour, and a request that she would bake some bread for us, and he presently returned with some bannocks. It was after this episode that he expressed a wish to go home, and as his ideas of cooking were about on a par with his methods of washing up, I was heartily glad to get rid of him.

Recognising the tracks of two wounded elks by the blood on the snow, we came to the conclusion that some one was doing some bad shooting not far off. John went home at night, as he found it too cold, although he had a capital stove in the big tent, but he came in good time in the mornings,

and as I had always finished breakfast before his arrival, we were able to start straight away. Next morning I got an easy broadside shot at an elk with a fair head, and killed him. Whereupon John said : "By golly, you fine shot ! No white man shoot 'em like that ; the first time I see white man kill 'em first time !" Evidently the white man's reputation as a shot did not stand very high in Manitoba. We skinned the elk on the spot, cutting up the meat, and putting it in a heap ready for John to cart away at his convenience. I skinned the head myself, by way of making sure that it was done before it became frozen, and carried home the skin and a little of the meat for our use in camp.

On December 6 my thermometer was registering twenty degrees below zero, which was the lowest point it could register, but in the absence of wind the weather seemed comparatively warm. This was the first day on which I saw frost floating in the air as I used to see it in the Rockies when I was stalking wild sheep. There were plenty of white rabbits round our camp, and they were very inquisitive, often coming to my tent door at night and looking at me as I lay in bed. They used to eat up the tea-leaves, and gnaw the meat off any bones we threw out.

Our little camp was very cosy, being well sheltered on every side by thick spruce, which shielded us from the wind. We lived and cooked in the big tent, and most certainly our small cooking-stove was a great convenience, as we were able to cook in comfort and to keep the tent as warm as we liked.



Camp, Manitoba, Canada, at least 40° below zero.



On the way to Hunting-ground, Riding Mountains, Manitoba.

It formed a part of John's daily duty to cut the wood, melt the snow for cooking purposes, and to wash up, whilst I did the cooking. He was a capital fellow, and most amusing, though he evidently did not think much of white men in general and of game-hunters in particular. But, alas ! good sport was wanting, or the conditions were against us. To begin with, albeit that mocassins are the quietest footgear possible, still the constant crunch-crunch of the snow on quiet days was audible for a long way, and in the second place, the frost lying on every twig made the low bush as difficult to see through as if it were in full leaf, so completely obscuring the view that the chances of getting a clear shot were infinitesimal. Day after day we trudged long distances without seeing anything, though we were warned by the quantities of tracks that there was plenty of game about, and occasionally came upon fresh tracks of moose or elk which had evidently galloped off on our near approach.

On one solitary occasion as we were coming home John saw a bull moose coming our way, and as in the dusk the head seemed to be pretty wide, I took a walking shot at him when he was passing rather below me, so that I could see him over the intervening bush, and on going up we found him dead about thirty yards further on. He had a fair head of points, and a good long tassel. We skinned the head and the body, taking the horns and scalp home, and leaving the meat for John's larder after I had left the country. It was generally quite dark long before we got home, and the walking on

steep banks through thick scrub and two feet of snow was very trying work.

As I was not allowed to shoot more than two beasts with my own and John's licences, I spent a few days in trying to photograph some moose, but although several times I was able to approach to within thirty yards of some, I could never get them clear of trees or bush, and as the snow increased to thirty inches deep, and made the going very difficult, I settled to give up the attempt and come away. Probably the reason why there was so much game about was that it was an unusually early winter, and there was much deep snow farther north, with the result that the game were driven south. Moreover, the whole of the neighbourhood had been burnt a few years before, so that there was plenty of young scrub growing up, and the deer naturally came to feed on it. *Apropos* of this, I once heard John remark, "Plenty boil 'em long ago," by which he meant to imply that there had been a general burning some time back.

Where I was more or less unsuccessful as a sportsman, I took some interest in studying the tracks of the various animals. In one place I discovered tracks made by moose as they jumped to make headway in the deep snow, the hoof marks, about four yards apart, looking as if they might have been the tracks of a human giant with a stride of four yards. Elk tracks, on the other hand, closely resemble cattle tracks, while those of a lynx are very large in proportion to the size of the animal, showing the four front toes, as in

leopard tracks, but are not more than a foot apart.

One wolf track was very peculiar, as the animal's body had forced its way through deep snow, the legs evidently not being long enough to lift it clear, so that only its head could have been above the snow.

The rabbits' tracks seemed to prove that they alone of all the animals were able to walk *on* the snow. Though these animals themselves are very diminutive, their feet are by comparison enormous, being larger than those of an English hare. These rabbits, which are white, with black or brown tips to their ears, and brown eyes, and, as I have already said, huge feet, are perfectly tame, and one sat and watched me writing in the evening for quite a long time. During the winter these and the prairie chickens are the only edible creatures of the small kind in the neighbourhood.

The weasel's track is like that of an English stoat; in fact the weasel itself resembles our stoat, being white, with a black-tipped tail.

Squirrels only make a little furrow or line in the snow.

We came across very few birds. Beyond one big hawk, one woodpecker, and several grey thrushes, I saw none.

I never knew exactly how cold it was, but I saw by the paper when I got back to Winnipeg that the thermometer there had been as low as 60° below zero, and quite imagine that it may have stood at about the same point in the Riding Mountains. In

any case, I can vouch for the fact that my moustache was usually a lump of ice a few minutes after we started in the morning. Fortunately, if there is no wind, one fails to appreciate the intensity of the cold, which merely had on me the effect of giving me an abnormal appetite. For, three or four hours after a big supper, I used to wake up "as hungry as a hunter." How exactly does this hackneyed phrase hit off the truth! Big-game hunting is the most appetising relish I know, and I seem to have a hazy recollection that a famous historical character was of a similar way of thinking. The men used to think it odd that I slept in a tent without a stove, but they little knew how warm I really was, and it is most wearisome work to keep on replenishing a wood stove when it burns low and the tent gets cold.

Our little trip lasted under a fortnight, and I enjoyed it enormously. Of course it is not worth while for an Englishman to go so far afield for two shots only, but it so happened that it suited my plans to visit Manitoba on my way out to New Zealand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND GOATS.

STALKING, to a man who is young, and we will hope, strong, energetic, and persevering, is the most fascinating of all sports. It requires more skill than any other kind of big-game shooting, and brings into play all a man's best qualities, from the moment that he gets up in the morning to the time that he crawls into his blankets again at night. Pretty well every form of stalking requires a good head, good judgment of locality, quick eyesight, and a knowledge of the habits of the game hunted ; but in my opinion, of all game the most difficult to stalk, and therefore the most satisfactory to circumvent, is the wild sheep. These animals are gifted with the most marvellous eyesight, and more than once I have seen sheep which were quietly lying down quite a mile away, on my showing my head over the skyline, suddenly jump up and gallop off up the mountain-side. Deer, on the other hand, notice a moving man at a considerable distance, but do not seem to have the power of making out a man when he is stationary, even if he is only a few

yards off, and I have known them feed to within a yard of me before they have detected my presence. Goats are more easily stalked than sheep if approached from above, as they generally are only looking for danger from below. While most animals depend chiefly on their sense of smell for protection, and next to that, on their eyesight and hearing, sheep seem to have all three senses very keenly developed, and a man who is able to stalk and kill a Big Horn (*Ovis montana*) on the Rocky Mountains may fairly consider himself able to hold his own at the game in any country.

In the autumn of 1897 I went into the dry belt in the Cascade Mountains in British Columbia, where there was never much rain or snow, and consequently no danger of getting snowed up, and so being cut off from the railway.

We crossed the Fraser river in a boat, driving our horses into the stream so that they had to swim across, and gradually going up into the mountains we camped for nearly a month in a deep valley, about 3000 feet above the Fraser, a great winter resort for sheep. Our party comprised B., a well-known sportsman, who knew the country and managed the shoots for me; a most delightful half-breed called Fenton, who, besides being a very useful man in camp, acted as hunter for B.; and an Indian called "Pretty" Charlie, who acted as my hunter, and was quite first-rate in that capacity, though otherwise he was absolutely useless, refusing to collect firewood or to help in any other way. He was certainly not called "Pretty" because his

face was handsome, for a dirtier-looking old man it would be hard to find; but he had an eye like a hawk, and was a very good judge of country, so that if once we had seen a sheep or a mule deer in the distance, he could be relied upon to bring me straight on to the spot, no matter how rough or rugged the intervening ground over which we had to find our way. In addition to these two hunters we had a self-styled cook, Frank by name, though, as a matter of fact, Fenton was far and away the best cook of the party, and in order that we might enjoy our breakfasts would often get up long before the cook and make hot cakes and other delicacies ready for us by the time we were up.

We hired ten pack and riding horses from Fenton and Charlie, and the animals had grown quite fat by the time we got home again, although they only had grass to eat, off which they had first to scrape the snow with their feet.

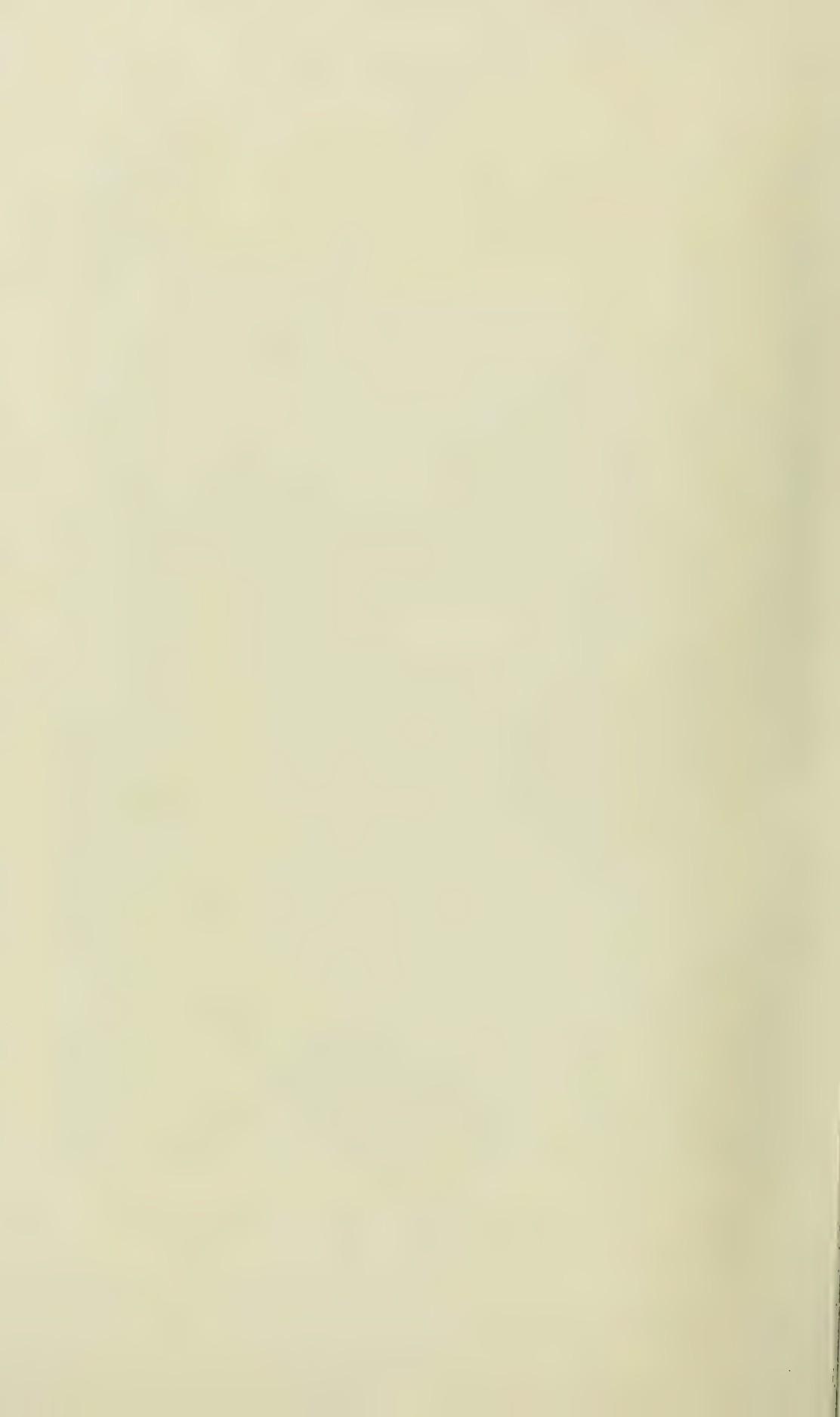
Two days after our start from Clinton we crossed the Fraser and slept at the ranche of a white man who had married an Indian woman. The man was away, but his wife gave us a hearty welcome, and entertained us right royally with a capital supper of venison, onions, potatoes, bread, and tea. She put B. and myself up in an outhouse for the night after we had had a romping dance to the music of a concertina. The whole entertainment was very quaint, as the hut was only some five yards square. Several babies were hanging up in little hammocks made of sacking swinging from the roof, and two or three children were sleeping in a

corner on the floor. Our partners were stout Indian ladies and two or three pretty half-breeds, and as we all wore hob-nailed boots and our ordinary clothes, we managed to get fairly warm. The son of the house was master of the ceremonies, and all through the square dances he shouted the figures and told us what to do. The whole ball was so amusing and so novel that I have seldom enjoyed myself so much. After B. and I had retired to bed some of the men set to work and gambled, with the result that Charlie lost his spurs, rifle, and overalls, whilst Frank won the rifle and a pony. Indians are fearful gamblers, and will stake all their worldly possessions, even to the clothes and boots they stand up in.

I should add that in the course of the afternoon we had seen two Chinamen on the river bank washing for gold with rockers. The sand was first shovelled into a copper sieve, and then was washed over felt, with water ladled up from the river by hand, and the sand as it passed over the felt left tiny specks of gold which were plainly visible. The gold washers make from 25 cents to 2 dollars a day, and buy their food from the stores for gold dust. Their hovels are beautifully clean, and generally have a cat in them. We also saw a lot of Indians thrashing wheat by driving horses round and round on it, in the same way that East Indian ryots tread it out with bullocks. On October 28th, after a capital breakfast, we took leave of our kind hostess and spent a week in hunting white goats, which, with their short tails and shaggy long hair on their



Wild Goat, Rocky Mountains.



legs, look like white bears on the rocky precipices which they frequent during the daytime. That was a beautiful valley which we reached on November 8. A few inches of snow lay on the ground, and we camped well above the creek, which was half frozen over when we first arrived, and completely icebound long before we left. The country was fairly open, with many wide grassy slopes dotted over with trees and low bush, while overhanging these were sundry rocks and precipices on which the sheep lay by day, only coming down to the low ground to feed at night. Charlie, as I have said before, was a splendid hunter, and although too excitable when near game, he had a capital eye for locality, and invariably brought me on to the exact spot where sheep were feeding after we had once spied them through the telescope at a distance. Time after time at the end of a prolonged stalk in unusually difficult surroundings we eventually found ourselves brought almost on to the top of our game.

I had many lovely days hunting, but the hunt which I remember better than any was one which I had after a solitary old goat. There were some very high precipitous rocks on the opposite side of the valley to our camp, and from the top of these I saw the old goat and shot him. He fell on to a shale slide, and not being quite dead, kept on rolling down this slide, and whenever he looked like stopping would give another kick and start off rolling again, till at last he got into a most inaccessible-looking place at the foot of a precipice. We had a rather trying time following him, as what

with slippery frozen snow, rocks partly covered with ice, loose shale, and frozen mocassins, we had all our work cut out for us during our descent. It was evident that Charlie cordially disliked the situation, as he kept on repeating while he toiled behind me: "You slip, you kill yourself in little pieces." However, we reached the goat and found it dead, a fact not to be wondered at, as it had slipped and tumbled down some four hundred yards, and was badly knocked about. As it was getting late we skinned it and started off homewards as soon as possible, carrying the head and skin only, and not taking any meat. I led the way down a water-course, and, except for a few slips and one bad fall, in which I bruised myself not a little, we arrived in safety at the bottom of the rocky ground just as it was getting dark. We then hit off a deer trail, and striking off along the mountain-side, spent two hours in scrambling, groping, sliding, and often deluging ourselves with frozen snow, but in the end got down to the creek without any serious mishap. It was now pitch dark, and we could not find any crossing place, as the creek was only frozen over in patches, which for the most part lay all along the edge. We walked along the ice, keeping close to the side under the rocks, and not knowing when the ice might give way and let us through. Except for getting our feet wet we worked our way on all right until we found a little bridge, consisting of two small trees, which we had made some days before. Crossing this, we got into camp at 8 o'clock, having done $3\frac{1}{2}$ very exciting hours in the

dark. Fenton had a capital supper ready for us, and we did full justice to the meal. It had taken us in all from 1 o'clock, when I first shot the goat, till 8 o'clock to get home, and we had had a most exciting and enjoyable afternoon's climbing, and, except for a rather stiff hip, where I had fallen on to a big stone, I was none the worse. The most unpleasant time was walking along the ice on the creek, as if we had gone through we should certainly have had a very cold bath, and possibly worse might have befallen us, the water in places being very deep.

The best ram that I got during this expedition I had spied from the top of some high cliffs a few miles up the valley. As it happened, a very cold night had driven the sheep off the high ground down into the shelter of the timber close to the creek. By the help of my glass I saw, among some sheep far below me as they came up from the creek, two rams having a desperate fight, and one of them seemed to be a particularly fine specimen. We climbed down the rocks as fast as we could, then made our way through a lot of low timber and scrub, and finding the steep snowy banks very slippery, I took several rather heavy tumbles. The ground was very uneven, and owing to trees the stalking was anything but easy, but Charlie was equal to the occasion, and showed great skill in bringing me to the exact spot most cleverly. For to myself every bank in the wood—and there were several of them—seemed to be exactly alike. The rams were still fighting, but the ewes saw us, and

just as they were preparing to stampede I got a good shot at the big ram. How I managed to hit him where I did, when he was stern on, I never made out, but the bullet went in behind the shoulder, and raking forward, killed him dead. There were two more rams, and as the best of the pair kindly came galloping past below me, I got him rather low down in the shoulder. On following him up I saw his horns over a rise in the ground, just in time to stop Charlie who was running ahead of me, and was able to shoot him in the neck. He was a five-year-old, while my first victim was a seven-year-old. We skinned them both, and we each carried a skin and a head home.

On another occasion I was out alone, and finding a ram's track, I followed it for some way till I got to some timber, and, going very carefully, saw the ram lying down, and shot him. He was an old sheep, eight and a half years old, with the tips of his horns much broken, but a good wide spread. He had a deep wound in his shoulder, and I decided that he must have staked himself, as the hair had been forced into the wound, and the surrounding flesh was very much bruised. It struck me at once that this wound could not have been incurred in a fight, as the orifice was very large and deep, while the horns of old, and therefore heavy, rams are never sharp at the tips. Moreover, it was almost impossible to believe that the weight of any sheep could have inflicted such a wound. Fighting among the rams, however, there was in plenty, and sometimes on a still night we could hear their horns

clashing together as they waged war on the rocks opposite the camp.

Each of our licences allowed us to kill three sheep, and, besides these, B. had got special leave for me to kill two more, as the Natural History Museum Curator wanted two skins to remount some of the stuffed specimens in the Victoria Museum.

When I had got my five, I amused myself by photographing, and had some really good stalks while trying to get near enough to get a good likeness. There was one particular ram with an unusually good head, which I had, after two or three failures, managed to approach near enough to get a very good photograph. Charlie did not at all appreciate my artistic performances, and although I explained to him that it was much more difficult to photograph a ram than to shoot it, he never seemed to see it at all from my point of view. As I gave him two dollars for each ram I shot, perhaps there was something in what he said : "White man never photo big lamb first, always him shoot him first and photo after." However, he got his two dollars after all, as I sent him out with B., who had not been very lucky, and B., finding the ram in exactly the same place where I had photographed it, shot it. This turned out to be the best head we got, measuring $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches round the base of the horn, and with splendid tips to the horns. We did not find our thermometer of much use during this trip, because it would only register eight degrees below zero, and before we left the valley it must have been much colder than that. For instance, one morning while I

was having my breakfast as close to the fire as possible, my cup of coffee, which was on the ground within four feet of the flames, was frozen before I had finished my meal. On our way home we stopped a night at a ranche close to the Fraser, and there the thermometer, which was nailed on to the porch of the house, registered twenty degrees below zero, and I am inclined to think that it must sometimes have been at least as cold in our valley, which was 3000 feet above the river. On a very cold and bright day, the myriads of minute crystals of frozen moisture in the atmosphere are a lovely sight when the sun is shining, recalling the dust in a bright sunny room, but much more showy. Not until I caught some of them on my sleeve did I discover that they were tiny crystals, for as they floated about in the air they looked like innumerable specks of silver.

We kept a huge log-fire burning all night, close in front of the tent, and I have known many worse times than those when I have been lying in my blankets after a good supper, and watching the sparks which were flying upwards in all directions, and looked like minute but innumerable fiery serpents. Fenton kept the camp so well supplied with wood that although we had one end of the tent always open we scarcely ever felt too cold at night.

We found that it was best to skin the animals' heads as soon as we shot them, as if they once got frozen, it was nearly impossible to thaw them again sufficiently to skin them properly. For, if put very

near a fire, they were liable to be scorched, and even when one side was thawed, the other side, away from the fire, was still frozen stiff.

Before I take final leave of my trip to the "Rockies," it may not be out of place to add, for the benefit of future stalkers of wild sheep, a few words about my companions.

"Pretty Charlie," my hunter, absolutely first-class in his own line, but otherwise, as I have already stated, to be labelled idle, useless, and wholly unreliable, may be accepted as a fair specimen of the low-class Red Indian. Here are two typical instances of his methods of procedure.

In the first place he had begun by asking me if in the event of my getting a good ram I would give him a bottle of whisky. In all probability a young Britisher, fresh from home, keen on sport, and ignorant of the customs of the country, would have promised to give him the whisky without any demur. But fortunately I had been warned beforehand to do nothing of the sort. The law of the land distinctly forbids the white man to give an Indian either whisky or any other sort of intoxicating liquor. Furthermore, any one laying information which leads to the conviction of the white man who has, whether wittingly or unwittingly, infringed the law by giving the whisky, receives half the fine imposed upon the offender by the local magistrate. As a result of this it is quite a common practice for a low-grade Indian to extort from the unwary Britisher the promise of a bottle of whisky in the event of the pursuit of some particular animal being

crowned with success. Later on, the whisky having been duly received and duly drunk, the Indian goes off to the nearest magistrate and lays information against the innocent donor. And in the final act of the drama, the Britisher, in return for his misplaced generosity, is adjudged a criminal and heavily fined, while the Indian receives as the wages of his iniquity a substantial bonus over and above his bottle of whisky in the form of half the fine. The reader may form his own ideas of the morality of the local "Grummer"—for I believe that it was that illustrious individual who pronounced himself to be the living impersonation of "law and civil power and exekative"—from the following incident. I happened to ask a magistrate, who in his unofficial leisure moments ran a general store, whether the Indian was not also liable to be fined for having the whisky in his possession.

"Most certainly," he replied; "but probably the Indian would be getting his stores from me, and if I fined him he might not be able to pay his bill."

Again, after we had crossed the Fraser on our return from our hunting trip, we were passing a big cattle ranche, when the owner most kindly asked us in and pressed us to stay the night. Hospitable to the core, he gave us—unknown luxuries for many a long day—most comfortable bedrooms, containing beds with freshly aired sheets. The veriest Sybarite could not have wished for more comfortable quarters. It chanced that in the course of the evening, after a most excellent supper, we were sitting round



P. Charlie, the Indian, throwing a horse-shoe (which acts as a quoit),
gambling his possessions.

a roaring fire in a roomy kitchen, when our host asked Charlie, who was nearest to the door, if he would mind fetching a log from the passage just outside. For all the reply that he got he might as well have been addressing a graven image. Charlie sat on, stolid, impassive, without moving a muscle of his countenance ; sat on indeed as only a Red Indian, who in certain moods may be said to act as a sort of half-way house between a stoic and a mule, can sit. Presently our host repeated his request, and this time, after a short pause, Charlie condescended to answer.

“How much you pay me ?” he inquired.

This was altogether beyond a joke, and it is quite on the cards that I spoke rather more loudly than I meant to speak when I took it upon myself to answer the fellow.

“Charlie, if you don’t fetch a log of wood this minute, I’ll pay you !”

Fortunately perhaps for me, Charlie curled up at once and meekly went and fetched a log. And with that terminated an incident which I have only recorded as an exemplification of the currish nature of the low-class Red Indian.

When at the end of my trip I paid Charlie his money — quite a large sum for him — he went straight off to Clinton, and in three days gambled away or spent every penny, buying amongst other things two magnificent cowboy hats.

The half-breed cook I never saw again, though I heard that he soon gambled and drank all his money away.

But what a delightful contrast to Charlie was my other half-breed, Fenton ! I kept him with me for a considerable time, and never could solitary sportsman wish for a more cheery, obliging, and unselfish companion. From start to finish he devoted his whole attention to ensuring the comfort of the camp, and if he got into his head the idea that any of our stores in the way of butter, jam, &c., were running short, he was the first to set the example of rigid self-denial. In short, it would be a difficult matter to say too much in this good fellow's favour.

Having a fortnight to cut to waste, I spent my time in hunting mule deer, making my headquarters at a half-way house where several coaches, or perhaps I should say sleighs, met once a week for one night, and then went on to their various destinations in the morning. That which I have elected to call a house in reality consisted of four small huts connected with each other by doorways without any doors, a contrivance which tended to make the inmates of the habitation almost inconveniently sociable. On one mail night we mustered a party of seventeen, and in this number were included two Indians, one Chinese visitor, one Scotch rancher, three half-breeds, one English engineer, one Lancashire woman with two children, a girl, the wife of a manager of a dredge on the river, and myself—in addition to three white men and a Chinese cook, who were the regular occupants of the house. Essentially a mixed party this, and

I could not help being sorry for the English girl and her children.

Here again in the course of my wanderings I found some lynx trails, and verified the fact that they are very large, almost as large, indeed, as the tracks of a small tiger, but closer together. At first I was at a loss to identify them, but on following them up, and finding the lynx busy over the carcase of a deer which I had killed some days before, I shot the creature, and skinning it obtained a delightfully soft fur.

The wild horses in this region were from the sportsman's point of view a great nuisance, as when I was trying to hunt in the forest, if they either saw me or smelt me, they would snort and stampede, scaring everything in the neighbourhood. Furthermore, they had a truly aggravating habit of galloping ahead of me for two or three hundred yards, and then stopping till I got within some sixty yards of them, only to repeat the performance. These tactics they employed so often that I was sorely tempted to shoot some of them. But I held my hand, though they effectually spoilt my chance of seeing any deer whilst they were in the vicinity.

On the day on which we crossed the Fraser river I had a rather uncomfortable experience. Chancing to be hunting by myself, and to find the quite fresh track of a mule deer in the snow, I followed it up till I came to a stone, or I should rather say

a rubble slide. These are as a rule quite easy to walk on, but this particular specimen was not only hard frozen, but covered into the bargain with frozen snow. Attempting to follow the deer over it, I was half-way across when the frozen snow gave way, and I started sliding. Not, however, very rapidly at first, as I was able to use my stick as a brake behind me. But then suddenly I found myself going down full tilt on my back, no longer able in any way either to guide or check myself, and with very hazy notions of what lay in front of me. By marvellously good luck it fell out that my slide ran through a gap, certainly not more than three yards wide, between two precipices, and in the end I landed at the bottom of the slope, deluged with powdered snow, but absolutely un-hurt, after a wholly involuntary slide for a distance of forty or fifty yards. B. coming on my tracks about half an hour later, followed them up to the place where I had started my slide, and then conjecturing what had happened, and knowing that there were dangerous rocks below, made up his mind that I had done for myself at last, and was not a little relieved, when he had circumvented the precipice, to see my footsteps leading homewards. He soon overtook me, and a few minutes later we saw the ponies, and all crossed the ice together, hearing in the course of our passage the noise of the rapid river rushing beneath our feet. To the comparative novice in the matter of crossing rivers on the ice, the sound of the rushing water below is far more terrifying than melodious, and I will

own that although no disaster befell us, I was not a little comforted when I reached the other side. Is it wonderful then that, reviewing the situation in my own mind afterwards, I came to the wise conclusion that, like Quentin Durward, I was not born to be drowned?

CHAPTER XIX.

GAME IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

LET me devote this chapter to a short discursus on the habits of the various species of game to be met with in British Columbia.

WAPITI, called ELK, rut all September and up to the middle of October, after which the old bulls keep to themselves, or go in small bands, whilst the young bulls stay with the cows and calves till they are three years old. They shed their horns in the last week in March or first week in April. The new horns begin to grow in two or three weeks, and are out of the velvet by the end of July. The cows breed at two or three years old, and have one calf in June or early in July. The bulls at one or two years old have only spikes, and at three years old get three or four points on each horn. The neck is nearly black in the winter, carrying longer hair than the wapiti on the mainland and much darker than the wapiti of Wyoming or Manitoba. The body is brown, with a yellow patch on the rump. Their habits are much the same as those of red deer, for they go about in bands of from two or three to

forty or fifty, and sometimes stay in the same spot for several weeks. They avoid rocky ground and the vicinity of thick or fallen timber, preferring cedar swamps or bush and grass swamps, on which they feed, eating the shoots of all bushes, and also grass in the summer, when they get very fat. In the winter they eat cedar and fir leaves, grass and water plants. Single bulls are very wary, but in bands the elks are very tame, if they do not happen to get a man's wind, merely standing and looking at him in a stupid, inquisitive way, and often walking past him at thirty yards' distance in single file. They are very local, often sticking closely to one or two valleys, and seldom to be found a mile off on either side of their regular haunt. From the number of old bulls' horns attached to skulls that I saw about, I gathered they must often kill one another when fighting.

BLACK BEAR on Vancouver Island hibernate as soon as the weather gets cold, probably in December, and they were not out at all when I was there in the middle of April, although it was getting quite warm. The female finds a hollow tree or hole in a rock for herself and cubs during the autumn, but in February she leaves the old cubs and finds a fresh hole for her new litter. She has from one to four cubs at a birth, and these stay with her till they are two years old, so that she only has cubs every alternate year. When the bears first come out in the spring they live on green stuff, skunk cabbage, devil cup tops, grass, and the green buds of trees just as they are

bursting into leaf. Throughout the summer they eat roots and berries, and in the autumn, where there are salmon rivers, they both catch the live fish and eat the dead and rotting fish which die in great quantities. They will always eat any dead meat they find, but do not kill animals for themselves—in fact, their diet very much resembles that of a pig. The coat is valueless in the summer, moderately good in the late autumn, and best of all when they first come out from hibernating in the early spring, a good skin being then worth 24 dollars.

GRIZZLY BEARS on the mainland live in the higher valleys, do not climb trees like black or brown bears, and are more ferocious when wounded at close quarters, although they will always get out of a man's way when they can.

WOLVES vary in colour from black and brown to nearly white. They hunt in packs from two to twenty, and live on deer, beaver, otter, sheep, calves, pigs, and also frogs and any dead meat they can find. They multiply fast, as the female produces six to eight cubs in a litter, and they are nearly always to be found in the neighbourhood of elk, doubtless preying on the elk calves when the cows go away from the rest of the herd in the spring. They are very wary and hard to trap, though trapping is encouraged by a Government bounty of 2 dollars per scalp.

PANTHERS are very destructive to small deer and

grouse, to all smaller domestic animals, and even to ponies. They have two cubs, and like all the cat tribe, are easy to trap. They never attack man, even when wounded, and are very cowardly. The favourite method of hunting them is with dogs, and when pressed by dogs they will take to a tree. The Government bounty is $7\frac{1}{2}$ dollars each.

BEAVER have two to seven kittens at any season of the year, though the female has only four teats on its breast. As I have already explained, they dam up the stream to make the water rise, so that they can get at their food without leaving the water far, as on land they are an easy prey to wolves or panther. They eat the bark of cotton, maple, willow, and alder, also grass and aquatic plants. In the winter they cut the wood and cache it under water, so that they have a store ready to hand when the frost and snow comes, without having to leave the water. They are most pugnacious, and often the males have huge holes bitten through the skin about the head, neck, and back. They swim entirely with their hind feet, which are webbed, raising and lowering themselves in the water with their tails. Their fore-feet, which are small, are only used in walking and holding their food. The fur is of little value till the winter, and is at its best in the early spring till May, when they lose their winter coat. The fur is worth from 3 dollars to 10 dollars on the spot, and in addition to this the musk glands, of which there are two, are worth a

dollar apiece if full. Their houses are very quaint, and have entrances from under water, but on the wide rivers they live in the banks, and do not dam up the rivers, though they generally construct small dams on the side-streams. They are often caught at musk beds, where they land to deposit their musk, which they cover with mud or leaves, so that in time the mounds are of a considerable size. A large beaver measures from the tip of its nose along the back to the tip of its tail 47 inches, the girth under the forelegs $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and round the belly 31 inches.

OTTERS have five or six young ones, and are generally found in a small lake near a large one. In the fall they begin travelling round, returning to the same place at regular intervals of about a month. Sometimes they travel four or five miles over land from one lake or river to another. Each skin is worth from 8 to 10 dollars. They live entirely on fish and frogs.

MARTEN resemble stoats in their habits, feeding on grouse, squirrels, birds' eggs, dead fish, or any dead meat. They are very easy to catch, and often come round a camp quite tame. In March they change their coats and are valueless till the winter, when good skins are worth 10 dollars each.

MINK, which are like otter in their habits, are very retiring, and are seldom seen in the day,

except on the sea-shore at low tide. They live in thick bush and catch fish as well as otter do. They are about the same size as marten, and their skins are worth 1 dollar each.

RACOON live in hollow trees, like bears; several may be found together in one tree when hibernating. The skins are worth 1 dollar each.

WILD SHEEP are grey or brown, with a white rump and a grey tail which is very conspicuous. They live in the steep mountain slopes and tops in the summer, and with the advent of snow in the autumn descend into the more sheltered valleys. They breed one lamb each every year, and go about in bands. Except during the tupping season (November) the rams keep apart from the ewes, and are very wary, having remarkable powers of eyesight and scent, with the result that they are the most difficult animals in America to stalk, and on that account the most sporting.

They live longer than tame sheep, and the oldest specimen that I procured was rising ten. Lambs, I should add, are dropped in April. They are not so pugnacious as deer, although they fight a good deal, charging one another with such force that the noise of the horns clashing together is often heard for three miles on a quiet night. Still, as many as six big rams may be found running together with a flock of ewes, a sight which is never seen in the case of deer.

WHITE or ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS live on high rocks or mountain-tops during the day, and feed on the grassy banks and slopes above or below the rocks at night, or when it is very cold, in fir woods. They have long white shaggy coats and little black horns from 10 to 14 inches in length. The females have horns quite as long, but not so thick as the males. It is nearly impossible to distinguish the sexes in a herd. I saw herds containing as many as fifty or sixty head, but I am inclined to think that the old males leave the herd in the daytime and lie out alone on the rocks during October and November, which is the rutting season.

MULE DEER are about the size of a red deer, and are very fat in the autumn, but, like red deer, as soon as the rutting season begins, in November or December, the bucks become thin, and are too strongly flavoured to be eaten. Unlike red deer, the buck in the rutting season is generally found with one doe only, and he drives off her fawn, if she has one. They live in fir timber, or open park-like ground either on or near mountains. The Indians and squatters kill large quantities of them for their winter stores of meat, which they cure by salting or smoking, though if killed late in the autumn the meat keeps well in a frozen condition all the winter. All Indians are very wasteful, and often kill hundreds of deer for the sake of the fat only, leaving the remainder of the carcase. As a result of this short-sighted

policy the deer were getting very scarce in the Fraser river country, and we saw very few good heads. The Indians also kill the bucks in the spring for their horns, which they sell to Chinamen, who eat them when in the velvet, while they kill the does for their skins, which make the best buckskin in the summer time.

BLACK-TAILED or VANCOUVER ISLAND DEER (I should remark that sometimes people call "mule deer" black-tailed deer) weigh 60 to 120 pounds, and live on the hillsides in the forests of Vancouver Island. They eat grass and leaves, and in the winter when the snow is deep, moss and lichen off the fir-trees. They rut in November, and the bucks stay with the does all the year round. They go either in pairs or in small bands of from three to six does to one buck. May is the breeding month, when the does often have two fawns. They lose their horns in December and January, and do not begin to grow new ones till May. Comparatively few bucks ever have good horns, and out of one hundred and fifty bucks killed by one of my hunters (M.), there were not more than five of which the horns were worth keeping as trophies. They never came down into the swamps where the elk were, but however deep the snow, stuck to the tops and slopes of the mountains, where they could keep out of the way of wolves. They were not nearly as fat as mule deer, and the meat was not so good, although it is far more palatable than the meat of elk. I found

them very wary and easily frightened, but often after being startled they would run a few yards and then stop, and give me an easy chance of a shot.

WHITE-TAILED DEER, rather smaller than the mule deer, are found nearly all over North America, but I was only successful in getting one specimen in the vicinity of New Orleans.

I happened to be talking to a game-dealer, who told me, in the course of our conversation, that he belonged to a shooting club, and that if I liked to accompany him on the following Saturday he would show me how they shot the white-tailed deer. He lent me a gun, which I loaded with buckshot—the use of rifles being strictly tabooed on account of the danger of the stray bullets flying about. I was placed in an open spot in a forest swamp, with several sportsmen so posted at intervals on either side of me that we commanded a line of four or five hundred yards. The drivers, both men and dogs, then brought towards us a long tract of the low swampy jungle, and after a time I heard several shots, and then suddenly saw a fine buck standing close to me. As his neck was towards me, I had not the slightest trouble in bagging him. When the drive was finished the party came up and said that the buck carried the best head they had seen that year. As it appeared that all they cared for was the meat of the deer, and that they never troubled about taking the head, that might have been left behind altogether if I had not re-

marked that if they had no use for it I should like to keep it as a memento of the occasion. It is now in my possession, and, taking all things into consideration, quite the most unsporting of my trophies. However, without doubt, for a white-tailed deer, the horn, measuring $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is a very strong one, and it serves to remind me of the peculiar ideas of sport that different people hold in different portions of the globe. Let me add that I think it would be hardly possible to get these white-tailed deer in that district by stalking, for the splash of the water in the swamp would render it more than usually difficult to get near them.

ORINOCO RIVER DEER.—The proper name of this pretty little deer I do not happen to know. But I shot one on a little island when on a tour with Lord Hawke's cricket team, which visited the West Indies and Demerara. It carries a small horn, about 9 inches long, with three points on each side.

PACIFIC ISLAND GOATS are the lineal descendants of tame goats turned down by the Spaniards two or three centuries ago on many of the Pacific Islands, with the idea of supplying food to shipwrecked sailors who might find themselves stranded without any means of sustenance. Naturally they have multiplied considerably, and at the same time have become very wild. I shot two specimens in South Catalina, finding them on the usual goat-ground of rocks and precipices. The heads are

rather striking, but somehow or other I had no particular inclination to sample the meat.

Let me conclude by remarking that the reader of an American book on big-game hunting will be fain to believe that pretty well every species of wild animal to be encountered on the prairies is ferocious, carnivorous, and the established enemy of mankind. Even the black bear, in reality not much more formidable than a tame sheep, has been represented as a bloodthirsty monster. My own experience is that man is so far entitled to rank as the lord of creation that, except under strong provocation either of fear or pain or hunger, no wild animal will voluntarily attack or even face him.



A. E. L. returning from a successful stalk, Otago.



Top of a Valley in deer country, Otago.

CHAPTER XX.

STALKING THE RED DEER OF OTAGO.

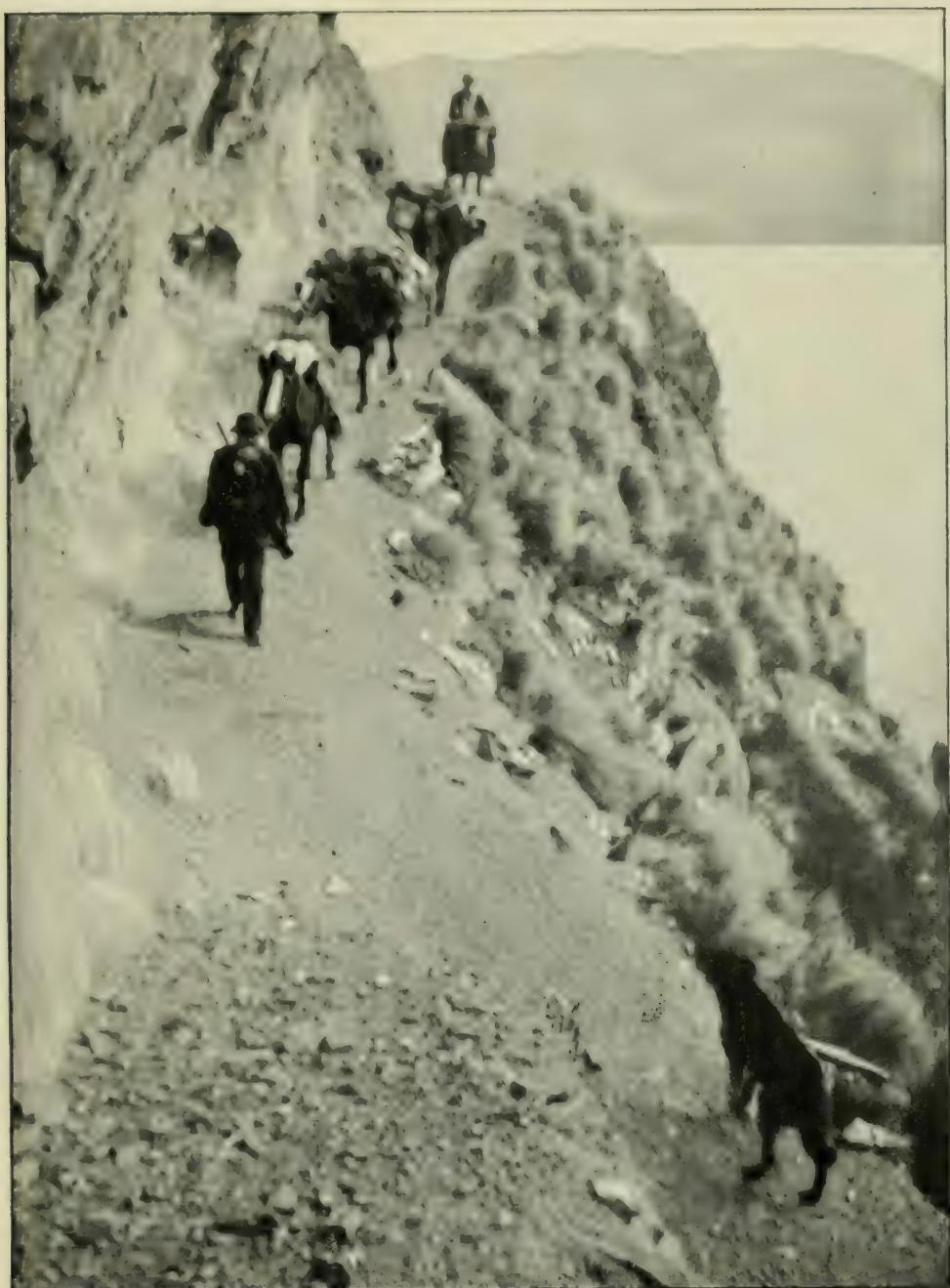
I DOUBT whether anything in the way of sport can surpass red-deer stalking in the highlands of Otago. Gorgeous scenery! a climate so bracing that a man can walk from sunrise to sunset without feeling unduly tired; glorious trophies in the form of stags' horns far surpassing anything to be found in our own country! What more can the heart of hunter desire?

The district is a perfect paradise for deer, which have plenty of food, both in winter and summer, unlimited ranges of mountains and valleys to roam over, high grassy slopes to feed on in fine weather, and thick evergreen beech forests wherein to find shelter during bad weather.

The first deer were imported from Lord Dalhousie's forest in Scotland. Eight yearlings, turned down near Lake Hawea in 1868, have increased to many thousands, covering an area of some three thousand square miles. And whilst still keeping the beautiful wild and graceful heads of their ancestors, they have developed length and strength of horn far superior

to those of any stags in Great Britain at the present day. On my deer-stalking trips I considered myself unlucky if I did not get at least three stags with horns over forty inches in length, and I am prepared to believe that in an exceptionally good season horns might be found to measure at least another ten inches. I noticed that the farther west I went the better the heads were. My conviction is that the heads in the heavy forest near the west coast are equal to any of the forest heads of Central Europe.

I was the first Englishman to shoot in the Hunter River Valley. On my first visit to the country in 1902 the Secretary of the Acclimatisation Society at Dunedin told me that an Australian sportsman had found tracks of deer in the river-bed of the Hunter, though he had not actually seen any deer, so I settled to go there. Travelling to Pembroke by train and coach over the Crown Range, I drove on to Hawea Flat, and taking pack-horses there, reached the mouth of the Hunter in four days from Dunedin. Then gradually moving my camp up the river for thirty miles to Mount Macpherson, I explored all the Hunter Valley, and did so well that in the following season the valley was full of sportsmen. As the proverb which deals with cooks and broth conveys a salutary warning to the big-game hunter, I spent most of my time that year in the side valleys, and in that and three subsequent seasons explored every side valley up Lake Hawea and the Hunter, some of which, owing to the difficulty of approaching them through the rocky gorges, no



Going to hunt in Hunter Valley, Otago, New Zealand. Taken at
Rocky Point on Lake Hawea.

Englishman had ever entered. There are as many as twenty valleys on the west side, from ten to twelve miles in length, most of them holding deer; on the east side there are no deep valleys, but many corries and much nice ground for deer in summer, though there is a scarcity of bush, and consequently of feed for them in winter.

I was extremely fortunate in having a capital man, Donald by name, as gillie for my first two seasons. Always cheery and always encouraging, never down-hearted with any ill-success, very keen, a real fine Scotsman, a splendid walker, as strong as a horse, Donald had the rare gift of not considering that he knew better than any one else, and was ever ready to follow out any suggestion made.

Most of the bush on the lower part of the Hunter near the lake has been destroyed by burning, but in the upper reaches of the river and all the side valleys there is bush down to the river-beds. Large and evergreen beeches—birches they are called in New Zealand,—with pines and other hardwood trees, flourish in the low ground, gradually giving place to the scrub that covers the hillsides. Above the scrub again are grassy banks amongst rocks and rugged ridges, with occasional spacious green slopes, topped by frowning cliffs of grey granite, and on the highest tops snow-drifts and glaciers.

Some of the ravines are very precipitous and rugged, and the walking is very hard work in most of them. Besides the perils of stone-slides and rocks, the low scrubby bush which has been laid by

the snow in winter on the very steep hillsides has never properly reasserted itself, and in its semi-recumbent form is very trying to both legs and temper.

The deer are easy to stalk, provided there are no precipices in the way—for, on the one hand, owing to the rough nature of the ground, the stalker who pays due regard to the wind is nearly sure to get within shot; and on the other, the deer, having no enemies except man, and in many places never having heard the crack of a rifle, take little or no notice of noises such as those of falling stones, to which they are accustomed, and hardly condescend to look up.

One very pretty little valley, which has a lake at its head, I found very difficult to enter at the first attempt, but on two subsequent occasions I hit off a deer-trail, and got in comparatively easily. On the first occasion, intending to stay the night, we started from our camp in the main valley, taking a rück-sack which held a soldier's little canteen—meat, bread, plum-pudding, tea, sugar, and two sweaters to sleep in. We spent a thoroughly bad morning in trying to get through the bush and fern up a very steep gorge, where we were constantly thwarted by a precipice. Donald at last found a place where we could just climb round a rock overhanging a cliff, but having come back on his tracks to tell me, he could not retrace his steps so as to hit off the right place again, with the result that we wandered up and down amongst the timber and rocks looking for it, and were on the point of giving up the

search when I chanced to find it. By the aid of some projecting branches we got round a nasty bit of slippery rock, and down into the bed of the creek. Jumping from boulder to boulder, sometimes wading, often having to cross and recross the creek to avoid big rocks, and occasionally compelled to leave the stream and climb up a steep bank in the bush to avoid a precipice, we reached our goal at four o'clock after ten hours' wandering. There before us lay a beautiful mile of clear water, sheltered by bush down to its very edge on the south, with high rocks and a lovely cascade falling sheer into the water on the north, and at both ends several acres of long sweet grass. We saw one large stag at the top end of the lake, and made him out to be a royal as he walked along the edge of the water browsing on small bushes. He had no hinds, but we could see that he was roaring, although we could not hear him. We then viewed a stag with four hinds on our side of the lake, walking away from us towards the head of the lake. These we followed up, and while I was going through some high birch I heard the stag roar just outside the wood in front of me. Creeping along slowly, I presently saw two hinds lying down, and the top of the stag's head just visible above the grass. I got within a hundred yards, and then, conscious that the hinds had seen me, I sat still and waited for the stag to get up and show his body. I could see that he was a strong ten-pointer, and felt sure of getting him so soon as he rose. The hinds soon seemed satisfied,

and after a while got up and began feeding. Last of all the stag stood up, and I noticed that he was very light-coloured and grey. When he dropped to the shot I gave him behind the shoulder I found that he had a very strong horn, and that his teeth were gone, or mere rotten stumps. Donald cut off the head, and having collected some firewood, with a good fire in front and a rock which kept off the cold wind behind us, we spent a very fair night. I had dropped my cap in the thick bush in the morning, and had managed to make a capital night-cap out of the rück-sack, which was in reality nothing but a towel stitched up into the form of a rück-sack. Next morning we were up and off by daylight, and it took us eleven hours' hard work to get home. Having been struggling most of the time through low scrubby bush, we were by no means sorry to find that our cook had got a good supper ready for us. The horns were $40\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, the girth between the brow and bay tines was $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and between bay and tray antlers $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, up to that time the record in girth for Otago.

On our return journey I carried down the rifle and rück-sack, and Donald carried the head,—a pretty good performance on his part, as to carry a stag's head through low thick bush is most trying. It is impossible to carry the head over one's shoulders, with the deer's skull resting on the back of the bearer's neck, and the horns facing forward on each side of his head, in the usual way, because the horns are apt to catch perpetually in every twig and creeper. Moreover, on very steep



Royal killed in thick bush. Donald, my hunter.



ground the hands must be free to hold a stick. We had often to crawl under low scrub, while the heat of the blazing sun in a breathless sky was almost overpowering. Donald never even murmured, though in a later trip another guide in a much easier valley refused to try and carry a head out, declaring it impossible. I took it myself to show him his mistake, and carried both it and the rifle, while he walked sulkily behind empty-handed, thoroughly disgusted, and we will hope as thoroughly ashamed of himself.

There was one occasion, in 1903, which neither Donald nor I shall ever be likely to forget. We had spent a fruitless day in trying to approach some deer that we had spied in the morning up one of the side valleys by following the main ridge between that valley and the next. The going was so rocky and precipitous that after five hours' hard climbing we had to give it up and make our way down to the stream which was running far below us, there to camp out for the night. It was very late, so I went ahead of Donald to try and find the best way down, as he could not move at any pace on the steep hillside, having lost his stick, which had fallen over a precipice in the morning. I thought that by keeping down a small narrow ridge, with steep rocks on each side, I could get to the stream safely enough, but when within two hundred yards of it we were suddenly checked by a precipice. It was getting dark, and too late to think of turning back and coming down another ridge. The mountain-side we

were on stood at an angle perilously near 45° to the plain below, and as it would have been quite impossible to lie down without rolling over the precipice, the only mode of exit or descent that seemed possible lay in crawling along the side cliff, on which were some little tufts of grass and protruding cracks or ledges. My idea was that by groping along with my hands and feet for some ten yards, I could get to a small dry watercourse leading down to the next ridge, and so on to the stream. I had great trouble in scaling the cliff, but once there, was getting along fairly well with my face to the cliff, feeling my way slowly along it, when suddenly both feet gave way, and I found myself dangling against the side of the precipice, hanging on for dear life with both hands to tussocks of grass, and knowing that if anything gave way I was a gone coon. I had my stick, and never thought of letting it drop, though it was hampering me considerably, while I kept cautiously searching the face of the rock with my toes in quest of a foothold. Presently I touched a little ledge, and was able to put some weight on that toe, and so steady myself. With the other foot I then found another little protruding spot, and having got that foot firmly planted, was enabled to move along and get safely over the face of the cliff. It was an anxious time, and when I climbed down about twenty yards to the bottom of the cliff, and looked up to where I had crossed it, it looked simply awful. Then Donald, who had been a long way behind, came to the precipice, and I showed him the only possible way of getting

down. I will own that I felt not a little anxious for the worthy fellow's safety, seeing that he weighed fourteen stone and had my rifle, which was likely to hinder him, on his back. However, from below I was able to tell him where to put his feet, with the result that he got over safely, and climbed down to me. We reached the stream just as it was getting dark. We hurriedly collected all the sticks we could lay hands on—there was no good firewood, for we were too high up for timber,—the moon, which was rising behind the hills, helping us; but although we got a fair supply of dead brushwood, we had to be careful to make it last out the night. We were fairly comfortable, but sleep was out of the question, with a nipping cold breeze, no supper, and only a drink of icy cold water. Donald sat quiet for some time, then said—

“That was an awful place! I would not do that again for ten thousand pounds! If you had not done it first, I would never have thought of trying it.”

“Anyhow, it's all right now,” I said, “and all's well that ends well.”

“If ever you come out again,” said Donald, “you must get some one else as guide, for I canna stand things o' that sort.”

When the full moon came over the mountain top—it was a beautifully bright night—all the huge rocks and peaks and precipices round us were lit up, and the deep shadows made them look more formidable and grander than ever. The rushing water fell over some rocks close by, and as at one and the

same moment we listened to the booming of the waterfall below us and the roaring of a stag up the bed of the stream a little way above, it was impossible not to be impressed by the natural grandeur of our surroundings. These doubtless might have been appreciated better if we had only had a little venison to cook for supper and a cup of hot tea. But an empty stomach, a sharp frost with no blankets, and the prospects of no breakfast, with a whole day's tramp home before we could expect to get a bite of anything, are material considerations apt to detract from the pleasure of bushing it on the loveliest evening imaginable. I kept constantly looking at my watch, and calculating how long it would be before daylight. It came at last, and soon after 6 A.M. we were up and away. A comparatively easy walk brought us down to camp by two o'clock. A cup or two of hot tea, with some bread and butter, soon put us right, and ready for a more solid meal at 5.30 P.M. This was one of my many failures, but the sportsman's occasional failures only make his successes much more enjoyable when they come.

One particular stag cost me three hard days' climbing before I got him. It was in 1907, when I made my fourth trip to the Hunter. I had spent the beginning of the season exploring a lovely country for deer, but they had not spread so far yet, and my partner, whom I had taken out that year and had sent to what I thought the best camp in a valley called "Boundary Valley," was not able to do the walking. When after three weeks he



A Rock-bound Corrie up one of the side valleys out of Hunter River valley.

settled to give up the job, having had enough of it, I went straight to his camp. As it happened, I had told him of a high plateau of grass which he could reach and return from in a day, where there was sure to be a good head. Finding that he had not been there at all, I started quickly for the place, and saw a fine big stag; but the light was bad, and it came on to rain in torrents. The stag with his hinds retired to shelter in the bush, and I had to return without getting a shot, getting back to camp at eight o'clock wet to the skin.

The next day I tried again, but the deer had not come out of the bush at all, as it was still raining, and blowing a hurricane. It continued to rain and snow alternately for a week on end, and I could not get on to the hills at all, as they were covered in cloud. Then at last, on April 27, came a fine bright morning, but the snow was deep on the hills, and having to go over a very high ridge to get down into the basin where the stag I wanted was likely to be, I thought it useless to try for him. On the following day, however, knowing that the big stags were just about to leave their hinds and retire for the season into the bush, I decided to make one more attempt. David, my guide, and I accordingly started at 6.30, taking the rück-sack and provision for sleeping out, and toiled slowly up through deep snow on the north side of the ridge, seeing nothing till we got to the top of the shoulder over which our road lay. As in places it was very slippery, David elected to take me over a narrow ridge where there was just room to walk, with deep

rocks on each side. Though I had crossed the same ridge gaily enough at the first time of asking, on this occasion I had to sit down and scramble across like a crab, and I could not help remarking to David, "When it comes to this, I think it is time I stopped deer-stalking." There was much less snow on the south side. We got over the shoulder to hear almost immediately a roar, and to spy an old stag with some hinds on the snow far below, just above the bush. It had taken us four and a half hours from camp to reach the shoulder. The wind was very bad, blowing straight down from us to the deer, but they were too far off to get our wind yet. I thought it would be no use trying to stalk the stag from above, and we could not get below the deer without showing ourselves across a wide open space. However, we managed to cross below them, down a little gully of scrub with snow a foot deep, and although one hind saw us the herd did not decamp. By climbing up a watercourse I got through the scrub between the deer and the high bush, and leaving David behind, stalked them from below. Although I heard the stag roar, I could no longer see him, and as several hinds were feeding within sight I dared not show my head much. Creeping along in the deep snow, through the scrub, and raising my head over a tiny ridge, I saw the stag facing me and staring straight at me, with his head and half his neck visible. Resting the rifle on my stick, I aimed at his neck, and he fell dead to my shot. He proved to be a very big stag, with a strong horn, although

rather short, only 37 inches in length : he was a 14-pointer, with big thick tops. The hinds, wholly undismayed by the sudden death of their lord and master, stood quite still for some time, and only strolled slowly off as we walked up. We had three hours' daylight to get home. By going straight down through the bush we hit upon the deer track at the bottom, and reached our camp before seven o'clock. I had twice before got good heads at this particular spot, but the heads vary very much according to the season. If the previous winter has been fairly open, and has been followed by an early spring, naturally the horns are better than after a very severe winter and late spring. No one has been able to weigh deer at their best (*i.e.*, just before the rutting season has begun), for the obvious reason that the stalking season does not commence till the middle of the rutting, but I am inclined to think that an average stag weighs 30 stone clean, or perhaps rather more. I weighed one on April 10th, after he had been rutting three weeks, and run down considerably in condition, and he weighed 370 lb. clean.

When I first went into the Hunter Valley I never saw more than three or four grown hinds with a stag, but the last time I went I saw several herds of twenty-five to thirty. No doubt some deer get killed by falling over precipices, and I have twice found dead deer at the bottom of rocks. I knew of a herd of one stag and six hinds and calves which went over a rock, and I think were all killed. I had seen a stag and some hinds on a grassy slope

facing the Hunter river, about a mile above my camp. The stag was not worth shooting, but I thought I would try and photograph the herd. I knew that over the other side of the slope it was very rocky, and as the deer saw me trying to get near them, and ran up to the ridge on the top of the slope where they were feeding, I thought that if I followed them up they would probably have to come down past me within a hundred yards or so. When I got near the top, and did not see any more of them, I naturally concluded they had got away down the other side.

But on reaching the rocky ridge I found their tracks going over it, and then some way below, through a narrow peep-hole past some projecting rocks, I saw a dead hind lying. The ground was frozen, and she must have slipped and gone over a precipice. In all probability the whole herd shared the same fate, since they had all gone the same way. I did not dare to follow them and make sure of the fact, but none of them came back again to feed on the slope where I had first seen them, and my impression is that they must have been killed.

The deer-stalking season lasts from April 1st to May 31st in the mountains of Otago, and the height of the rutting season is from March 20th to April 10th. After that date the big stags gradually roar less, and by the end of April have left the hinds and retired into the thick bush, though several small stags remain with each band of hinds. The stags' horns being all clean by the first week in

March, which corresponds to September in Scotland, there is no particular reason why the stalking season should begin so late. For although the roaring, of course, helps the hunter to locate the stags, on the other hand camping out in March, when the climate is quite perfect in those glorious mountains, must be most enjoyable, and it would appeal to any good sportsman who understands the use of a telescope to have to locate his deer amongst the rough and high rocky corries where they are to be found in the warm sunny weather. Moreover, if the season extended from March 1st to the end of April, he would be sure of getting his full number of stags in April, if he had not got them before. May, which corresponds to November in Scotland, is a cold and stormy month, and not pleasant for camping out, even if the big stags were to be got, which is not the case, as they keep to the bush and do not show themselves at all, so that from a sporting point of view it is useless to camp out later than the end of April. Also gillies, cooks, owners of pack-horses, and other natives who under the present conditions only profit by the sportsman's money—a welcome addition to rather precarious earnings—for three or at the most four weeks, would gladly welcome the extension of the season.

The Britisher *must* take out one licence to shoot four stags before he begins shooting, which costs £3; and then *may* take out a second licence, costing £5, entitling him to shoot four more stags. No one wants to bring away more than eight good heads

in one season, although deer are getting so numerous now that sport would be materially improved if some philanthropic hunters devoted a season to the killing off of stags with small and poor heads. Of these there are too many, especially in the region where the deer were originally turned down. I have consulted several old deer-stalkers in Scotland as to the cause of there being so many deformed horns in the neighbourhood where the deer were turned out, and the unanimous opinion is that this is not caused by in-and-in breeding, but by some kind of accident, either in the form of falls in the very rough rugged ground when the stags are young, or, *horresco referens*, of wounds inflicted in former years by bad shooting. Although I have not seen them myself, not having been in that particular district, I have been told that there are many single-horned stags. This is certainly suggestive of bygone wounds, but the only way of verifying the fact lies in skinning each stag after it is shot. For an old wound always shows in the skin. No doubt some beginners, or otherwise poor sportsmen, are fond of trying long shots, when owing to their ignorance in the art of stalking they are not able to get near the stags. They little think what damage they may do by *wounding*. In fact, I have heard of one guide who has actually bragged of killing many stags at 600 or 700 yards, and I have little doubt that he and men like him are the real cause of so many malformed heads being seen.

Deer in Otago do not wander nearly so much as they do in Scotland. I have recognised the same



Just back out of Boundary Valley, a side valley of the Hunter River.



Return from Hunt in Hunter Valley, Otago.



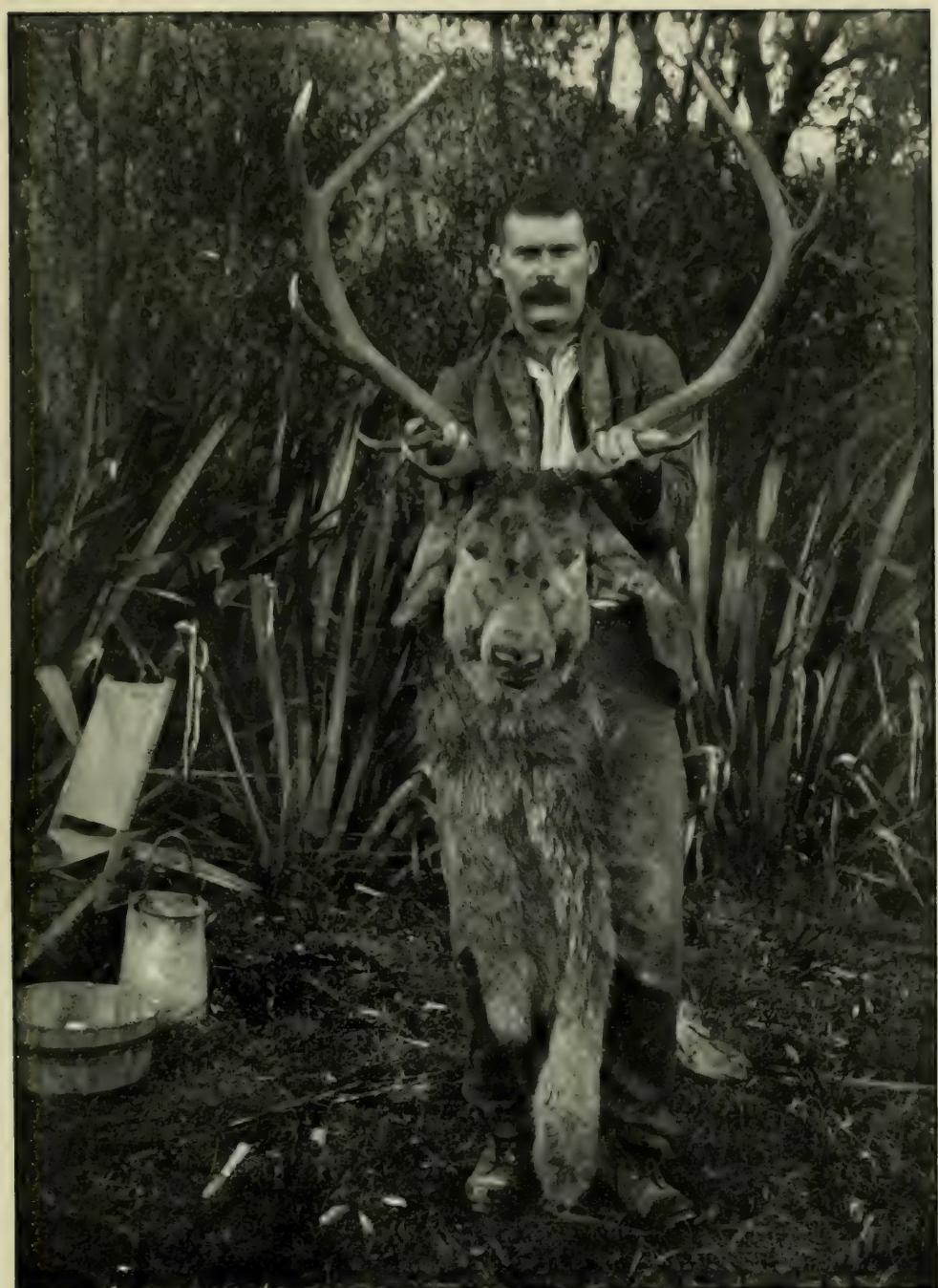
stag with a band of hinds for three successive years at the head of one of the side valleys, and I am sure that the deer stick very much to their own localities, although of course young stags roam in the rutting season. For this reason the deer do not spread rapidly, and I found many lovely valleys for deer with no deer in them. The walking is hard, as the hillsides are so steep that it is not possible to get pack-horses up them, with the result that the camps have generally to be pitched on the flat river-beds, and every morning the hunter has to climb up 3000 feet in order to reach the grassy slopes where the deer are to be found in fine weather. But the climate is so bracing that the work which in England or Scotland would seem terrific is comparatively easy.

Some valleys have had tracks cut into them, which of course makes them very accessible, with the result that they are too much shot, and the sportsman must make up his mind that the more difficult a place is to get to, the more chance he has of getting good heads. Although no doubt there are still some good stags in places much frequented by hunters, they know how to take care of themselves by not leaving the bush in the daytime.

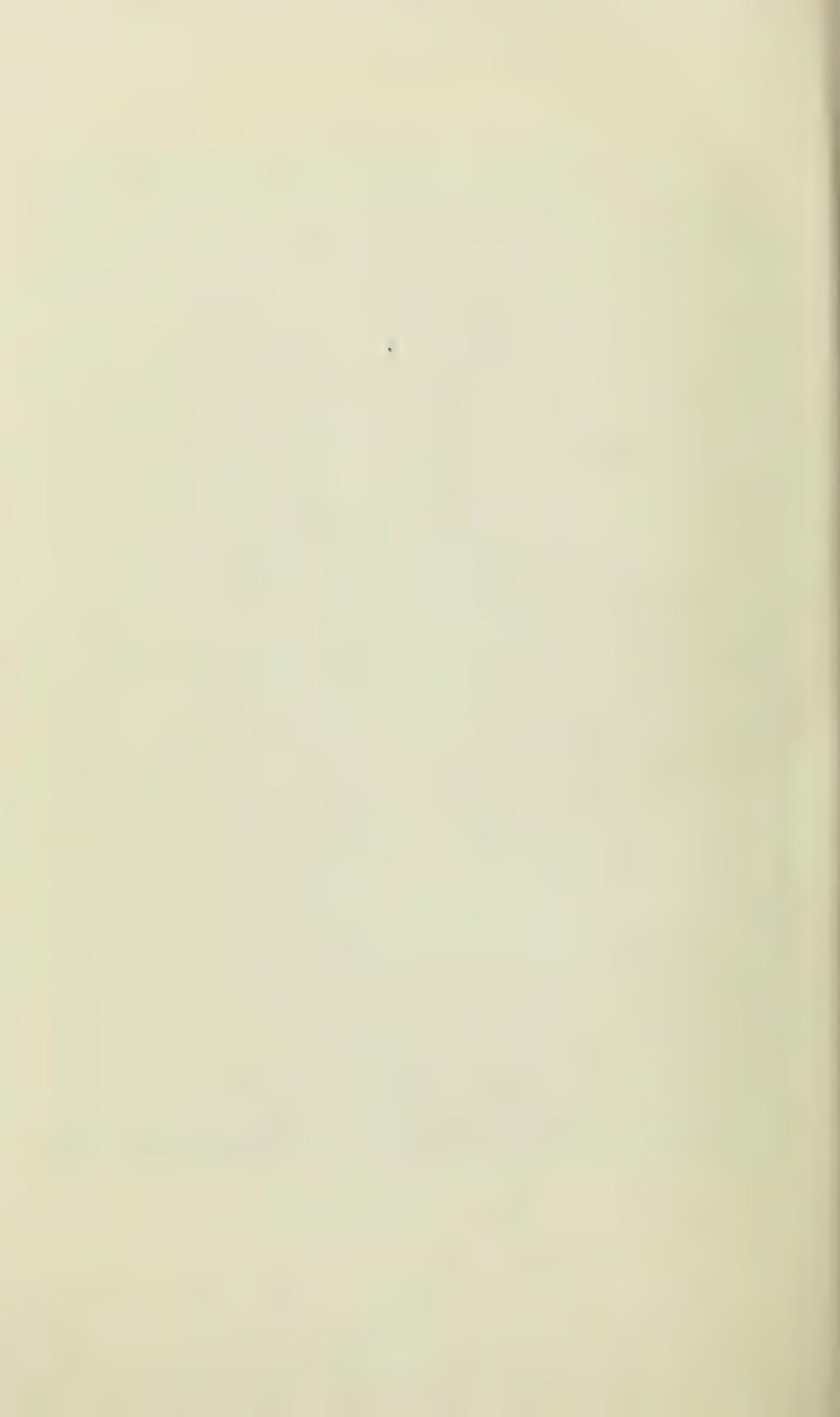
The favourite tree for deer to clean their horns on is the celery pine, called "Tanika" in Maori; and by noticing where the celery pines were most rubbed, I came to the conclusion that the favourite place for stags to spend the warm days of February in the shade was nearly at the top of the timber line.

There are two troublesome things in camp. *Imprimis*, the blue-bottle flies, or blow-flies, which blow their eggs on one's blankets, or anything woollen. At night sometimes the camper-out is compelled to use lanterns, for the blue-bottles keep flying into an open candle, extinguishing the light. Then again there is a little sand-fly, in shape like a minute bee, which bites so viciously as to render a camp pitched anywhere near water untenable in the daytime.

Let me say in conclusion that the pleasures of deer-stalking in New Zealand are not sufficiently appreciated by British sportsmen. Furthermore, I feel sure that when the New Zealand Government realises the benefit it would be to the Colony to attract many more British stalkers, most of whom are men of means, the latter will be encouraged in every possible way, especially in that of fixing the deer-stalking season a month earlier.



Donald, my guide in New Zealand, holding the record strongest head of Otago.



CHAPTER XXI.

SOME FISHING EXPERIENCES.

By way of preface to a chapter which treats for the most part of my fishing experiences, let me state at once that I have little ambition, and still less claim, to be called a fisherman, but that, like all duffers in any kind of sport, I have generally had good luck when I have essayed the gentle art. “Seize on opportunities,” say the Arabs, “for they are either a spoil if improved, or a grief if neglected.”

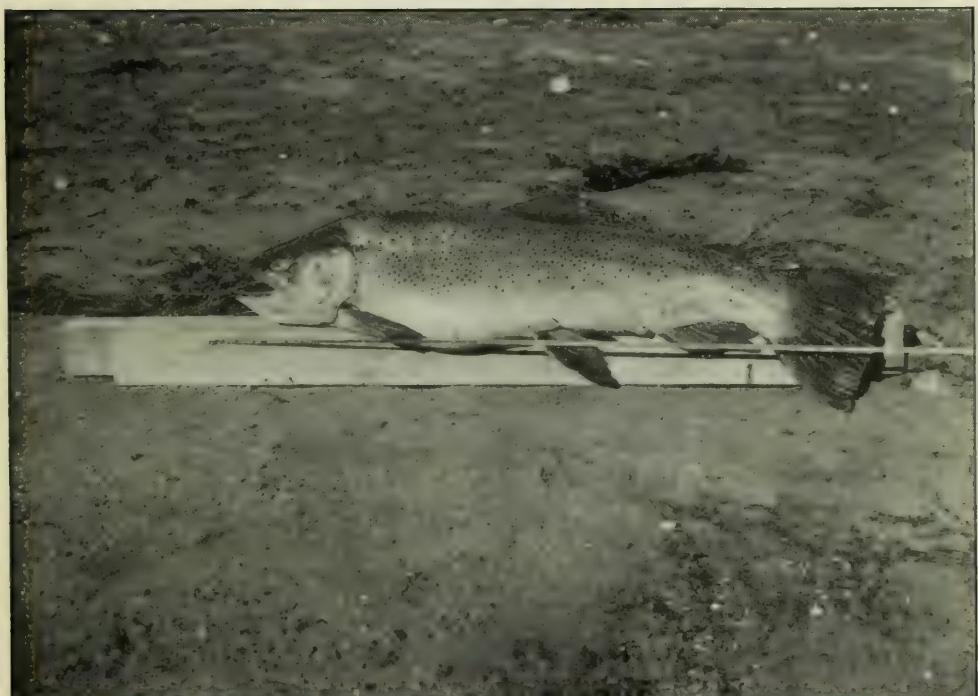
How far can this proverb be said to apply to my fishing? To a certain extent, at any rate. For if now and again I have accepted fishing as a pastime in temporary default of a more exhilarating form of sport, so much of my fishing has been done almost as a work of necessity in the way of supplying either much-needed food, or a change of diet to a starving camp or hungry household, that every fish caught has really ranked as spoil, and want of success—fortunately a rare event—has entailed positive grief.

And now to proceed. When in India I occasionally caught a few marseer with rods and tackle

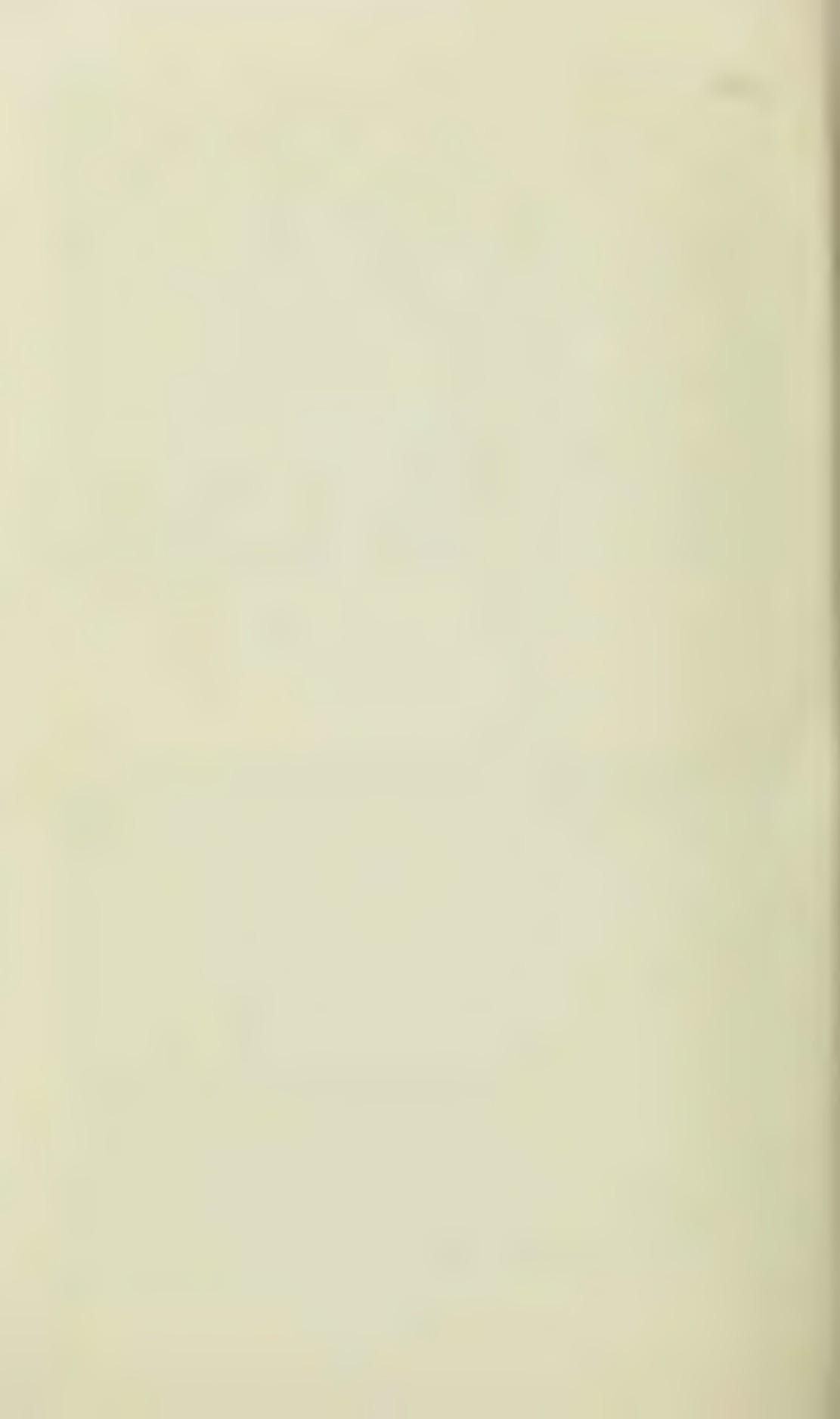
lent to me by other men, but the one fish of this type which I have best cause to remember was taken by me in the Periar river in Travancore. I had gone to that district to stay with a friend of mine, an engineer who was engaged in making a dam and a tunnel through a mountain, which was destined to divert the course of the river, and so to irrigate a large tract of country which hitherto had been waterless. It was a big undertaking, and the completion was not reached for several years, but in the end it was successful. We were out for a spell, trying to shoot Neilgherry wild goat and bison, and one evening my companion lent me a fishing-rod and phantom minnow, and I sallied out in the hope of catching a marseer for our dinner. I soon found that there was no swivel on the cast, with the result that the minnow could not spin, but passed through the water with an eccentric gliding form of motion. Possibly my marseer considered it to be a badly wounded minnow, and in the kindness of his heart made up his mind to put the poor thing out of its misery. Anyhow, I hooked him at the very first cast, and when I had duly landed him, and carried him back to camp, he turned out to be the largest fish of the type that had ever been caught in the Periar. In point of fact it was not a very big marseer after all, as the river is small, and the fish do not run to any great size. Still, in a way I had created a record, and my host could not help remarking that it was odd—perhaps a woman might have used the term “aggravating”—that he himself should have been fishing the river for seven



Cowichan River, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. On this river I caught the first salmon with a fly.



Brown Trout—weight $22\frac{1}{2}$ lb.



years, catching lots of fish, but nothing of that size, and then a duffer should come along and catch one fish only, and that should turn out to be the record fish of the river. For my own part, the size of the fish did not interest me at all. Much more important were the facts that it was good to eat, and that we wanted it for our dinner.

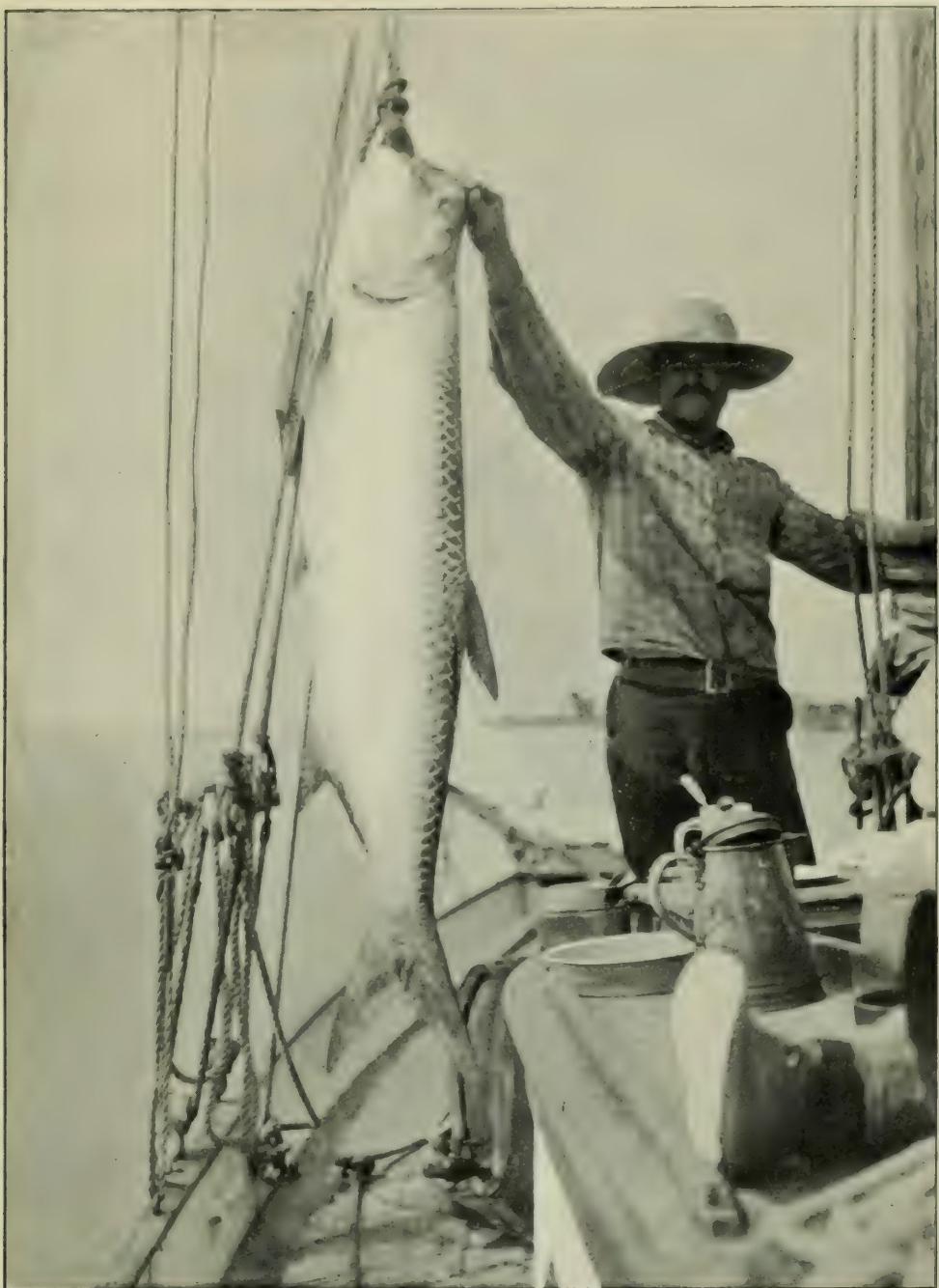
On another occasion, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I caught the first salmon in the Cowichan river, on Vancouver Island in Canada, with a fly, when fishing for trout. I was also fortunate enough to get the first tuna of the season at Santa Catalina Island in California. Having gone there really too early for tuna, I amused myself by fishing for sharks and other fish, which abounded there, hiring my rod and a huge reel and long line from the owner of a little steam launch which I took out for several days. It was March, and the climate was delightful, but tuna did not come in near the land till later on, when a whole crowd of people arrived to catch them. One day I was anchored, and my skipper was what he called "chumming," or in other words squeezing up a lot of bait, consisting of small fish, with his hand, and letting it float away with the tide. Any fish which came across this stuff would follow it up till they got to the boat, where with luck they might take my hook, which was baited with half a flying-fish. Suddenly the skipper saw a lot of big fish coming our way, and exclaimed: "There are some tuna." We got up the anchor, and steamed straight across in front of them, as they were jumping out of the water like

a school of porpoises. I trolled my hook with the flying-fish, and had a tuna on very quickly. It was not at all a big fish as tunas go, being less than 80 lb., and did not take long to land, the tackle being so strong that there was no need to play the fish at all. Nor was any cleverness required on my part. It was simply a little tug of war between myself and the tuna, and as he was the lighter of the pair he was soon on board our launch. These fish are caught up to 400 lb., and the big ones very often get off by going out to deep water, and there diving straight down until they have run all the line out, and so manage to break it. I should have liked to stay a little longer, to see how I took to the sport, but I was booked to go away and try for bears in Canada.

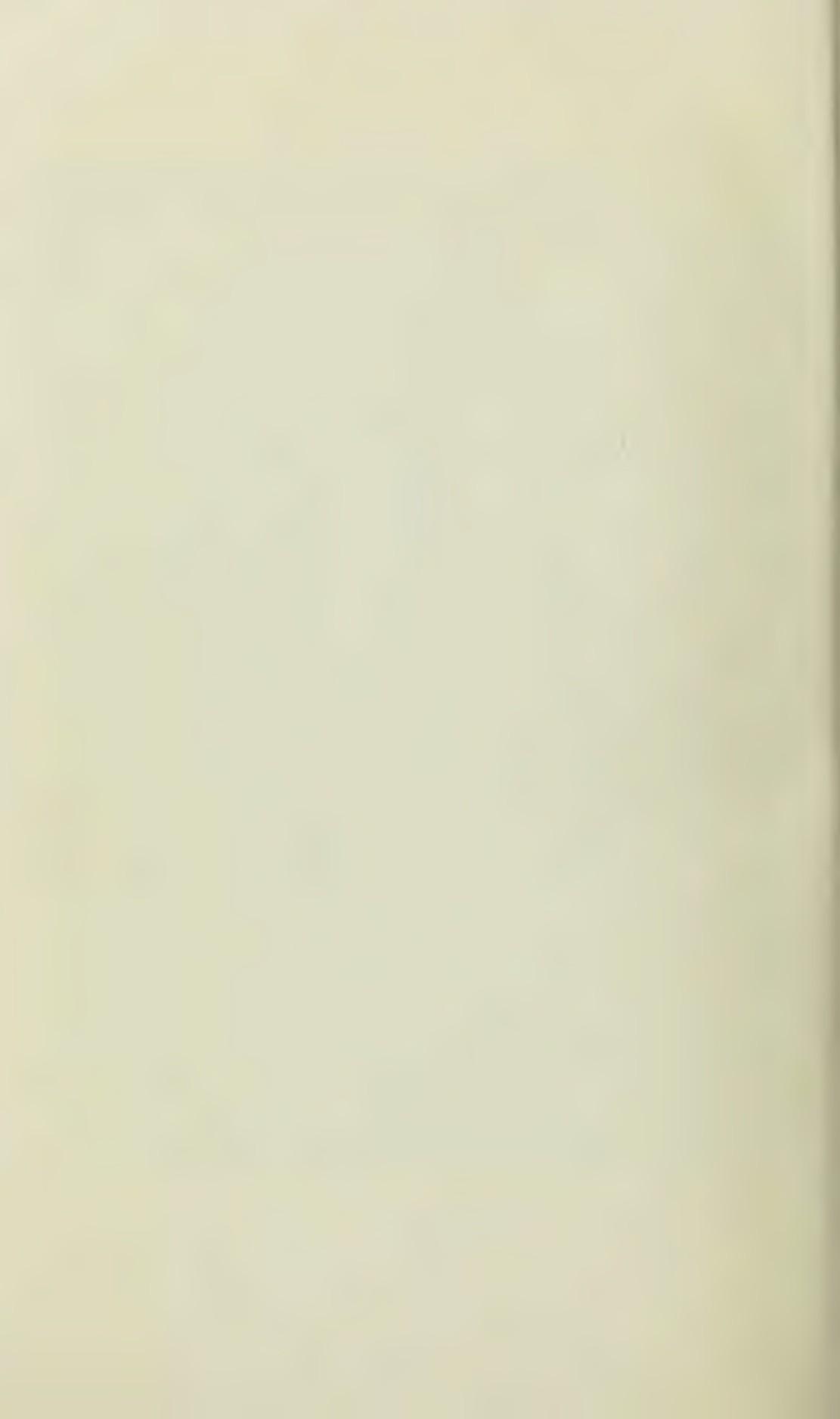
In 1901 I went out to Florida with a keen sportsman, H., and his wife, both good fishers, and this was the first trip that I ever undertook on purpose to fish. Happening to be staying with them for a week-end in Warwickshire, I chanced to remark that if I could get any one to come with me I would go and have a try for a tarpon in Florida. The hunting being over, and there being nothing special to keep them in the country, they said: "We will come." This was on a Sunday, and we started on the Wednesday, a pretty good performance on the lady's part, for she had to get her household matters arranged and to procure any kit she might require within the space of some forty-eight hours. We arrived at New York on April 5th, got our fishing tackle at Vom Hofe's store, the best place for

tarpon tackle, and went straight to Jacksonville, the capital of Florida, where my bank had lodged a credit for me. We then went to Punta Gorda, and found only one little sailing yacht which had not been already hired for tarpon fishing. Needless to say, being the last she was not the best, and certainly was far from perfect in many ways. When we sailed so that she lay over on one side, she leaked considerably, and both the lockers in the cabin and our clothes got very wet, and when it rained the water came through the deck and dripped on to us in our berths. The skipper who had arranged to feed us had very few stores on board, and was not able to get any fresh meat, or fresh food of any kind, so that we lived on the fish which we caught, and on tinned vegetables. There was nothing provided to keep out mosquitoes, which swarmed, and although they did not trouble me much, they took to my cabin companion most affectionately, and as he had not met many of them before, he no doubt entertained them better than I did. Mrs H. slept in a tiny cabin, to which the passage lay through ours, whilst the three sailors were in the bows of the boat. My two companions were splendid people to travel with, as they looked on every inconvenience as a new experience, and therefore as something to be amused at. As the tiny yacht was so small that there was not room to have a bath on board at all, I used either to bathe from a boat, or to have a plunge overboard in the early morning, before Mrs H. was moving. One morning I did not notice that the tide was

running rather fast, though of course I ought to have seen that the water was eddying past the anchor chain, and so having taken a header overboard, when I came to the top I saw the yacht thirty yards away. Swimming as hard as I could, I barely managed to get hold of a rope which was hanging over the stern and trailing in the water, and by its aid climbed up on to the deck, so thoroughly pumped out with my struggle that Mrs H. heard my breathing from her cabin, and shouted out to inquire what was wrong. I put her off with the explanation that I had just been running a mile to get an appetite for breakfast. That day we caught a very nice $17\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Channel bass. It was hung on to one of the davits, with the tail nearly touching the water, when a shark came, bit it in half, and then retired under the yacht, where we could occasionally see it through the clear water. Fortunately H. had a harpoon, which was used for harpooning turtles and so forth. Accordingly we dangled the remaining half of the fish over the water, and when the shark came for it, H. plunged the harpoon well into its belly as it turned over to catch hold of the fish. Away went the shark with the harpoon, while H., the skipper and I did our best to hold on to the line, which was dragged through our hands at a great pace. Finally we got the line round the mast, and, with the sudden jerk, the force of the shark's rush tore the harpoon clean out of its stomach, and when we hauled the harpoon on board there was a large piece of flesh still adhering to it, and it was very much bent. We did not



Tarpon, Florida.





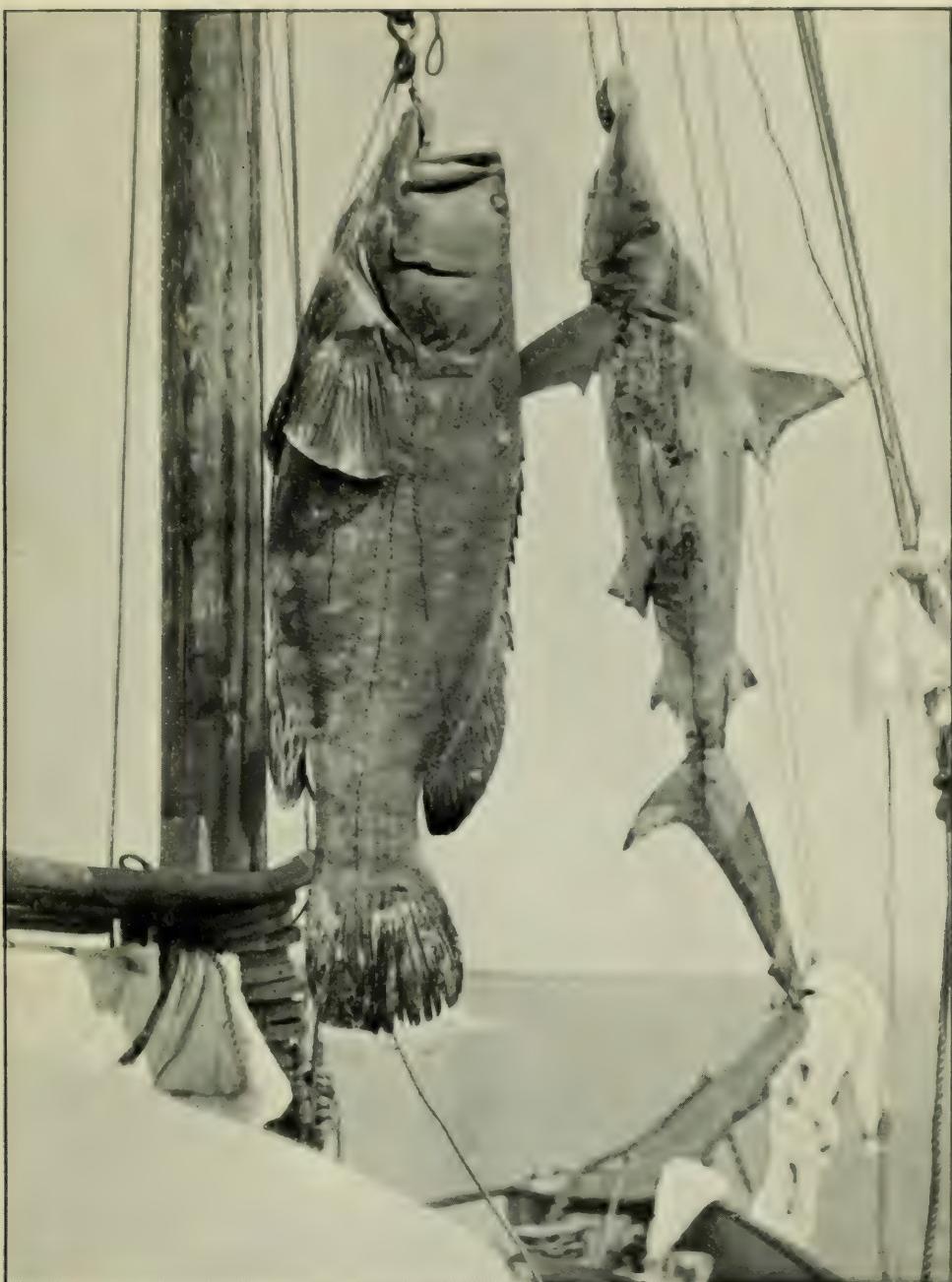
Self and the Channel Bass which was bitten in half by a shark when hanging from the davits, which shark we harpooned and lost.

see that shark again, neither did I again venture to bathe from the stern of the yacht.

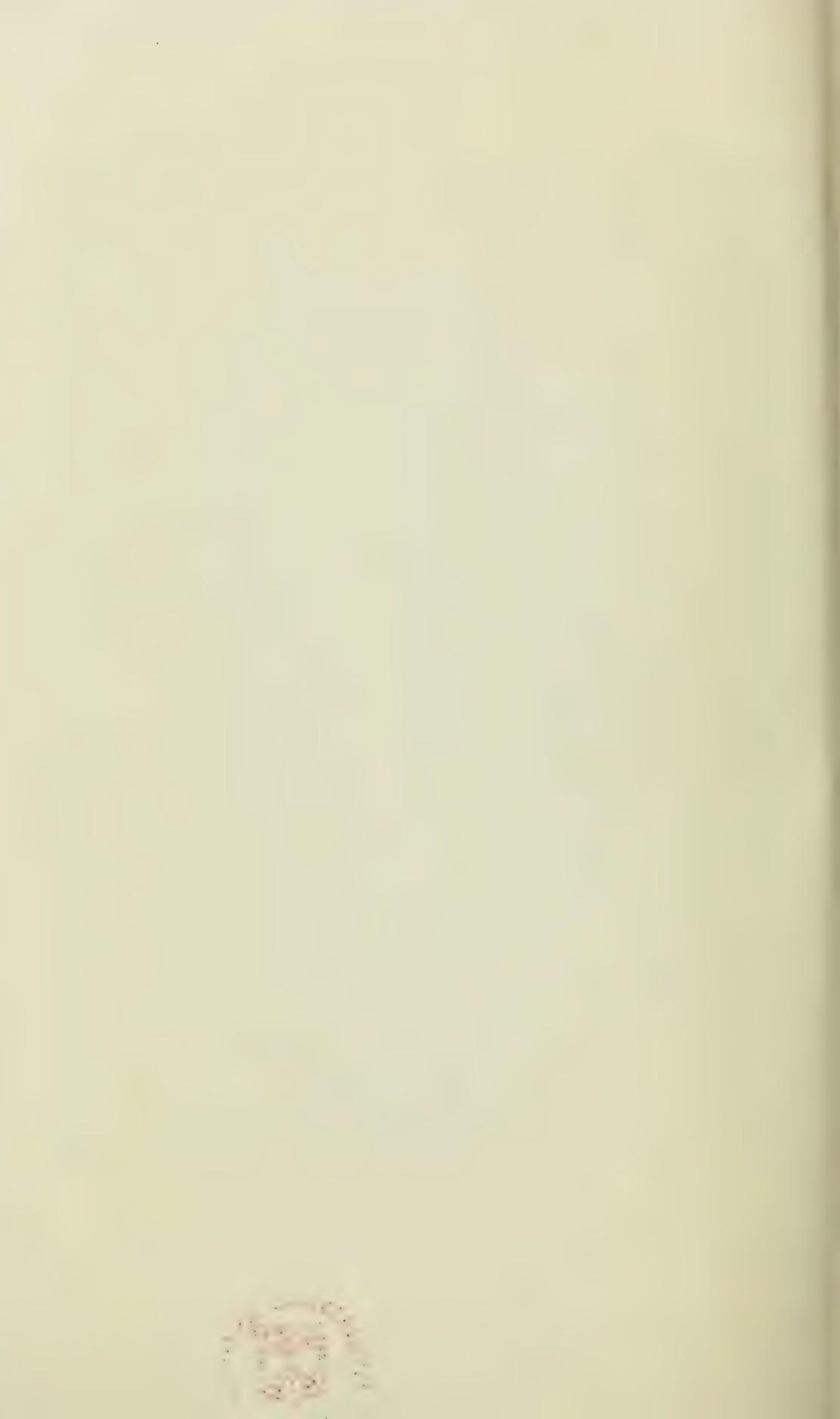
The Boca Grand Pass was the favourite fishing ground, and there were often as many as thirty boats out trying for tarpon. Most of the fishermen were staying at a floating hotel, but maugre its petty inconveniences we infinitely preferred our tiny yacht, for the simple reason that it gave us more independence, enabling us in fine weather to sail about and fish at will when and where we would; or if the weather was too rough to make fishing enjoyable, to visit some of the pretty islands, and, generally speaking, to amuse and occupy ourselves after our own fashion. *Per contra*, the hotel folk, in default of fishing, had apparently nothing either to do or to see, and in rough weather some of them must have found time hanging very heavy on hand.

The tarpon rod is very short, between 5 and 6 feet long, and very stiff. The line, which is extremely strong, is about 600 feet in length, and the big galvanised hook is attached to it by a wire trace. The bait is half a mullet cut lengthways, which is sunk to the bottom of the water by a heavy lead. When a fish takes the bait the fisherman strikes as hard as he can, in order to drive the hook into the very hard mouth of the tarpon: the tackle is so strong that there is no fear of breaking any part of it by striking too hard. We each had a small boat, and sat facing the stern, with a man behind us in the bow to row. As soon as a tarpon is hooked, he jumps

several times a long way out of the water, shaking his head at the same time to try and get rid of the hook. He then tries to swim out to the open sea, and the fisherman holds him up as hard as he can, whilst the boatman rows to keep the boat from being towed out. A strong man usually gets his fish to the side of the boat in fifteen to twenty minutes, and when it is once alongside he can gaff it and lift it into the boat; or if he does not want the tarpon, he can get the hook out by towing his fish to the shore and returning it to the water. There are many sharks about, and they often seize the tarpon before the fisherman can secure it. In addition to the tarpon there are various other kinds of fish, and of those one of the most peculiar that we caught was hooked by Mrs H. This was a huge whip-ray, which, as soon as it felt the hook, jumped out of the water several times, looking not unlike an enormous bird, with great side-flappers flopping in the water as it came down again. After she had played it till she was tired, H. took the rod and played it for two hours, and finally two other boats came up and harpooned it. It took six boats to tow it in to shore, where it was beached and duly measured. The total length, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail or whip, was 10 feet, and the extreme width across the flappers 8 feet. It had a nose very like a pig's, and must have weighed 500 pounds at the least. Another big fish which Mrs H. caught was a jew-fish—a huge and heavily made coarse fish, which when hooked required a



Jew-Fish and small Shark, Florida.



long and steady drag up from the bottom, where it lay like a stone—so much like a stone, indeed, that for a good quarter of an hour the lady thought that her hook must be caught in a rock at the bottom, as in response to the tugs nothing seemed to move at all. This fish weighed 140 lb. We caught a good many sharks, which abounded everywhere; but our most common catch was “goper,” an edible fish. During the month we were fishing we ate no less than twenty-three varieties of fish. I caught only two tarpon, each weighing the same—just 100 lb.—and measuring about 5 feet 7 inches in length and 2 feet 9 inches in girth. We were rather early, and the water had not got warm enough for tarpon to be feeding freely, although we saw quantities jumping about. We were told that they took well when the water reached a temperature of 84 degrees, but during our stay it never exceeded 75 degrees. I may add that the record tarpon caught up to the time we left weighed 218 lb.

We sometimes ate a lot of oysters, which we collected off trees. It sounds like romancing; but the fact is that in the mangrove swamps the roots extend into the water round the shores of both the island and the mainland, and oysters collect on them, and at low tide are exposed to view. They were nice little oysters: we ate a good many, and they did us no harm, although afterwards we were told that they had the reputation of being poisonous. We also collected clams by wading on the mud-flats in 2 feet to 2 feet 6

inches of water, and when with our bare feet we felt clams under the surface of the mud, we scooped them up with our hands. We also got big "conks," which live on the clams; and on certain painful occasions we found ourselves treading on sea-urchins, which set us dancing like dervishes. Clams, by the way, make an excellent soup called "clam chouder." Occasionally we set some dead-fall traps, and caught several racoons; and altogether we managed to pass the time very comfortably and pleasantly, even when we were not occupied with tarpon fishing. One night we fished by moonlight, seeing tarpon jumping out in all directions, with their beautiful silvery scales flashing in the bright moonbeams. I hooked one fish, and as I was playing him another struck our boat on one side and knocked it completely round. At first we could not make out what had happened, but soon realised what caused the shock. No doubt the tarpon was just going to jump out when he hit us, and the smack of his tail against the side of my boat resounded 200 yards away, and H., who heard it at that distance, wondered what the noise was. A short time before, when fishing at night, one of the boats had been swamped by a tarpon jumping into it and smashing a hole through the bottom of it. The occupants were rescued by another boat, but one of the men was seriously hurt. No doubt at night the fish do not see so well as in the daytime, and their random leaps are apt to be more dangerous than amusing to their pursuers.

It does not require much cleverness to catch a tarpon—only perseverance and patience, so that the sport is very moderate. The first few, of course, are exciting, as they are large and beautiful silvery fish, much the shape of a herring, and jump a great height several times before the tug-of-war begins, which, provided he is well hooked, always ends fatally for the tarpon.

On our way home we passed through Jacksonville. Perhaps, I should rather say, the site of Jacksonville. For a fire had broken out and made a clean sweep of the whole town, which was built of wood, leaving only some stone-built banks and the brick chimney-stacks, which, standing alone all over the place, looked like so many big tombstones. The ground was strewn with telegraph wires, so that it was quite impossible to drive. The ruins of the town were still smouldering in places when we went to see it, but the 200,000 inhabitants had gone elsewhere. The heat must have been terrific, as all the trees were burnt to the ground, and we were told that there had been some loss of life. A year or two later my companions paid another visit to Florida, and caught some much finer fish.

In 1905 we three went to New Zealand, accompanied by a niece of H.'s, to fish and stalk deer. We got to Melbourne on January 11, with the temperature standing at 108°. Having just missed the New Zealand boat, and having to wait a week for another one, we settled to go to Tasmania, and spent a very pleasant time in a farmhouse, eighteen miles from Launceston, fishing for trout in St

Patrick's river. There I saw "duck-billed platypus," a most peculiar animal, partly bird and partly beast. We caught a few small trout, and went on to Dunedin by the next week's boat.

In New Zealand we tried several places before we got much of a catch of trout, but our time was not wasted, as we saw some lovely views, and got a good idea of what New Zealand scenery is like. The trout have all been imported there from England and America, and have increased in size very much. The largest brown trout that I saw was $22\frac{1}{2}$ lb. This was caught in Wanaka Lake, in the South Island, but trout have been caught ranging up to and over 40 lb., although I am told that few of these very large specimens are ever caught with a fly.

We arrived in Dunedin on January 25, and going straight up to the Otago mountains, fished in the cold lakes for some time, but with very little success. In Hawea Lake there are quantities of very fine trout, of which I have seen many hundreds lying near the top of the water, basking in the sun, at a place called Rocky Point; but they would not take a fly. We camped at the foot of the lake, where the water ran out, but the only fish that we caught in the lake were taken on a night line. H. got one with a fly in the river late one evening, and possibly we might have done better if we had fished at night. The few fish we did get averaged about 8 lb., and were very fat. There were many big eels, some of which got on our night lines, but we soon became tired of fishing in Hawea, and went back to

Pembroke to try our luck in the Cluther river and Wanaka Lake. Using small trout as live bait at the place where the lake ran out, we did no good, and after spending a fruitless afternoon we elected to return to our hotel. When it came to harnessing the old white pony which had brought us, and which we had tied to a tree, the animal proved to be in a restive frame of mind, snorting and jumping about when we untied her. However, with some trouble, we managed to get the harness on and put her between the shafts. I was acting as Jehu, and we got on all right to a point within half a mile of the hotel, when we came to a dip in the road, and started going downhill towards a steep bank, which was just above the lake. Here the pony began to kick, and got one leg over the shaft, which broke, whereupon she started full gallop down the hill with the bit in her teeth. I hung on to the reins as hard as I could and the other three jumped off. Just as we were close to the steep place, in an attempt to follow suit, I landed on the ground to find that I had the reins round my legs. I shouted to H., who was on his feet, and he ran to the pony's neck just as she turned at the declivity, and most fortunately for me she fell, so that H. was able to sit on her head. It was quite dark, and I heard Mrs H. shouting to know where B. (her niece) was. There was no answer for some time, but at last B. answered from somewhere down the bank, and we were vastly relieved to hear her voice. She had dropped out of the trap and rolled down the bank, and when we saw her she certainly did not look her

best, as she was decorated with a black, swollen eye and sundry scrapes in her face, in addition to having badly bruised her shoulder. However, she was quite cheery, and taking all things into consideration we had come off cheaply, though it was rather hard that the brunt of the disaster should have fallen on the youngest member of the party. I then led the pony back to the road, where she kicked herself free of the trap and harness. A woman came out from a neighbouring cottage with a light to see what all the row was about, and a sorry sight we must have presented. A trap with both shafts broken, a pony with only a bridle and collar, bits of harness strewn about, and all our fishing tackle, rods, cushions, caps, &c., on the ground! We walked with the mare to the hotel, and sent back the groom from the stables to pick up all the pieces. When we told the landlady what had happened she merely remarked, "Oh, that old pony can't stand the smell of fish!" As the woman knew all along that the object of our drive was to catch fish, I could not help feeling that it was a pity she had not mentioned the pony's peculiarity beforehand. Doubtless she, like the proprietors of livery stables in our own unsophisticated country, had grasped the significance of the Oriental proverb, "Not all that is known should be said."

We next went to Temuka, to fish the Temuka and Opahi rivers, but found that we only got trout ranging from half a pound to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in the daytime, although at night big fish up to 20 lb. were caught with a minnow. I tried my luck one night, and



Maoris, Rotorua Lake.

got one fish, but came to the conclusion that it was a very overrated amusement to wade a very rapid river, with a loose shingly bottom, and so many deep holes that I scarcely dared to move at all, and could not see what was happening. We saw two fish which were caught by other men, one 12 lb. and the other 11 lb. H. fished two or three nights, and caught some fair-sized fish, whilst Mrs H., B., and I preferred to fish in the day-time, and only got a few half-pounders.

After this we went up to the North Island, to Rotorua Lake, and arranged to go to a camp at the mouth of the Awalian river, which ran into the lake. Here we caught with fly a number of rainbow trout, which varied in weight from 3 lb. to 13 lb., our bag for thirteen days consisting of 176 rainbow and 5 brown trout, weighing $916\frac{3}{4}$ lb., or just over 5 lb. each. All the fish we could not eat were given to the Rotorua hospitals. The best flies were small salmon flies, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, and Durham Ranger. The fish I remember best was caught with a little greyish-green fly, which Mrs H. gave me, and called a Sauerkraut. It was a fly she had used with success in Germany, where H. had a river fishing for years. It was a dead calm day, and there was not a ripple on the lake, which was quite clear. We had all tried with ordinary tackle with no success, although we had seen some fish rising, when Mrs H. gave me this fly to try with a very fine cast. Just as I had got it ready on my line, a pleasure steamer arrived to see the Hamourana

spring, where the river welled up out of the ground with such force that pennies thrown in would not sink, but floated about on the top. All the people on the launch saw me hook a fish at my first cast. I knew it was a good fish, and was very slow in landing it, as I did not venture to put much pressure on it on account of the fineness of the cast, and the crowd could not make out why I was so slow. As I began to get the fish in, we saw another fish swimming alongside of it, and when I had the hooked fish nearly within gaffing distance, the other fish charged it several times, trying to get it away. Until I saw this, I never had an idea that there was such a feeling as mutual affection among fishes, but this particular fish never left its mate until I actually gaffed the latter. My prize weighed 7 lb., and was the female; no doubt the other one, which was the smaller, was the male. I got three fish with this Sauerkraut fly, and then lost it in another good fish, and as Mrs H. had no more these were all the fish we took that morning, but a breeze sprang up in the evening and we landed ten trout with Silver Doctors.

Rotorua is a great health resort, as there are many kinds of hot mineral baths, and several good hotels and lodging-houses. In the season it is crammed with people suffering from gout, rheumatism, eczema, and skin diseases of all kinds.

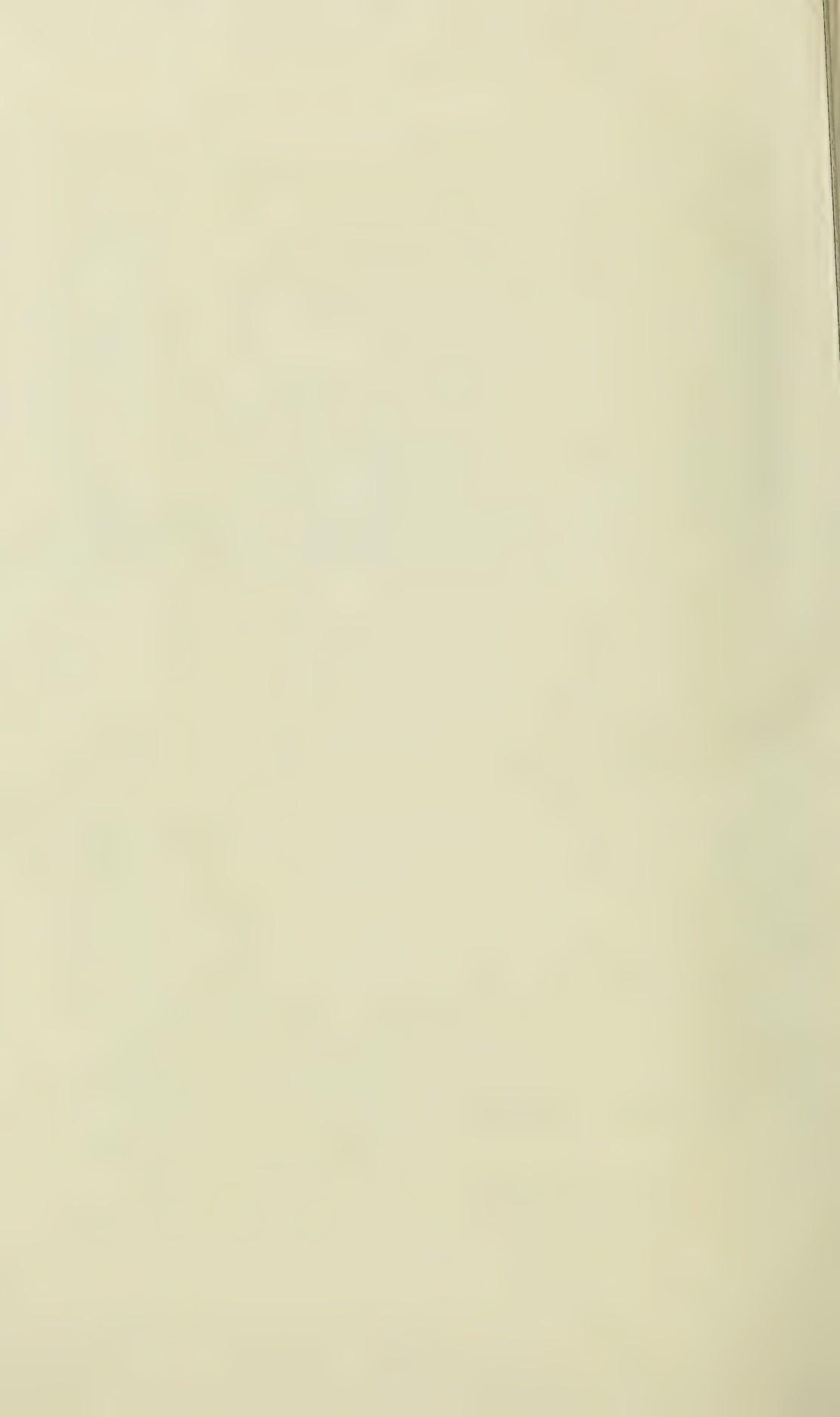
Near Rotorua is Mount Wakerewarewa, where a large tribe of Maoris live. This, too, is full of hot springs, geysers, and boiling mud-baths, and there is one place where it is possible to catch a trout in



A Day's Catch in Lake Rotorua.



Formation of Terraces. Here it is possible to catch a trout in a cold stream and from the same place boil it in a hot spring.



a cold stream, and without moving to cook it in a hot boiling spring. The Maoris have no fireplaces in or outside their huts, as they do not require them. They cook all their food in the ground, and by digging a hole close to their huts they are certain of finding boiling water always ready. It is a very old Maori settlement, and has many curious legends. One boiling mud-hole is called the Brain Pot, as in it the brains of an old chief were cooked by his victorious enemies. When beaten in battle he hid in a cave and sent a girl out at night to collect bracken roots to eat. The enemy followed the girl back to the cave and there caught the chief and killed him. The Maoris at that time were all cannibals, and the brain was considered a great delicacy. They are a fine strong race, but, as a rule, extremely idle, and so socialistic that if a man plants a patch of potatoes all the other men of the village go to help themselves, with the result that no one is much encouraged to work. When they do work they work very well for a short time. They are splendid sheep-shearers, and in the shearing season can often make enough money to last them for all the rest of the year. In appearance they closely resemble the Red Indians of Western Canada. Some of the women are good-looking, with strong masculine faces. They have very pretty soft voices and an extremely musical rippling laugh, and they sing well. If they are short of food, which is frequently the case, they dig up bracken roots, of which there are plenty to be got all over New Zealand, and cook them. The

North Islanders used to raid the South Island Maoris to get greenstone which is only found in the South Island, and all the prisoners taken were eaten as a matter of course. One peculiarity about Maoris is that if taken quite away from their people and well educated, even after many years they get such a craving for the native way of living that they will go back to their villages, where both men and women will be found squatting on the ground smoking their pipes with only a blanket wrapped round them.

They are very clever speakers, and some of them are members of the New Zealand Parliament. They are not to be trusted in business, and never consider their word at all binding, so that any dealing with them must be set down on paper and duly signed. Furthermore, they are very fond of going to law.

If a chief dies his death is an occasion for great festivities, and Maoris collect from great distances and stay as long as there is plenty of food to be got. If they get any money their great idea is to drive about in a cab, stand treat to their friends, and drink quantities of intoxicants till the money is finished. They are very good-tempered and kind to their children, and may be written down as an extremely happy and contented race.

In 1907 I went to New Zealand with one man as companion, to catch fish and stalk deer. We went to Rotorua, and at first stayed in a house-boat on the Ohou river, which runs between Lakes Rotorua

and Rotoiti. There was one big and very good hole close to the house-boat, where the river ran into Rotoiti, and in it one of us usually fished the first thing in the morning. One day we both had fished this hole well, and only got two fish, when a Maori came along and asked us to give him a cast, which we did, and he went straight to this hole and caught five good fish in a very short time. The fly he used consisted of two light yellow hen feathers, tied to a No. 9 hook, and was home-made. He gave us some of the feathers, and we found them most successful. Later on I noticed a lot of little semi-transparent greyish-green fish about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long swimming about in shoals, and thought that they looked like little pieces of string in the water. Accordingly I cut a bit of string about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and tied it on to the back of a hook. Naturally the string soon got frayed out in the water, and I found it a great success. Evidently the trout were feeding on these little fish, and often when I could not get a rise with an ordinary fly my string-fly was effective. I also tried all kinds of fancy flies, which I tied. One of these, made only with a strip of wash-leather, was rather good, but nothing came up to the string. Sometimes men would come, and, possibly not knowing any better, if they saw me catch a fish, would cast right across my front, thereby entirely taking my water. I was camping in Rotorua Lake by the Hamourana river after we left the house-boat, when one morning after breakfast, while I was fishing from a small boat anchored near the shore, trying some of my new fancy flies,

three men arrived in a launch. One, whom I knew, was the owner of a fishing-tackle shop, and the others were evidently fresh arrivals from England, with new waders, new rods, and new everything. I had caught one trout, when these two men came on each side of me, and fished within ten yards of my boat, which made me rather indignant. Having pulled up the anchor, I went into deeper water, where I put on my string fly, and then rowed a little up wind, so that as I let my boat drift I might float across in front of them, but in water too deep for mere waders, and so began to fish. I hooked a good fish, and by the time I had gaffed him, finding that I was a good eighty yards down wind of them, I sat down and rowed back to about the same place I had started fishing from just before. I again floated across their front and hooked another fish, and kept on repeating the same manœuvre till I had got five fish, and they had not caught one at all. I was just thinking that I had done pretty well, and had fairly requited their rudeness, when I saw them all three shoulder their rods and march off in single file to the landing-stage, get on board their launch, and go straight away, as far as I could see without speaking a word. This pair never came back to the Hamourana during the fortnight I was there, and the next time I saw the fishing-tackle man was on a Sunday, when he came with a crowd of at least a dozen fishermen. Having already got five fish before breakfast, after these people came

I did not fish any more until after tea. It was a bright, still day, and the whole party only got nine trout between them. They seemed to take an interest in my belongings, even to examining my boat and taking it out for their own amusement. At about five I put on my waders, and as most of them were tired of fishing, and were preparing to go back to Rotorua, I found more room to fish in the likely places. In a short time I got seven good fish, and two small ones of about 1½ to 2 lb., which I put back and then came in. I did not show them what I was fishing with, and took off my string fly before putting in, but I saw them examine my rod, which I left outside the tent. Presently the tackle man asked me what fly I was using, but I merely told him that it was not an ordinary fly, but just a fancy of my own, and that I had not seen one like it before. At the end of the fishing trip, as I was going away from Rotorua, I met him in the street, and he said: "You are going away; please do tell me the name of the fly you were so successful with." When I told him it was only a piece of string, he refused to believe me at first, but finally said: "For goodness' sake don't tell any one, or I shall not be able to sell any more flies!" As he charged 2s. 6d. for each salmon fly, no doubt the possible loss of trade was a serious business for him. There were many more fish in those lakes than when I was there before, but they were much smaller. I encountered a good lot of

very rough and bad weather, when the fish went away altogether from the shore, and none were seen or caught, but in five weeks I got 222 trout, averaging 3 lb. One triumph I had was the capture of an old fish which had always lived near the landing-stage at Hamourana, and over which every one who came with a rod had tried a cast. He was quite visible in the clear water, but he never moved when flies were thrown over him. One wet morning, whilst breakfast was being prepared, I walked along the pier to have a cast from the end, where I sometimes got a fish. As I was coming back I saw the old stager rise to a fly. I had seen him in his usual place as I went, but knowing him well I had not tried for him. However, by way of experiment I threw the string fly over him, and much to my surprise he took it, and I caught him. No doubt the rain splashing on the water had helped me, as he must have seen more artificial flies and baits than any other fish in New Zealand.

The best rainbow trout that I heard of being caught with a fly was a fish of $18\frac{1}{2}$ lb., taken in Lake Rotoiti. A friend of mine tried some of the good rivers, and caught some splendid fish, but did not give me their weights.

The big brown trout in New Zealand have developed the habits of salmon, and go out to sea, and the best places to catch them are at the mouth of the rivers when they are returning from the sea. They are beautiful fish, with pink flesh, and

to a novice are impossible to distinguish from salmon. I believe a salmon has eleven rays in the tail, and a trout has thirteen, and there are other small differences, but both in appearance and taste the New Zealand brown trout might easily be taken for salmon.

CHAPTER XXII.

TROPHIES, CURIOS, ETC.

IT is more than probable that my hunting days are over, and that what I shall always regard as a very pleasant chapter in the book of my life is concluded. For when a man has once started a family, settled himself down to humdrum country life in England, and become a ratepaying member of the sorely taxed community, it is hardly likely that he will again pack up his traps and wander off to foreign parts in search of sport and adventure. There will still, however, remain with him the memories of the long days stalking, and the constantly recurring call of the wild, of the hunter's camp and the cheery companionship. If the Oriental proverb, "a roaming dog is better than a couching lion," holds good, then surely I have every right to cherish the precious recollections of my wandering days, and to be thankful that my life's experience has not been limited to one country or one continent only. The vagrant who keeps his ears and eyes open at all will almost unconsciously profit, to a certain extent

at least, by the days of his wanderings. Where I will own that sport was the primary object in my case of some twenty years' roaming, it amused me at the time to study the characteristics of the various nationalities that I encountered, and to-day I am glad to possess a good many souvenirs of each country that I visited,—things for the most part of small intrinsic value, but valuable to myself as supplying a sort of *memoria technica* of my wanderings.

This much by way of preface to a chapter which deals with the miscellaneous collection of articles that either in the ways of lumber, use, or ornament have accumulated in my house.

A visiting-card is an ordinary method of introduction, is it not? Let me then present the reader with the copy of a visiting-card printed for my use in China on a piece of red paper about the size of an ordinary sheet of notepaper, which to the uninitiated might easily pass as a bit of the covering of a tea-chest. As most of my friends in England have been accustomed to pronounce my name in two syllables, let me explain why and wherefore it pleased the Chinese printer to convert it into a three syllabled word. Initials apparently convey no meaning to John Chinaman, but the possession of three syllables to his name is apparently as essential to the dignity of a mandarin as that of the *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen* was to the Roman patrician. As several mandarins had honoured me with calls, it was incumbent on me to return the civility, and when I gave an order for some cards to

be printed, in order, I suppose, that I might be put on a footing of social equality with my callers, the printer—off his own bat, if I may use the expression—chose to convert “Leatham” into “Li Tha Um.” Taking one thing with another, this ingenious combination seems to form quite a respectable Chinese name, and, as I said before, afforded me the opportunity of claiming kinsmanship with another Li in the course of my travels.

Having spoken of mandarins, who in one sense may, or at any rate might at the time, be said to represent both the nobility and the gentry of China, let me explain that no man in that country is either bred or born a mandarin, but that it is open to any one, whether he be “duke’s son” or “cook’s son,” to acquire the title, provided only that he can pass a severe qualifying examination. It is quite possible that the son of a mandarin may have some educational advantages which give him a better chance than some of his neighbours possess of succeeding to the paternal dignity, but otherwise he may be said to stand on equal terms, so far as the actual examination is concerned, with the son of the butcher or baker or candlestick maker, and in every case the title to nobility must be earned by a display of intellectual superiority.

But here is a curious circumstance. The mandarin, as I have pointed out, may be presumed to be an intellectual person. And yet, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, I happened to fall into conversation with a mandarin in Hupe, and as I had for some days had no opportunity of seeing

any English newspapers or telegrams, I naturally inquired whether there was any fresh news from the seat of war.

"War!" exclaimed the mandarin. "What war?"

"The war between Russia and Japan."

"Is there then a war between Russia and Japan?"

"Of course. Surely you must have heard all about it?" And then, as he shook his head, I added: "Why, it is close by you—in Corea."

"How far off will that be?" he inquired with some show of anxiety.

Now China is a large country,—so large indeed that, as I am not a great geographer, the question of distance was rather a poser. So I drew a bow at a venture.

"Two or three thousand miles or so."

"Oh! So far? Then it will not come here."

Now what is the explanation of this real or assumed combination of ignorance and indifference? At the time I may say that I had no doubt in my mind that the mandarin was saying what he really thought; in other words, that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about a sanguinary contest between two great neighbouring Powers. Here in England, were war to break out between France and Germany to-morrow, I should expect the first ploughboy to whom I passed the time of day to be all agog for the latest news. We are always having the Yellow Peril dinned in our ears. It hardly looks on the surface as if it were likely to emanate from China. John Chinaman, like my

neighbour Smith, seems to be quite content to manage or mismanage his own business, and to let that of his neighbours severely alone.

In my tour up-country in China I was painfully impressed by the truly awful poverty of many of the poorer classes. While the English labourer is prone to grumble long and loudly if he cannot get butcher's meat of a sort pretty well every day of the week, many a poor Chinaman lacks the wherewithal to buy even rice, the cheapest of all foods, and either ekes out a miserable existence on roots and berries, or—dies of starvation. If the Revolution is destined to put a stop to this pitiful state of affairs, and in some way or other to provide food and occupation to the poorer inhabitants of China, it will have come none too soon.

I brought home with me from China a few "cash," the only recognised coin up-country. English gold is reputed to command its value pretty well the whole world over, but to the best of my belief a sovereign would be regarded as absolutely valueless by the Chinese who live inland, far away from the madding crowd of city life. "Cash" is a round copper coin, about the size of an English halfpenny, with a hole bored in the centre for convenience of stringing. It is carried on a string by thousands, and albeit the purchasing value varies slightly according to the district, twelve to fifteen shillings-worth may be taken as the approximate value of a single porter's load.

Being not a little interested in the methods of the Chinese up-country sportsmen, which I have

already shown to be rather different from those of the European, I brought home specimens of the whole shooting paraphernalia,—the matchlock, fired commonly from the hip, from the shoulder only under special circumstances and to the intense discomfort of the shooter; the iron shot, slightly flattened, ranging in size from that of buckshot to a big pea, and used for killing winged game; the iron slugs, about two-thirds of an inch long, three of which go to the charge employed against deer; some flint slugs, as much rounded as possible, which sometimes take the place of the iron; the black wooden powder-flask with polished exterior, from which the sportsman draws his supplies according to his fancy or his courage. As an appropriate accompaniment to this ornament, I have specimens of five sorts of pheasants—golden, reeve, fork-tailed, ring-necked, black-necked—shot in Central China; the heads of my yellow-throated goural; and last, though by no means least valuable, the stuffed body of my *Elaphodus ichangensis*, which I have occasion to believe is the one and only specimen in Europe. I may say that I had considerable pressure put on me to present the little deer to the South Kensington Museum, but although, as I think the Pavilion authorities at Lords can testify, I have not been altogether illiberal in my donations, I did not wish to part with this particular trophy.

Among other things that came from China are some small silver brooches, decorated with blue and green feathers so deftly gummed together as to be

almost indistinguishable from enamel. These I obtained in Canton, while some blue cotton embroidery I picked up in Hupe province, a place that lies up-country far away from the beaten track in Central China.

From Japan, to which country I paid three visits, I brought home with me many little souvenirs in the way of embroideries, brasses, bronzes, enamels, specimens of gold lacquer, which if left out never tarnishes or fades, and of right good red lacquer, which is expensive in Japan, and very little known in England. But apart from these, I also carried back with me most pleasant recollections of my intercourse with the most charming and cheery race of people that I ever encountered. Whether in the cities or up-country, far away from the travellers' usual route, there was always the same tale to tell of politeness, courtesy, and consideration shown, as well in their dealings with each other as with the stranger within the gates. From his earliest childhood the Jap may be said to be educated to be a social success, the toddler of two or three being trained neither to roar and shriek from rage nor to cry aloud from pain, because such practices are distasteful to its neighbours. The habit of consideration for others, thus inculcated in childhood, becomes to the Jap a second nature. In manhood, whatever he may think or feel, his manner is invariably courteous. On one occasion I was privileged to be present during a conversation between a fellow-countryman and a Japanese shopman, and I blush to confess that so far as manners went the latter had considerably the better

of the deal. While the Englishman, in his attempt to cheapen the article on which he had set his affections, was inclined to hector and to bluster—ought I to add, after the manner of his race?—the Jap calmly and courteously insisted upon the main point, that he was not prepared to sell his goods at a price that would not pay him for the material and the labour expended upon it. Later on I took the Englishman to task for his comparative rudeness. His explanation was that he never intended to be rude, but that an Eastern dealer always expected to have his prices beaten down, and therefore started by asking three times the price that he was willing to accept. My experience is that a rule which may hold good in most oriental bazaars in no way applies to purchases made in Japan.

But once again the question of the Yellow Peril suggests itself. If it is to come at all, it is far more likely to come from Japan than from China. Not only is the Jap a more energetic and far-seeing individual than John Chinaman, but in the years to come the necessity for expansion is bound to arise. In what direction then will the expansion take place, and at whose cost? The process will be very simple, one which we have often employed ourselves in the building of the Empire, wholly innocent or only semi-authorised trespass in the first place, to be followed in due course by forcible annexation. *Absit omen*, indeed, but it is quite as well that our Australian colonies should thus early in the day have inaugurated a system of conscription and laid the foundations of a navy.

From various parts of the Indian Empire came a miscellaneous assortment of more or less curious articles, for the most part of small value apart from the memories which they awaken. A mantelpiece of carved teak-wood, supported by two life-sized figures of men, and decorated with many smaller figures of men and women, I brought with me from Burmah. From the same district I have a gong supported by two carved figures of Burmese armed with daggers, which was taken in one of the battles of the Burmese War. The gong-striker, I should add, is the shin-bone of a tiger killed in Nepal. I also have a large cigar-box of teak-wood. Then again I have a long Afghan knife in a wooden sheath bound round with brass, hide, and bark, to remind me of a visit to the Khyber Pass.

Another knife, a "cookrie," I picked up in Nepal. So finely tempered is the steel that a native expert can cut a sheep in half with a knife of this pattern at a single blow.

Several split-bamboo fish-spears are perhaps not of much use in this country, though very likely it would be possible to spear barbel, a deadly enemy to trout ova, in the shallows of a trout-stream with them. In India men go in boats on shallow "jeals," and by splashing drive the fish from under the water-weed, and then following up the bubbles, note where the fish stop in the mud, and so spear them.

As trophies of my hunting in Nepal and other districts, I have a few wild boar tushes, each measuring about 9 inches, some tiger-claws and tiger lucky-bones, the latter being small bones some 3

inches long, shaped like a hockey stick, which are found unattached to any other bones in the shoulders of tigers and leopards. The possession of these bones is considered by the Indian natives to bring good luck.

And lastly, I have some skins of Malabar monkeys, the favourite food of the wild tribe of Monans in Travancore. If I did not sample the monkey-meat myself, I found that the slaying of monkeys provided daily rations for quite excellent hunters, who, literally living from hand to mouth, looked for no other reward. Indeed, so far as these particular natives, the Monans, are concerned, monkeys may be said to represent the currency of the district, and being as far as possible carried inside, are not so burdensome to the porter as the "cash" used up-country in China.

To pass to another continent. From the Red Indians of British Columbia I collected a plaited grass top hat, which might cause quite a sensation if worn in Piccadilly; a plaited fibre sling for carrying babies, which I have not yet been able to induce either my wife or the nurse to use for the better carrying of my own infants; a birch-bark basket, which is at once very light and serviceable; and some jasper used by the natives in the manufacture of pottery. From the same district, too, I have some mocassins made of mule-deer hide.

Other mocassins made of moose hide and caraboo hide I brought from Manitoba, and I have also some bits of tanned leather of human skin, which, I regret to say, bears a close resemblance to pig-skin.

As a reminiscence of pleasant hunting in Manitoba and Vancouver Island, I brought home some wapiti tushes, and am thereby reminded that not very long ago there used to be an Elk Club in North America, of which the badge was an elk tush, and the indirect result so indiscriminate a slaughter of elk on account of the tushes only, which commanded quite a high price in the market, that the badge had to be changed, though the club still survives.

Some long incisor teeth, resembling those of rabbits, which enable beavers during the construction of their dams to gnaw through trees as thick as a man's thigh, serve to recall the weeks spent in the mountains of Vancouver Island, while a stuffed tarpon and some loose scales of that handsome though wholly unedible fish, measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across, are trophies of our sudden rush to Florida. Of each of these scales a third part presents the appearance of bright silver and the rest suggests cream-coloured horn.

From British Guiana I brought home, among other things, a nest of the "Marabunta" (*Charter quis nidulans*), a small wasp for a district where insects range large, measuring about half an inch in length, with white bars on a black body. The sting is particularly painful, but not dangerous, unless it is administered in large doses, when the over-indulgence, as in other cases of intemperance, is apt to produce three or four hours' fever. The nest, which has a hard glazed surface, and looks not unlike white papier-maché, is some eleven

inches long and seven inches in diameter. It is attached to the bough of a tree, and in shape somewhat resembles the English tit's nest, with the difference that the entrance is at the bottom instead of at the side.

Spoils from the Rocky Mountains are two Indian spoons. Of these, one is made of two goats' horns, on the handle of which are carved figures of men, hawks, fishes, and bears, with shiny green eyes of quartz, which in some mysterious way show the pedigree of the original owner. This handle, which is ten inches long, consists of one of the horns. The other spoon is made of a ram's horn, twenty-two inches long and seven across, and the handle is decorated with bright-coloured plaited leather and tassels.

Then I have two stone axes, one of which, ten inches long and beautifully polished, came from the Acawaio Indians, who live on the banks of the Potaro river in British Guiana, while the other was found in some disused gold workings in the British Guiana mines, which are reputed to have been worked in the time of Solomon. As evidence that gold is still found in payable quantities in the district, I brought back a piece of quartz with gold showing on the surface from the Crisp Barmia mine, where I was told that a ton of quartz produced sixteen ounces of gold.

From the Fiji Islands I brought away a black wooden knife, the handle of which is the carved figure of a man, with his elbows on his knees. Also black wooden one-prong and two-prong forks, which the natives formerly used for eating human

meat. So far I have not had occasion to put them to their proper use, though now and again I have been inclined to fancy that if two or three statesmen, who shall be nameless, could be transported to the Fiji Islands and eaten by the natives, the country would be no poorer for the loss.

Here, in the face of recent developments, is a fact worth recording. The game of cricket became so popular in Hapai, one of the group called Friendly Islands, that the provident islanders passed what might almost be called a self-denying ordinance to the effect that cricket might only be played on holidays. We do not seem to have reached this stage as yet in England, but at the present rate of progression there is no saying how far the ball-game mania may extend and call for prohibitive regulations.

Another striking feature about cricket as played in Hapai is this: the players use all the English technical terms such as "over," "wide," "no-ball," &c., in connection with the game, but apart from this they neither speak nor understand the English language, nor do any English residents play cricket.

A visit to the Polynesian Islands yielded some mother-of-pearl fish-hooks, commonly used by the natives; and to finish with islands, I bought in Ceylon some of the combs invariably worn by the Cingalese.

Perhaps the most interesting among an odd assortment of goods from New Zealand are a green-stone Maori battle-axe, and some specimens of the vegetable caterpillar.

The "Merri" or greenstone war-axe was a possession much prized by a Maori chief, and I am told that at this day the popular market value ranges up to twenty-five pounds, though I paid nothing like that price for my own specimen. In bygone days — shall I say at a guess sixty or seventy years ago? — ghastly deeds were connected with the use of the "merri," and wholesale murder was wrought by it. The greenstone mines lie in what so far may be called "debateable land" that many sanguinary battles were fought for its possession between the tribes inhabiting the north and south of Maoriland. After a battle the custom of the victorious tribe was to parade the prisoners and compel them to kneel down at intervals. When the preliminaries had been arranged to his satisfaction, forth stepped the chief, "merri" in hand, and commenced a harangue to his followers, extolling, after the fashion of the Homeric chieftain, the mighty deeds wrought by himself in the course of the battle, and punctuating his discourse by a series of savage onslaughts on one or other of the helpless prisoners. With an upward stroke of the "merri" delivered on the back of the skull, he so lifted a portion of the crown of the head so that the brains, a delicate morsel to the cannibalistic gourmand, were exposed to view. Mercifully the blow was instantaneously fatal, and later on, when the harangue was concluded and all the prisoners had fallen victims to the chieftain's dexterity, the brains and flesh were eaten by the victors. So eminently a cheery and a law-loving

race are the Maoris to-day, that it is almost impossible for the visitor to connect them with their savage ancestors.

The vegetable caterpillar (*Sphaeria Robertsiana*) is for the most part found round the roots of the rata tree. When the caterpillar on the verge of passing into the chrysalis stage buries itself in the ground, the spores of a parasitical fungus insert themselves into the frame, for the most part between the head and body, and growing in the interior of the caterpillar thrive on and gradually absorb the internal fabric. Then, after all the animal matter has been exhausted, the fungus seeds and dies. Neither throwing any root outside the body of the caterpillar, nor changing the original shape, the seed of the fungus simply puts forth one, or in some cases more, leafless sprouts. These are commonly eaten by the Maoris, and are said to have a nutty flavour. They are also used for colouring tattoo wounds.

There are three varieties of the vegetable caterpillar found in New Zealand, but my specimens are of one variety only, the others being very rare.

A Maori cooking-basket I have not been able to make use of from lack of the necessary natural facilities. The Maoris in their native land can cook pretty well everything they require in those baskets, by the simple process of putting them into holes in the ground where there is boiling mud or water.

Other implements of warfare besides the "merri"

that came from Australasia are a boomerang from Victoria, a waddy, which is a heavy black wooden club, sharpened at both ends, from Queensland, and from the same district some "ivory" nuts, very hard and heavy, and rather larger than a fives ball, which the natives throw with great force and deadly precision. If I remember rightly, one of the Australian aborigines, who came over to England to play cricket some forty years ago, made the longest throw with a cricket-ball on record.

In the way of articles of apparel I have an artistic comb used for the decoration of women's hair from South Australia, and from Queensland some cuffs of finely plaited grass, and a skirt of grey fibre. In the last-named the loose fibre hangs down, and is fastened round the waist by a string, and at the lower end is dyed red.

British East Africa and Somaliland provided many curios, for the most part of small value, though illustrative of the customs of the natives. In the way of war-equipment I have several of the long spear-heads used by the Masai, with corresponding shafts; specimens of the round white shields made of the hide of either hippo or rhino, or, commonest of all, oryx, on which the Somalis are sufficiently expert in catching small spears or arrows to rival Earl Harold's feat in Normandy; and some bows and quivers of poisoned arrows used by the Midgams, whom I have already described as the gipsies of Somaliland, both in warfare and hunting. The barb of the arrow is no less than 18 inches long, and apart from the penetration



inflicts a fatal wound if the arrow has been freshly poisoned within two or three hours. I have also some stone arrow-heads which came from the same district.

Among things used for ornamentation, I have some necklaces and bracelets of brass, copper, and wire, finely made steel chains worn by the natives of East Africa, bead ornaments for the head, neck, and waist, used in Somaliland, and a bead purse which the Somali wears, attached like a pendant to a steel chain round his neck, and in which a verse of the Koran is kept for luck. Another form of pendant in my possession is a snuffbox very artistically made of brass wire finely plaited.

Two interesting articles for domestic use are a grass-plated milk pail, lined with pitch and decorated with cowrie shells, in vogue in Somaliland, and a pair of tweezers used by the women in East Africa to pull out any grey hairs in their husband's heads. Needless to say I keep this latter article rigidly under lock and key for fear of rash experiments, though I am bound to say that I doubt whether the searcher for grey hairs on the top of my head would be sufficiently rewarded.

What may take rank as a quasi-hunting trophy is a lion's tooth taken off the body of a Wakamba native who had died of starvation. I have already stated that in all probability the widespread mortality among the natives, owing to starvation and the feeding on their bodies in certain parts of Africa, gave an impetus to the dormant homicidal instincts of the lions in those districts.

Chifoo, China. In this harbour were many corpses of Chinamen drowned in a flood which came down the middle of the city.







Old City Gate, Wei-hai-wei.



City Gate, Wei-hai-wei. Chinese regiment marching out.

Photographs of all types I have galore: photographs of my camps and my hunters in various localities, of natives of all lands, of animals in their wild state, as well as of those that have been duly brought to bag. From a historical point of view the most interesting of the assortment are, in the first place, a photograph of Port Arthur taken two months before the Russo - Japanese war; secondly, a photograph of Wei - hai - wei, with British warships in the harbour, of the officers' and men's quarters of the Chinese Regiment in the same place, and another of the regiment parading; and lastly, a photograph of Chifoo where several hundred Chinese were drowned in a flood, and their bodies may be seen floating in the water.

Not personal conceit, though I happen to appear in the groups, but love of the companionship and the companions who "toiled and wrought" and won and lost with me in many lands, induces me to take more interest in the photographs of English cricket teams which between 1889 and 1906 played in India, New Zealand, the West Indies, and East Africa. To-day I am told that these wandering teams foster a spirit of Imperialism. Having myself always been accustomed to regard cricket in the light of a pleasant game rather than in that of either business or political complication, I did not perhaps think much of Imperialism at the time I was playing; but he who lives learns, and if it pleases other people to think so, I am quite prepared to believe that the few runs and wickets

I got, and perhaps to a greater degree the catches that failed to come to hand, materially strengthened the links that bind the Mother Country to her Colonies. At the least we had pleasant times, and to friends originally met with on those tours I owe many a good day's hunting.

I have also a photograph of the native Hapai Eleven, which we may suppose to have been taken on a public holiday.

The more ordinary hunter's trophies in the way of skins, heads, and so forth, which at this time are decorating my own house, the Pavilion at Lords, other private houses, and here or there a museum, are hardly worth tabulating, as I have already given a fairly complete list of the varieties of big game that I have shot. But here is the story of a skin, for the acquisition of which I may be held partially responsible, though it does not happen to grace my collection.

At the conclusion of a cricket tour in India another member of the team accompanied me on a hunting expedition—a gentleman who, if in not quite the first flight of cricketers, was the undoubted hero of one University match, and later on a worthy member of a strong county side. To my friend C. W., when after he had shot a duck, a large hawk suddenly swooped upon the bird as it was in the act of falling and carried it off for private consumption, it seemed to occur that the true yarn might prove too strong for the nerves of that practical but unimaginative town, Nottingham. But when he had killed a spotted deer—I should

remark that he had not been over and above successful as a big-game shooter—he showed an almost inordinate anxiety over the proper preservation of the skin. So much so, indeed, that having been kept waiting one morning I entered a protest, and suggested that the skin of a spotted deer was hardly worth all the time and trouble that was being bestowed upon it.

“Ah, well!” he replied, “you may call it a spotted deer out here, but I can promise you it will be a d——d fine leopard when it gets to Nottingham!”

If he was not quite so useful with the rifle as with the cricket-bat, as an amusing and cheery companion by the camp fire and in the cricket tent C. W. was bad to beat.

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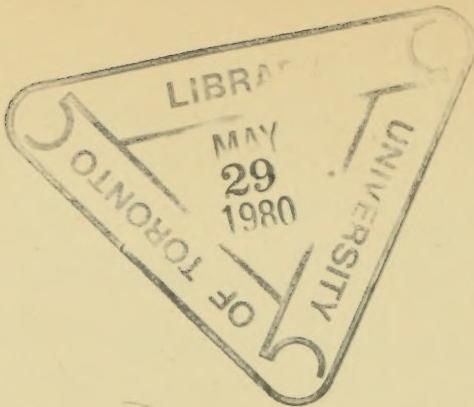
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